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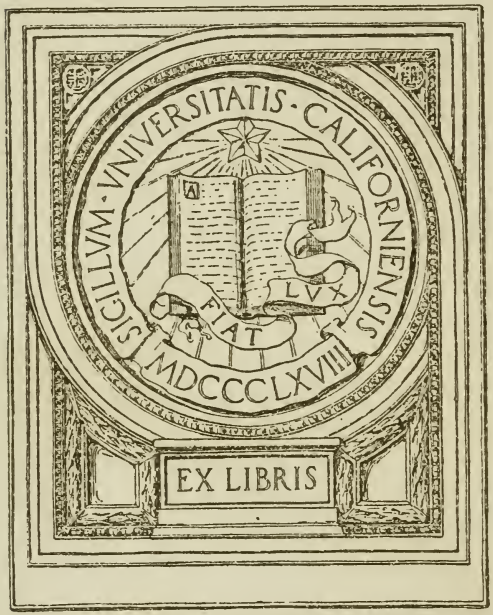

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING

NO {WIT / HELP} LIKE A WOMAN'S.
THE INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE.
THE WORLD TOST AT TENNIS.
PART OF THE ENTERTAINMENT TO KING JAMES.
THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH.
CIVITATIS AMOR.
THE TRIUMPHS OF LOVE AND ANTIQUITY.
THE SUN IN ARIES.
THE TRIUMPHS OF INTEGRITY.
THE TRIUMPHS OF HEALTH AND PROSPERITY.
THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON PARAPHRASED.
MICRO-CYNICON.
ON THE DEATH OF BURBAGE.
TO WEBSTER, ON THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.
THE BLACK BOOK.
FATHER HUBBURD'S TALES.
APPENDIX. THE TRIUMPHS OF HONOUR AND INDUSTRY.
INDEX TO THE NOTES.

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON,

Now first collected,

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

NOTES,

BY

THE REVEREND ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:

EDWARD LUMLEY, CHANCERY LANE.

1840.

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D98
v.5

NO {WIT / HELP} LIKE A WOMAN'S.

No { *Wit* / *Help* } *like*

A Womans. A Comedy, By Tho. Middleton, Gent. London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Prince's Arms in St. Pauls Churchyard. 1657. 8vo.—is generally found appended to the *Two New Playes*, &c. of the same date: see vol. iii. p. 553, and vol. iv. p. 513.

Among Shirley's Poems (*Works*, vol. vi. p. 492) is *A Prologue to a play there* [at Dublin], *called, No Wit to A Woman's* —most probably to the present play.

PROLOGUE.

How is't possible to suffice
So many ears, so many eyes?
Some in wit, some in shows
Take delight, and some in clothes;
Some for mirth they chiefly come,
Some for passion,[a]—for both some;
Some for lascivious meetings, that's their arrant;[b]
Some to detract, and ignorance their warrant.
How is't possible to please
Opinion toss'd in such wild seas?
Yet I doubt not, if attention
Seize you above, and apprehension
You below, to take things quickly,
We shall both make you sad and tickle ye.

[a] *passion*] i. e. sorrow.
[b] *arrant*] The rhyme requiring the old spelling.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR OLIVER TWILIGHT, *a knight.*
PHILIP TWILIGHT, *his son.*
SANDFIELD, *friend to Philip Twilight, and in love with Jane.*
SUNSET, *an old gentleman.*
LOW-WATER, *a decayed gentleman.*
SIR GILBERT LAMBSTONE,
WEATHERWISE,
PEPPERTON,
OVERDONE,
} *suitors to Lady Goldenfleece.*
BEVERIL, *brother to Mistress Low-water.*
Dutch Merchant.
Dutch Boy, his son.
SAVOURWIT, *servant to Sir Oliver Twilight.*
PICKADILL, *Lady Goldenfleece's fool.*
Servants, &c.

LADY TWILIGHT.
LADY GOLDENFLEECE, *a rich widow.*
MISTRESS LOW-WATER.
GRACE, *secretly married to Philip Twilight, passing as daughter to Sir Oliver Twilight, but really Jane daughter to Sunset.*
JANE, *passing as daughter to Sunset, but really Grace daughter to Sir Oliver Twilight.*

Scene, LONDON.

NO {WIT / HELP} LIKE A WOMAN'S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Sir Oliver Twilight's *house*.[a]

Enter Philip Twilight *and* Savourwit.

Phil. I'm at my wit's ends, Savourwit.
Sav. And I
Am even following after you as fast
As I can, sir.
Phil. My wife will be forc'd from me,
My pleasure!
Sav. Talk no more on't, sir; how can there
Be any hope i' the middle, when we're both
At our wit's end in the beginning? my invention
Was ne'er so gravell'd since I first set out upon't.
Phil. Nor does my stop stick only in this wheel,
Though't be a main vexation; but I'm grated
In a dear, absolute friend, young master Sandfield —
Sav. Ay, there's another rub too!
Phil. Who supposes
That I make love to his affected mistress,[b]
When 'tis my father works against the peace

[a] *Before Sir Oliver Twilight's house*] There is nothing in this scene to assist us in determining where it takes place. Perhaps I have not marked it rightly; but the location now given to it seems, on the whole, to be that which is least objectionable.

[b] *his affected mistress*] i. e. the mistress whom he affects.

Of both our spirits, and wooes unknown to me:
He strikes out sparks of undeservèd anger
'Twixt old steel friendship and new stony hate;
As much forgetful of the merry hours
The circuits of our youth have[b] spent and worn,
As if they had not been, or we not born.

SAV. See where he comes.[c]

Enter SANDFIELD.

SAND. Unmerciful in torment!
Will this disease never forsake mine eye?

PHIL. It must be kill'd first, if it grow so painful;
Work it out strongly at one time, that th' anguish
May never more come near thy precious sight.
If my eternal sleep will give thee rest,
Close up mine eyes with opening of my breast.

SAND. I feel thy wrongs at midnight, and the weight
Of thy close treacheries: thou hast a friendship
As dangerous as a strumpet's, that will kiss
Men into poverty, distress, and ruin;
And to make clear the face of thy foul deeds,
Thou work'st by seconds. [*Drawing his sword.*

PHIL. Then may the sharp point of an inward horror
Strike me to earth, and save thy weapon guiltless!

SAND. Not in thy father?

PHIL. How much is truth abus'd
When 'tis kept silent! O defend me, friendship!

[b] *have*] Old ed. "hath."

[c] *See where he comes*] I possess a copy of this play, which seems to have been used by the prompter towards the end of the 17th century, several passages being altered, and many marked for omission. As a specimen of the former, the present speech will suffice:

"See where he comes, *as melancholly and angry as a looseing Bully of Marribone.*"

SAV. True,[c] your anger's in an error all this while, sir,
But that a lover's weapon ne'er[d] hears reason,
'Tis out still, like a madman's: hear but me, sir;
'Tis my young master's injury, not yours,
That you quarrel with him for; and this shews
As if you'd challenge a lame man the field,
And cut off's head, because he has lost his legs:
His grief makes him dead flesh, as it appear'd
By offering up his breast to you; for, believe it, sir,
Had he not greater crosses of his own,
Your hilts could not cross him ——
SAND. How!
SAV. Not your hilts, sir.
Come, I must have you friends; a pox of weapons!
There's a whore gapes for't; put it up i' the scabbard.
SAND. [*sheathing his sword*] Thou'rt a mad slave!
SAV. Come, give me both your hands,
You're in a quagmire both; should I release you now,
Your wits would both come home in a stinking pickle;
Your father's old nose would smell you out presently.
PHIL. Tell him the secret, which no mortal knows
But thou and I; and then he will confess
How much he wrong'd the patience of his friend.
SAV. Then thus the marigold opens at the splendour
Of a hot, constant friendship 'twixt you both.
'Tis not unknown to your ear, some ten years since,
My mistress, his good mother, with a daughter
About the age of six, crossing to Guernsey,

[c] *True*] Qy. "Tush"?
[d] *ne'er*] Old ed. "now."

Was taken by the Dunkirks,[e] sold both, and separated,
As the last news brings hot,—the first and last
So much discover'd; for in nine years' space
No certain tidings of their life or death,
Or what place held 'em, earth, the sea, or heaven,
Came to the old man's ears, the knight my master,
Till about five months since a letter came,
Sent from the mother, which related all
Their taking, selling, separation,
And never meeting; and withal requir'd
Six hundred crowns for ransom; which my old master
No sooner heard the sound, but told the sum,
Gave him[f] the gold, and sent us both aboard:
We landing by the way—having a care
To lighten us of our carriage, because gold
Is such a heavy metal—eas'd our pockets
In wenches' aprons: women were made to bear,
But for us gentlemen 'tis most unkindly.[g]

SAND. Well, sir?

PHIL. A pure rogue still!

SAV. Amongst the rest, sir,
'Twas my young master's chance there to doat finely
Upon a sweet young gentlewoman, but one
That would not sell her honour for the Indies,
Till a priest struck the bargain, and then half
A crown despatch'd it;
To be brief, wedded her and bedded her,
Brought her home hither to his father's house,
And, with a fair tale of mine own bringing up,
She passes for his sister that was sold.

[e] *the Dunkirks*] See note, vol. iii. p. 132.
[f] *him*] i. e. Philip.
[g] *unkindly*] i. e. unnatural (not according to *kind*—nature).

SAND. Let me not lose myself in wondering at thee!
But how made you your score even for the mother?
SAV. Pish, easily; we told him how her fortunes
Mock'd us as they mock'd her; when we were o' the sea
She was o' the land; and, as report was given,
When we were landed, she was gone to heaven.
So he believes two lies one error bred,
The daughter ransom'd, and the mother dead.
SAND. Let me admire thee, and withal confess
My injuries to friendship!
PHIL. They're all pardon'd:
These are the arms I bore against my friend.
SAV. But what's all this to the present? this discourse
Leaves you i' the bog still.
PHIL. On, good Savourwit.
SAV. For yet our policy has cross'd ourselves;
For the old knave, my master, little thinking her
Wife to his son, but his own daughter still,
Seeks out a match for her ——
PHIL. Here I feel the surgeon
At second dressing.
SAV. And has entertain'd,
Even for pure need, for fear the glass should crack
That is already broken but well solder'd,
A mere sot for her suitor, a rank fox,
One Weatherwise, that wooes by the almanac,
Observes the full and change, an arrant moon-calf;
And yet, because the fool demands no portion
But the bare dower[h] of her smock, the old fellow,
Worn to the bone with a dry, covetous[i] itch,
To save his purse, and yet bestow his child,

[h] *dower*] Old ed. "Down."
[i] *covetous*] Old ed. "courteous."

Consents to waste [her on] lumps of almanac-stuff
Kned with May-butter.[1] Now, as I have thought on't,
I'll spoil him in the baking.

SAND. Prithee, as how, sirrah?

SAV. I'll give him such a crack in one o' the sides,
He shall quite run out of my master's favour.

PHIL. I should but too much love thee for that.

SAV. Thus, then,
To help you both at once, and so good night to you:
After my wit has shipp'd away the fool,
As he shall part, I'll buzz into the ear
Of my old master, that you, sir, master Sandfield,
Dearly affect his daughter, and will take her
With little or no portion; well stood out in't;
Methinks I see him caper at that news,
And in the full cry, O! This brought about
And wittily dissembled on both parts—
You to affect his love, he to love yours—
I'll so beguile the father at the marriage,
That each shall have his own; and both being welcom'd
And chamber'd in one house,—as 'tis his pride
To have his children's children got successively
On his forefathers' feather-beds,—in the daytimes,
To please the old man's eyesight, you may dally,
And set a kiss on the wrong lip—no sin in't,
Brothers and sisters do't, cousins do more;
But, pray, take heed you be not kin to them:
So in the night-time nothing can deceive you,
Let each know his own work; and there I leave you.

[1] *May-butter*] "If during the moneth of May before you salt your butter you saue a lumpe thereof, and put it into a vessell, and so set it into the Sun the space of that moneth, you shall finde it exceeding soueraigne and medicinable for wounds, straines, aches, and such like grievances." G. Markham's *English Housewife*, p. 199, ed. 1637.

SAND. Let me applaud thee!
PHIL. Blest be all thy ends
That mak'st arm'd enemies embracing friends!
About it speedily. [*Exit with* SANDFIELD.
SAV. I need no pricking;
I'm of that mettle, so well pac'd and free,
There's no good riders that use spur to me.

Enter GRACE.

O, are you come?
GRACE. Are any comforts coming?
SAV. I never go without 'em.
GRACE. Thou sportest joys that utterance cannot perfect.
SAV. Hark, are they risen?
GRACE. Yes, long before I left 'em;
And all intend to bring the widow homeward.
SAV. Depart then, mistress, to avoid suspect;
Our good shall arrive time enough at your heart.
[*Exit* GRACE.
Poor fools, that evermore take a green surfeit
Of the first fruits of joys! Let a man but shake the tree,
How soon they'll hold up their laps to receive comfort!
The music that I struck made her soul dance —
Peace —

Enter LADY GOLDENFLEECE *with* SIR GILBERT LAMBSTONE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE; *after them,* SIR OLIVER TWILIGHT *and* SUNSET, *with* GRACE *and* JANE.

Here comes the lady widow, the late wife
To the deceas'd sir Avarice Goldenfleece,
Second to none for usury and extortion,
As too well it appears on a poor gentleman,
One master Low-water, from whose estate

He pull'd that fleece that makes his widow weight.
Those are her suitors now, sir Gilbert Lambstone,
Master Pepperton, [and] master Overdone. [*Aside.*

L. Gold. Nay, good sir Oliver Twilight, master Sunset,
We'll trouble you no farther.

Sir O. Twi. } No trouble, sweet madam.
Sun. }

Sir G. Lamb. We'll see the widow at home, it shall be our charge that.

L. Gold. It shall be so indeed.
Thanks, good sir Oliver; and to you both
I am indebted for those courtesies
That will ask me a long time to requite.

Sir O. Twi. Ah, 'tis but your pleasant condition[j] to give it out so, madam.

L. Gold. Mistress Grace and mistress Jane, I wish you both
A fair contented fortune in your choices,
And that you happen right.

Grace. } Thanks to you, good madam;
Jane. }

Grace. There's more in that word *right* than you imagine. [*Aside.*

L. Gold. I now repent, girls, a rash oath I took,
When you were both infants, to conceal a secret.

Grace. What does 't concern, good madam?

L. Gold. No, no;
Since you are both so well, 'tis well enough;
It must not be reveal'd; 'tis now no more
Than like mistaking of one hand for t'other:
A happy time to you both!

Grace. } The like to you, madam!
Jane. }

[j] *condition*] i. e. disposition, nature.

GRACE. I shall long much to have this riddle open'd. [*Aside.*

JANE. I would you were so kind to my poor kinswoman,
And the distressèd gentleman her husband,
Poor master Low-water, who on ruin leans;
You keep this secret as you keep his means.
[*Aside.*

L. GOLD. Thanks, good[k] sir Oliver Twilight;—welcome,
Sweet master Pepperton;—master Overdone, welcome.

[*Exeunt all except* SIR OLIVER TWILIGHT *and* SAVOURWIT.

SIR O. TWI. And goes the business well 'twixt those young lovers?

SAV. Betwixt your son and master Sunset's daughter
The line goes even, sir.

SIR O. TWI. Good lad, I like thee.

SAV. But, sir, there's no proportion, height, or evenness,
Betwixt that equinoctial and your daughter.

SIR O. TWI. 'Tis true, and I'm right glad on't

SAV. Are you glad, sir,
There's no proportion in't?

SIR O. TWI. Ay, marry am I, sir:
I can abide no word that ends in portion;
I'll give her nothing.

SAV. Say you should not, sir—
As I'll ne'er urge your worship 'gainst your nature—
Is there no gentleman, think you, of worth and credit,
Will open 's bed to warm a naked maid?

[k] *Thanks, good,* &c.] Makes in old ed. a portion of Jane's speech.

A hundred gallant fellows, and be glad
To be so set a-work: virginity
Is no such cheap ware as you make account on,
That it had need with portion be set off,
For that sets off a portion in these days.

Sir O. Twi. Play on, sweet boy;
O, I could hear this music all day long,
When there's no money to be parted from!
Strike on, good lad.

Sav. Do not wise men and great often bestow
Ten thousand pound in jewels that lie by em?
If so, what jewel can lie by a man
More precious than a virgin? if none more precious,
Why should the pillow of a fool be grac'd
With that brave spirits with dearness have embrac'd?
And then, perhaps, ere the third spring come on,
Sends home your diamond crack'd, the beauty gone;
And more to know her, 'cause you shall not doubt her,
A number of poor sparks twinkling about her.

Sir O. Twi. Now thou play'st Dowland's *Lacrymæ*[1] to thy master.

Sav. But shall I dry your eyes with a merry jig now,
And make you look like sunshine in a shower?

Sir O. Twi. How, how, my honest boy, sweet Savourwit?

Sav. Young master Sandfield, gallant master Sandfield ——

Sir O. Twi. Ha! what of him?

[1] *Dowland's Lacrymæ*] "*Lachrimæ* or seaven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pauans, with divers other Pauans, Galiards, and Almands, set forth for the Lute, Viols, or Violons, in five Parts," was a very popular musical work, composed by John Dowland, a celebrated lutanist.

SAV. Affects your daughter strangely.
SIR O. TWI. Brave master Sandfield!—let me hug thy zeal
Unto thy master's house;—ha, master Sandfield!
But he'll expect a portion.
SAV. Not a whit, sir,
As you may use the matter.
SIR O. TWI. Nay, and[m] the matter fall into my using,
The devil a penny that he gets of me!
SAV. He lies at the mercy of your lock and key, sir;
You may use him as you list.
SIR O. TWI. Say'st thou me so?
Is he so far in doing?
SAV. Quite over head and ears, sir;
Nay, more, he means to run mad, and break his neck
Off some high steeple, if he have her not.
SIR O. TWI. Now bless the young gentleman's gristles! I hope to be
A grandfather yet by 'em.
SAV. That may you, sir,
To, marry, a chopping girl with a plump buttock,
Will hoist a farthingale at five years old,
And call a man between eleven and twelve
To take part of a piece of mutton with her.
SIR O. TWI. Ha, precious wag! hook him in finely, do.
SAV. Make clear the way for him first, set the gull going.
SIR O. TWI. An ass, an ass, I'll quickly dash his wooing.
SAV. Why, now the clocks

[m] *and*] i. e. if.

Go right again: it must be a strange wit
That makes the wheels of youth and age so hit;
The one are dry, worn, rusty, furr'd, and soil'd,
Love's wheels are glib, ever kept clean and oil'd.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Sir O. Twi. I cannot choose but think of this good fortune;
That gallant master Sandfield!

Enter Weatherwise.

Wea. Stay, stay, stay!
What comfort gives my almanac[n] to-day?
[*Taking out an almanac.*
Luck, I beseech thee! [*Reads*] *Good days,—evil days,—June,—July;*—speak a good word for me now, and I have her: let me see, *The fifth day, 'twixt hawk and buzzard; The sixth day, backward and forward,*—that was beastly to me, I remember; *The seventh day, on a slippery pin; The eighth day, fire and tow; The ninth day, the market is marred,*—that's 'long of the hucksters, I warrant you; but now the tenth day—luck, I beseech thee now, before I look into't!—*The tenth*[o] *day, against the hair,*—a pox on't, would that hair had been left out! against the hair? that hair will go nigh to choke me; had it been against any thing but that, 'twould not have troubled me, because it lies cross i' the way. Well, I'll try the fortune of a good face yet, though my almanac leave me i' the sands. [*Aside.*

Sir O. Twi. Such a match too, I could not wish a better! [*Aside.*

Wea. Mass, here he walks. [*Aside.*]—Save you, sweet sir Oliver—sir Oliver Twilight.

[n] *my almanac*] Compare vol. iii. p. 537, and note.
[o] *tenth*] Old ed. "eleventh."

SIR O. TWI. O, pray come to me a quarter of a year hence;
I have a little business now.

WEA. How, a quarter of a year hence? what, shall I come to you in September?

SIR O. TWI. Nor in November neither, good my friend.

WEA. You're not a mad knight! you will not let your daughter hang past August, will you? she'll drop down under tree then: she's no winter-fruit, I assure you, if you think to put her in crust after Christmas.

SIR O. TWI. Sir, in a word, depart; my girl's not for you;
I gave you a drowsy promise in a dream,
But broad awake now, I call't in again:
Have me commended to your wit,—farewell, sir.
[*Exit.*

WEA. Now the devil run away with you, and some lousy fiddler with your daughter! may Clerkenwell have the first cut of her, and Houndsditch pick the bones! I'll never leave the love of an open-hearted widow for a narrow-eyed maid again; go out of the roadway, like an ass, to leap over hedge and ditch; I'll fall into the beaten path again, and invite the widow home to a banquet: let who list seek out new ways, I'll be at my journey's end before him:
My almanac told me true how I should fare;
Let no man think to speed against the hair.° [*Exit.*

° *against the hair*] i. e. against the grain, contrary to nature.

SCENE II.

A room in Low-water's *house.*

Enter Mistress Low-water.

Mis. Low. Is there no saving means, no help religious,
For a distressèd gentlewoman to live by?
Has virtue no revenue? who has all then?
Is the world's lease from hell, the devil[o] head-landlord?
O, how was conscience, the right heir, put by?
Law would not do such an unrighteous deed,
Though with the fall of angels[p] 't had been fee'd.
Where are our hopes in banks? was honesty,
A younger sister, without portion left,
No dowry in the chamber beside wantonness?
O miserable orphan!
'Twixt two extremes runs there no blessèd mean,
No comfortable strain,[q] that I may kiss it?
Must I to whoredom or to beggary lean,
My mind being sound? is there no way to miss it?
Is't not injustice that a widow laughs,
And lays her mourning part upon a wife?

[o] *devil*] old ed. "Devils."

[p] *angels*] A play on the word—gold coins worth about ten shillings each.

[q] *runs there . . . no comfortable strain*] Compare Skelton's *Magnyfycence;*

"The *streynes* of her vaynes [veins] as asure Inde blewe."
Sig. E ii. n. d.

The verb is more common;

"Rills rising out of euery Banck,
In wilde Meanders *strayne*."
Drayton's *Muses Elizium*, p. 2, ed. 1630.

That she should have the garment, I the heart?
My wealth her uncle left her, and me her grief.
Yet, stood all miseries in their loathed'st forms
On this hand of me, thick like a foul mist;
And here the bright enticements of the world
In clearest colours, flattery and advancement,
And all the bastard glories this frame jets[q] in,—
Horror nor splendour, shadows fair nor foul,
Should force me shame my husband, wound my soul.

Enter JANE.

Cousin, you're welcome; this is kindly done of you,
To visit the despis'd.

JANE. I hope not so, coz;
The want of means cannot make you despis'd;
Love not by wealth, but by desert, is priz'd.

MIS. LOW. You're pleas'd to help it well, coz.

JANE. I'm come to you,
Beside my visitation, to request you
To lay your wit to mine, which is but simple,
And help me to untie a few dark words
Made up in knots,—they're of the widow's knitting,
That ties all sure,—for my wit has not strength
Nor cunning to unloose 'em.

MIS. LOW. Good: what are they?
Though there be little comfort of my help.

JANE. She wish'd sir Oliver's daughter and myself
Good fortune in our choices, and repented her
Of a rash oath she took, when we were both infants,
A secret to conceal; but since all's well,
She holds it best to keep it unreveal'd:
Now, what this is, heaven knows.

[q] *jets*] i. e. struts.

Mis. Low. Nor can I guess:
The course of her whole life and her dead husband's
Was ever full of such dishonest riddles,
To keep right heirs from knowledge of their own:
And now I'm put i' the mind on't, I believe
It was some price[q] of land or money given,
By some departing friend upon their deathbed,
Perhaps to yourself; and sir Oliver's daughter
May wrongfully enjoy it, and she hir'd —
For she was but an hireling in those days —
To keep the injury secret.

Jane. The most likeliest
That ever you could think on!

Mis. Low. Is it not?

Jane. Sure, coz, I think you have untied the knot;
My thoughts lie at more ease: as in all other things,
In this I thank your help; and may you live
To conquer your own troubles and cross ends,
As you are ready to supply your friends!

Mis. Low. I thank you for the kind truth of your heart,
In which I flourish when all means depart.—
Sure in that oath of hers there sleeps some wrong
Done to my kinswoman. [*Aside.*

Enter Footman.

Jane. Who'd you speak withal?

Foot. The gentlewoman of this house, forsooth.

Jane. Whose footman are you?

Foot. One sir Gilbert Lambstone's.

Jane. Sir Gilbert Lambstone's? there my cousin walks.

Foot. Thank your good worship. [*Exit* Jane.

Mis. Low. How now? whence are you?

[q] *price*] Qy. "piece"?

FOOT. This letter will make known.

[*Giving letter to* MIS. LOW-WATER.

MIS. LOW. Whence comes it, sir?

FOOT. From the knight my master, sir Gilbert Lambstone.

MIS. LOW. Return't; I'll receive none on't.

[*Throwing down letter.*

FOOT. There it must lie then; I were as good run to Tyburn a-foot, and hang myself at mine own charges, as carry it back again. [*Exit.*

MIS. LOW. 'Life, had he not his answer? what strange impudence
Governs in man when lust is lord of him!
Thinks he me mad? 'cause I've no monies on earth,
That I'll go forfeit my estate in heaven,
And live eternal beggar? he shall pardon me,
That's my soul's jointure—I'll starve ere I sell that.
O, is he gone, and left the letter here?
Yet I will read it, more to hate the writer. [*Reads.*

Mistress Low-water,—If you desire to understand your own comfort, hear me out ere you refuse me. I'm in the way now to double the yearly means that first I offered you; and to stir you more to me, I'll empty your enemy's bags to maintain you; for the rich widow, the lady Goldenfleece, to whom I have been a longer suitor than you an adversary,[q] *hath given me so much encouragement lately, insomuch that I am perfectly assured the next meeting strikes the bargain. The happiness that follows this 'twere idle to inform you of; only consent to my desires, and the widow's notch shall lie open to you. This much to your heart; I know you're wise. Farewell. Thy friend to his power and another's, Gilbert Lambstone.*

In this poor brief[r] what volumes has he thrust
Of treacherous perjury and adulterous lust!

[q] *an adversary*] Old ed. "a longer *adversary*."
[r] *brief*] i. e. short writing.

So foul a monster does this wrong appear,
That I give pity to mine enemy here.
What a most fearful love reigns in some hearts,
That dare oppose all judgment to get means,
And wed rich widows only to keep queans!
What a strange path he takes to my affection,
And thinks 't the nearest way! 'twill never be;
Goes through mine enemy's ground to come to me.
This letter is most welcome; I repent now
That my last anger threw thee at my feet,
My bosom shall receive thee.

[*Putting letter in her bosom.*

Enter Sir Gilbert Lambstone.

Sir G. Lamb. 'Tis good policy too
To keep one that so mortally hates the widow;
She'll have more care to keep it close herself:
And look, what wind her revenge goes withal,
The self-same gale whisks up the sails of love!
I shall lose[r] much good sport by that. [*Aside.*]—
Now, my sweet mistress!

Mis. Low. Sir Gilbert! you change suits[s] oft, you were here
In black but lately.

Sir G. Lamb. My mind never shifts though.

Mis. Low. A foul mind the whilst:
But sure, sir, this is but a dissembling glass[t]
You sent before you; 'tis not possible
Your heart should follow your hand.

Sir G. Lamb. Then may both perish!

Mis. Low. Do not wish that so soon, sir: can you make

[r] *lose*] Used here perhaps ironically: but qy. "taste"?

[s] *suits*] Old ed. "Suiters."

[t] *glass*] A friend suggests "gloss:" but in act ii. sc. 1, Lady G. says of the letter in question, "here's a *glass* will shew him," &c.

A three-months' love to a rich widow's bed,
And lay her pillow under a quean's head?
I know you can't, howe'er you may dissemble 't;
You've a heart brought up better.
SIR G. LAMB. Faith, you wrong me in't;
You shall not find it so; I do protest to thee,
I will be lord of all my promises,
And ere 't be long, thou shalt but turn a key,
And find 'em in thy coffer; for my love
In matching with the widow is but policy
To strengthen my estate, and make me able
To set off all thy kisses with rewards;
That the worst weather our delights behold,
It may hail pearl, and shower the widow's gold.
MIS. LOW. You talk of a brave[t] world, sir.
SIR G. LAMB. 'Twill seem better
When golden happiness breaks forth itself
Out of the vast part of the widow's chamber.
MIS. LOW. And here it sets.
SIR G. LAMB. Here shall the downfal be;
Her wealth shall rise from her, and set in thee.
MIS. LOW. You men have th' art to overcome poor women;
Pray give my thoughts the freedom of one day,
And all the rest take you.
SIR G. LAMB. I straight obey.—
This bird's my own! [*Aside, and exit.*
MIS. LOW. There is no happiness but has her season,
Herein[u] the brightness of her virtue shines:
The husk falls off in time, that long shut[v] up
The fruit in a dark prison; so sweeps by
The cloud of miseries from wretches' eyes,

[t] *brave*] i. e. fine.
[u] *Herein*] Qy. "Wherein"?
[v] *shut*] Old ed. "shuts."

That yet, though faln, at length they see to rise;
The secret powers work wondrously and duly.

Enter Low-water.

Low. Why, how now, Kate?

Mis. Low. O, are you come, sir? husband,
Wake, wake, and let not patience keep thee poor,
Rouse up thy spirit from this falling slumber!
Make thy distress seem but a weeping dream,
And this the opening morning of thy comforts;
Wipe the salt dew off from thy careful eyes,
And drink a draught of gladness next thy heart,
T' expel the infection of all poisonous sorrows!

Low. You turn me past my senses!

Mis. Low. Will you but second
The purpose I intend, I'll be first forward;
I crave no more of thee but a following spirit,
Will you but grant me that.

Low. Why, what's the business
That should transport thee thus?

Mis. Low. Hope of much good,
No fear of the least ill; take that to comfort thee.

Low. Yea?

Mis. Low. Sleep not on't, this is no slumbering business;
'Tis like the sweating sickness, I must keep
Your eyes still wake, you're gone if once you sleep.

Low. I will not rest then till thou hast thy wishes.

Mis. Low. Peruse this love-paper as you go.
[*Giving letter.*

Low. A letter? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in SIR OLIVER TWILIGHT'S *house.*

Enter SIR OLIVER TWILIGHT, SANDFIELD, PHILIP TWILIGHT, *and* SAVOURWIT.

SIR O. TWI. Good master Sandfield, for the great affection
You bear toward my girl, I am well pleas'd
You should enjoy her beauty; heaven forbid, sir,
That I should cast away a proper gentleman,
So far in love, with a sour mood or so.
No, no;
I'll not die guilty of a lover's neck-cracking.
Marry, as for portion, there I leave you, sir,
To the mercy of your destiny again;
I'll have no hand in that.
SAND. Faith, something, sir,
Be't but t' express your love.
SIR O. TWI. I've no desire, sir,
T' express my love that way, and so rest satisfied;
I pray take heed in urging that too much
You draw not my love from me.
SAND. Fates foresee, sir.
SIR O. TWI. Faith, then you may go, seek out a high steeple,
Or a deep water — there's no saving of you.
SAV. How naturally he plays upon himself!
[*Aside.*
SIR O. TWI. Marry, if a wedding-dinner, as I told you,
And three years' board, well lodgèd in mine house,
And eating, drinking, and a sleeping portion,
May give you satisfaction, I'm your man, sir;
Seek out no other.

SAND. I'm content to embrace it, sir,
Rather than hazard languishment or ruin.
SIR O. TWI. I love thee for thy wisdom; such a son-in-law
Will cheer a father's heart: welcome, sweet master Sandfield.
Whither away, boys? Philip![s]
PHIL. To visit my love, sir,
Old master Sunset's daughter.
SIR O. TWI. That's my Philip!—
Ply't hard, my good boys both, put 'em to't finely;
One day, one dinner, and one house shall join you.
SAND. } That's our desire, sir.
PHIL. }
[*Exeunt* SANDFIELD *and* PHILIP.
SIR O. TWI. Pist![t] come hither, Savourwit;
Observe my son, and bring me word, sweet boy,
Whether has a speeding wit or no in wooing.
SAV. That will I, sir.—That your own eyes might tell ye[u]
I think it speedy; your girl has a round belly. [*Exit.*
SIR O. TWI. How soon the comfortable shine of joy
Breaks through a cloud of grief!
The tears that I let fall for my dead wife
Are dried up with the beams of my girl's fortunes:
Her life, her death, and her ten years' distress,
Are even forgot with me; the love and care
That I ought[v] her, her daughter sh' owes[w] it all;
It can but be bestow'd, and there 'tis well.

[s] *Philip*] After this word old ed. gives a stage-direction "*Enter Philip,*" though it has previously marked his entrance at the commencement of the scene.

[t] *Pist*] i. e. Hist: compare vol. ii. p. 460.—Old ed. "Pish."

[u] *ye*] Old ed. "you"—but this line was meant to rhyme with the next.

[v] *ought*] i. e. owed.

[w] *sh' owes*] Old ed. "shows:"—*owes*, i. e. owns, possesses.

Enter Servant.

How now? what news?

SER. There's a Dutch merchant, sir, that's now come over,

Desires some conference with you.

SIR O. TWI. How! a Dutch merchant?

Pray, send him in to me. [*Exit Servant.*]—What news with him, trow?[x]

Enter Dutch Merchant, with a little Dutch Boy in great slops.[y]

D. MER. Sir Oliver Twilight?

SIR O. TWI. That's my name indeed, sir;

I pray, be cover'd,[z] sir; you're very welcome.

D. MER. This is my business, sir; I took into my charge

A few words to deliver to yourself

From a dear friend of yours, that wonders strangely

At your unkind neglect.

SIR O. TWI. Indeed! what might

He be, sir?

D. MER. Nay, you're i' the wrong gender now;

'Tis that distressèd lady, your good wife, sir.

SIR O. TWI. What say you, sir? my wife!

D. MER. Yes, sir, your wife:

This strangeness now of yours seems more to harden

Th' uncharitable neglect she tax'd you for.

SIR O. TWI. Pray, give me leave, sir; is my wife alive?

D. MER. Came any news to you, sir, to the contrary?

SIR O. TWI. Yes, by my faith, did there.

[x] *trow*] i. e. think you.

[y] *great slops*] i. e. wide trousers.

[z] *be cover'd*] i. e. put on your hat.

D. Mer. Pray, how long since, sir?
Sir O. Twi. 'Tis now some ten weeks.
D. Mer. Faith, within this month, sir,
I saw her talk and eat; and those, in our calendar,
Are signs of life and health.
Sir O. Twi. Mass, so they are in ours!
D. Mer. And these were the last words her passion[a] threw me,—
No grief, quoth she, sits to my heart so close
As his unkindness, and my daughter's loss.
Sir O. Twi. You make me weep and wonder; for I swear
I sent her ransom, and that daughter's here.
D. Mer. Here! that will come well to lighten her of one grief;
I long to see her, for the piteous moan
Her mother made for her.
Sir O. Twi. That shall you, sir.—
Within there!

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Sir?
Sir O. Twi. Call down my daughter.
Ser. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*
Sir O. Twi. Here is strange budgelling:[b] I tell you, sir,
Those that I put in trust were near me too—
A man would think they should not juggle with me—
My own son and my servant; no worse people, sir.
D. Mer. And yet ofttimes, sir, what worse knave to a man
Than he that eats his meat?

[a] *passion*] i. e. sorrow.
[b] *budgelling*] Perhaps a form of *boggling*. A friend suggests "budgetting."

Sir O. Twi. Troth, you say true, sir:
I sent 'em simply, and that news they brought,
My wife had left the world; and, with that son[a]
I sent to her, this brought his sister home:
Look you, sir, this is she.

Enter Grace.

D. Mer. If my eye sin not, sir,
Or misty error falsify the glass,
I saw that face at Antwerp in an inn,
When I set forth first to fetch home this boy.
Sir O. Twi. How? in an inn?
Grace. O, I'm betray'd, I fear! [*Aside.*
D. Mer. How do you, young mistress?
Grace. Your eyes wrong your tongue, sir,
And make[b] you sin in both; I am not she.
D. Mer. No? then I ne'er saw face twice.—Sir Oliver Twilight,
I tell you my free thoughts, I fear you're blinded;
I do not like this story; I doubt much
The sister is as false as the dead mother.
Sir O. Twi. Yea, say you so, sir? I see nothing lets[c] me
But to doubt so too then.—
So, to your chamber; we have done with you.
Grace. I would be glad you had: here's a strange storm!— [*Aside.*
Sift it out well, sir; till anon I leave you, sir. [*Exit.*
D. Mer. Business commands me hence; but, as a pledge
Of my return, I'll leave my little son with you,
Who yet takes little pleasure in this country,
'Cause he can speak no English, all Dutch he.

[a] *son*] Qy. "sum"? but perhaps "this" in the next line means Savourwit.
[b] *make*] Old ed. "makes." [c] *lets*] i. e. hinders.

SIR O. TWI. A fine boy; he is welcome, sir, to me.

D. MER. Where's your leg and your thanks to the gentleman?

D. BOY. *War es you neighgen an you thonkes you, Ick donck you, ver ew edermon vrendly kite.*

SIR O. TWI. What says he, sir?

D. MER. He thanks you for your kindness.

SIR O. TWI. Pretty knave!

D. MER. Had not some business held me by the way,
This news had come to your ear ten days ago.

SIR O. TWI. It comes too soon now, methinks; I'm your debtor.

D. MER. But I could wish it, sir, for better ware.

SIR O. TWI. We must not be our own choosers in our fortunes. [*Exit Dutch Merchant.*
Here's a cold pie to breakfast! wife alive,
The daughter doubtful, and the money spent!
How am I juggled withal!

Re-enter SAVOURWIT.

SAV. It hits, i'faith, sir;
The work goes even.

SIR O. TWI. O, come, come, come!
Are you come, sir?

SAV. Life, what's the matter now!

SIR O. TWI. There's a new reckoning come in since.

SAV. Pox on't,
I thought all had been paid; I can't abide
These after-reckonings. [*Aside.*

SIR O. TWI. I pray, come near, sir, let's be acquainted with you;
You're bold enough abroad with my purse, sir.

SAV. No more than beseems manners and good use, sir.

Sir O. Twi. Did not you bring me word, some ten weeks since,
My wife was dead?
Sav. Yes, true, sir, very true, sir.
Sir O. Twi. Pray, stay, and take my horse along with you,—
And with the ransom that I sent for her,
That you redeem'd my daughter?
Sav. Right as can be, sir;
I ne'er found your worship in a false tale yet.
Sir O. Twi. I thank you for your good word, sir; but I'm like
To find your worship now in two at once.
Sav. I should be sorry to hear that.
Sir O. Twi. I believe you, sir:
Within this month my wife was sure alive,
There's six weeks bated of your ten weeks' lie;
As has been credibly reported to me
By a Dutch merchant, father to that boy,
But now come over, and the words scarce cold.
Sav. O strange!— [*Aside.*
'Tis a most rank untruth; where is he, sir?
Sir O. Twi. He will not be long absent.
Sav. All's confounded!— [*Aside.*
If he were here, I'd[c] tell him to his face, sir,
He wears a double tongue, that's Dutch and English.
Will the boy say't?
Sir O. Twi. 'Las, he can speak no English.
Sav. All the better; I'll gabble something to him. [*Aside.*]—*Hoyste kaloiste, kalooskin ee vou, dar sune, alla gaskin?*
D. Boy. *Ick wet neat watt hey zackt; Ick unverston ewe neat.*

[c] *I'd*] Old ed. "I'll."

Sav. Why, la, I thought as much!

Sir O. Twi. What says the boy?

Sav. He says his father is troubled with an imperfection at one time of the moon, and talks like a madman.

Sir O. Twi. What, does the boy say so?

Sav. I knew there was somewhat in't:
Your wife alive! will you believe all tales, sir?

Sir O. Twi. Nay, more, sir; he told me he saw this wench,
Which you brought home, at Antwerp in an inn;
Tell[s] me, I'm plainly cozen'd of all hands,
'Tis not my daughter neither.

Sav. All's broke out!— [*Aside.*
How! not your daughter, sir? I must to't again.—
Quisquinikin sadlamare, alla pisse kickin sows clows, hoff tofte le cumber shaw, bouns bus boxsceeno.

D. Boy. *Ick an sawth no int hein clappon de heeke, I dinke ute zein zennon.*

Sav. O, *zein zennon!* Ah ha! I thought how 'twould prove i' th' end:—the boy says they never came near Antwerp, a quite contrary way, round about by Parma.

Sir O. Twi. What's the same *zein zennon?*

Sav. That is, he saw no such wench in an inn: 'tis well I came in such happy time, to get it out of the boy before his father returned again: pray, be wary, sir, the world's subtle; come and pretend a charitable business in policy, and work out a piece of money on you.

Sir O. Twi. Mass, art advised of that?

Sav. The age is cunning, sir; beside, a Dutchman will live upon any ground, and work butter out of a thistle.

Sir O. Twi. Troth, thou say'st true in that; they're the best thrivers

In turnips, hartichalks, and cabbishes;[e]
Our English are not like them.

SAV. O fie, no, sir!

SIR O. TWI. Ask him from whence they came when they came hither.

SAV. That I will, sir.—*Culluaron lagooso, lageen, lagan, rufft, punkatee?*

D. BOY. *Nimd aveigh de cack.*

SAV. What, what? I cannot blame him then.

SIR O. TWI. What says he to thee?

SAV. The poor boy blushes for him: he tells me his father came from making merry with certain of his countrymen, and he's a little steeped in English beer; there's no heed to be taken of his tongue now.

SIR O. TWI. Hoyday! how com'st thou by all this? I heard him
Speak but three words to thee.

SAV. O sir, the Dutch is a very wide language; you shall have ten English words even for one; as, for example, *gullder-goose*—there's a word for you, master!

SIR O. TWI. Why, what's that same *gullder-goose?*

SAV. How do you and all your generation?

SIR O. TWI. Why, 'tis impossible! how prove you that, sir?

SAV. 'Tis thus distinguished, sir: *gull*, how do you; *der*, and; *goose*, your generation.

SIR O. TWI. 'Tis a most saucy language; how cam'st thou by't?

SAV. I was brought up to London in an eel-ship,
There was the place I caught it first by the tail.—
I shall be tript anon; pox, would I were gone!—
[*Aside.*
I'll go seek out your son, sir; you shall hear
What thunder he'll bring with him.

[e] *hartichalks and cabishes*] i. e. artichokes and cabbages.

Sir O. Twi. Do, do, Savourwit;
I'll have you all face to face.
Sav. Cuds me, what else, sir?—
And[e] you take me so near the net again,
I'll give you leave to squat[f] me; I've scap'd fairly:
We're undone in Dutch; all our three months' roguery
Is now come over in a butter-firkin.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Sir O. Twi. Never was man so tost between two tales!
I know not which to take, nor which to trust;
The boy here is the likeliest to tell truth,
Because the world's corruption is not yet
At full years in him; sure he cannot know
What deceit means, 'tis English yet to him:
And when I think again, why should the father
Dissemble for no profit? he gets none,
Whate'er he hopes for, and I think he hopes not.
The man's in a good case, being old and weary,
He dares not lean his arm on his son's shoulder,
For fear he lie i' the dirt, but must be rather
Beholding[g] to a stranger for his prop. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Dutch Merchant.

D. Mer. I make bold once again, sir, for a boy here.
Sir O. Twi. O sir, you're welcome! pray, resolve[h] me one thing, sir;

[e] *And*] i. e. if.
[f] *squat*] Jamieson (*Sup. to Et. Dict. of Scot. Lang.*) gives "*Squat*, to strike with the open hand, particularly on the breech," in which sense the word seems to be used above.
[g] *Beholding*] i. e. Beholden—a form of the word frequent in old writers.
[h] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

Did you within this month, with your own eyes,
See my wife living?

D. Mer. I ne'er borrow'd any:
Why should you move that question, sir? dissembling
Is no part of my living.

Sir O. Twi. I have reason
To urge it so far, sir—pray, be not angry though—
Because my man, was here since your departure,
Withstands all stiffly; and to make it clearer,
Question'd your boy in Dutch, who, as he told me,
Return'd this answer first to him,—that you
Had imperfection at one time o' the moon,
Which made you talk so strangely.

D. Mer. How! how's this?—*Zeicke yongon, ick ben ick quelt medien dullek heght, ee untoit van the mon, an koot uram'd.*

D. Boy. *Wee ek heigh lieght in ze bokkas, dee't site.*

D. Mer. Why, la, you, sir, here's no such thing! he says
He lies in's throat that says it.

Sir O. Twi. Then the rogue lies in's throat, for he told me so;
And that the boy should answer at next question,
That you ne'er saw this wench, nor came near Antwerp.

D. Mer. Ten thousand devils!—*Zeicke hee ewe ek kneeght, yongon, dat wee neeky by Antwarpon ne don cammen no seene de doughter dor.*

D. Boy. *Ick hub ham hean sulka dongon he zaut, hei es an skallom an rubbout.*

D. Mer. He says he told him no such matter; he's a knave and a rascal.

Sir O. Twi. Why, how am I abus'd! Pray, tell me one thing,
What's *gullder-goose* in Dutch?

D. Mer. How! *gullder-goose?* there's no
Such thing in Dutch; it may be an ass in English.
Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! then am I that ass in plain English;
I'm grossly cozen'd, most inconsiderately!
Pray, let my house receive you for one night,
That I may quit[1] these rascals, I beseech you, sir.
D. Mer. If that may stead you, sir, I'll not refuse you.
Sir O. Twi. A thousand thanks, and welcome.—
On whom can fortune more spit out her foam,
Work'd on abroad, and play'd upon at home!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A large room in Weatherwise's *house.*

Enter Weatherwise *while Servants are setting out a table, and* Pickadill *looking on.*

Wea. So, set the table ready; the widow's i' the next room, looking upon my clock with the days and the months and the change of the moon; I'll fetch her in presently. [*Exit.*

Pick. She's not so mad to be fetched in with the moon, I warrant you: a man must go roundlier to work with a widow, than to woo her with the hand of a dial, or stir up her blood with the striking part of a clock; I should ne'er stand to shew her such things in chamber. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Re-enter Weatherwise *handing in* Lady Golden-fleece, Sir Gilbert Lambstone, Pepperton, *and* Overdone.

Wea. Welcome, sweet widow, to a bachelor's

[1] *quit*] i. e. requite.

house here! a single man I, but for two or three maids that I keep.

L. Gold. Why, are you double with them, then?

Wea. An exceeding good mourning-wit! women are wiser than ever they were, since they wore doublets. You must think, sweet widow, if a man keep maids, they're under his subjection.

L. Gold. That's most true, sir.

Wea. They have no reason to have a lock but the master must have a key to't.

L. Gold. To him, sir Gilbert! he fights with me at a wrong weapon now.

Wea. Nay, and[k] sir Gilbert strike, my weapon falls,
I fear no thrust but his: here are more shooters,
But they have shot two arrows without heads,
They cannot stick i' the butt yet: hold out, knight,
And I'll cleave the black pin in the midst o' the white. [*Aside, and exit.*

L. Gold. Nay, and he led me into a closet, sir, where he shewed me diet-drinks for several months; as scurvy-grass for April, clarified whey for June, and the like.

Sir G. Lamb. O, madam, he is a most necessary property,[l] an't be but to save our credit; ten pound in a banquet.

L. Gold. Go, you're a wag, sir Gilbert.

Sir G. Lamb. How many there be in the world of his fortunes, that prick their own calves with briars, to make an easy passage for others; or, like a toiling usurer, sets his son a-horseback in

[k] *and*] i. e. if.

[l] *necessary property*] This expression occurs in vol. iii. p. 598: see note, p. 640 of that vol., and note, vol. ii. p. 308.

cloth-of-gold breeches, while he himself goes to the
devil a-foot in a pair of old strossers![1]
But shall I give a more familiar sign?
His are the sweetmeats, but the kisses mine.
[*Kisses her.*

OVER. Excellent!—A pox a' your fortune! [*Aside.*

PEP. Saucy courting has brought all modest wooing clean out of fashion: you shall have few maids now-a-days got without rough handling, all the town's so used to't; and most commonly, too, they're joined before they're married, because they'll be sure to be fast enough.

OVER. Sir, since he strives t' oppose himself against us,
Let's so combine our friendships in our straits,
By all means graceful, to assist each other;
For, I protest, it shall as much glad me
To see your happiness, and his disgrace,
As if the wealth were mine, the love, the place.

PEP. And with the like faith I reward your friendship;
I'll break the bawdy ranks of his discourse,
And scatter his libidinous whispers straight.—
Madam ——

L. GOLD. How cheer you, gentlemen?

SIR G. LAMB. Pox on 'em,
They wak'd me out of a fine sleep! three minutes
Had fasten'd all the treasure in mine arms. [*Aside.*

PEP. You took no note of this conceit, it seems, madam?

L. GOLD. Twelve trenchers,[m] upon every one a month!
January, February, March, April ——

[1] *strossers*] Or *trossers, trusses*, &c.—i. e. tight drawers: see Gifford's note on Shirley's *Works*, vol. i. p. 19.

[m] *trenchers*, &c.] Compare vol. i. p. 31; vol. iii. p. 98.

PEP. Ay, and their posies under 'em.

L. GOLD. Pray, what says May? she's the spring lady.

PEP. [*reads*]

Now gallant May,[n] *in her array,*
Doth make the field pleasant and gay.

OVER. [*reads*]

This month of June use clarified whey
Boil'd with cold herbs, and drink alway.

L. GOLD. Drink't all away, he should say.

PEP. 'Twere much better indeed, and wholesomer for his liver.

SIR G. LAMB. September's a good one here, madam.

L. GOLD. O, have you chose your month? let's hear't, sir Gilbert.

SIR G. LAMB. [*reads*]

Now may'st thou physics safely take,
And bleed, and bathe for thy health's sake;
Eat figs, and grapes, and spicery,
For to refresh thy members dry.

L. GOLD. Thus it is still, when a man's simple meaning lights among wantons: how many honest words have suffered corruption since Chaucer's days! a virgin would speak those words then that a very midwife would blush to hear now, if she have but so much blood left to make up an ounce of grace. And who is this 'long on, but such wags as you, that use your words like your wenches? you cannot let 'em pass honestly by you, but you must still have a flirt at 'em.

PEP. You have paid some of us home, madam.

[n] *Now, gallant,* &c.] Is read, in old ed., by lady Goldenfleece.

Re-enter WEATHERWISE.

WEA. If conceit[n] will strike this stroke, have at[o] the widow's plum-tree! I'll put 'em down all for a banquet. [*Aside.*]—Widow and gentlemen, my friends and servants, I make you wait long here for a bachelor's pittance.

L. GOLD. O, sir, you're pleased to be modest.

WEA. No, by my troth, widow, you shall find it otherwise.

[*Music. The banquet*[p] *is brought in, six of* WEATHERWISE'S *tenants carrying the Twelve Signs, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces, made of banqueting-stuff.*

L. GOLD. What, the Twelve Signs!

WEA. These are the signs of my love, widow.

[n] *conceit*] i. e. fanciful thought, ingenious device—alluding to the Signs which are presently brought in.

[o] *have at*, &c.] Compare vol. iii. p. 359.

[p] *banquet*] Equivalent (as I have already observed, see note, vol. iii. p. 252,) to what we now call a dessert. G. Markham, in his *English Housewife*, has the following passage. "I will now proceed to the ordering or setting forth of a Banquet, wherein you shall observe, that Marchpanes have the first place, the middle place and last place; your preserved fruits shall be dish'd up first, your pastes next, your wet Suckets after them, then your dryed Suckets, then your Marmalades, and Goodiniakes, then your Comfets of all kindes; Next your Peares, Apples, Wardens back'd, raw or rosted, and your Orenges and Lemons sliced; and lastly, your Wafer-cakes. Thus you shall order them in the closet: but when they goe to the Table, you shall first send forth a dish made for shew only, as Beast, Bird, Fish, Fowle, according to the invention: then your Marchpane, then preserved fruite, then a Paste, then a wet Sucket, then a dry Sucket, Marmalade, Comfets, Apples, Peares, Wardens, Orenges and Lemons, sliced; and then Wafers, and another dish of preserved fruites, and so

L. Gold. Worse meat would have serv'd us, sir; by my faith,
I'm sorry you should be at such charges, sir,
To feast us a whole month together here.
Wea. Widow, thou'rt welcome a whole month, and ever!
L. Gold. And what be those, sir, that brought in the banquet?
Wea. Those are my tenants; they stand for fasting-days.
Sir G. Lamb. Or the six weeks in Lent.
Wea. You're i' the right, sir Gilbert.—
Sweet widow, take your place at Aries here,
That's the head sign; a widow is the head
Till she be married. [Lady Gold. *sits.*
L. Gold. What is she then?
Wea. The middle.
L. Gold. 'Tis happy she's no worse.
Wea. Taurus—sir Gilbert Lambstone, that's for you;
They say you're a good town-bull.
Sir G. Lamb. O, spare your friends, sir! [*Sits.*
Wea. And Gemini for master Pepperton,
He had two boys at once by his last wife.
Pep. I hear the widow find no fault with that, sir. [*Sits.*
Wea. Cancer, the crab, for master Overdone;
For when a thing's past fifty, it grows crooked.
[Overdone *sits.*
L. Gold. Now for yourself, sir.
Wea. Take no care for me, widow;[q] I can be

consequently all the rest before, no two dishes of one kinde going or standing together, and this will not onely appeare delicate to the eye, but invite the appetite with the much variety thereof." P. 136, ed. 1637.

[q] *Take no care for me, widow*] I may just observe, that this

any where: here's Leo, heart and back; Virgo, guts and belly; I can go lower yet, and yet fare better, since Sagittarius fits me the thighs; I care not if I be about the thighs, I shall find meat enough. [*Sits.*

L. Gold. But, under pardon, sir,
Though you be lord o' the feast and the conceit both,
Methinks it had been proper for the banquet
T' have had the signs all fill'd, and no one idle.

Wea. I know it had; but who's fault's that, widow? you should have got you more suitors to have stopt the gaps.

L. Gold. Nay, sure, they should get us, and not we them:
There be your tenants, sir; we are not proud,
You may bid them sit down.

Wea. By the mass, it's true too!—Then sit down, tenants, once with your hats on; but spare the meat, I charge you, as you hope for new leases: I must make my signs draw out a month yet, with a bit every morning to breakfast, and at full moon with a whole one; that's restorative: sit round, sit round, and do not speak, sweet tenants; you may be bold enough, so you eat but little. [*Tenants sit.*]—How like you this now, widow?

L. Gold. It shews well, sir,
And like the good old hospitable fashion.

Pick. How! like a good old hospital? my mistress makes an arrant gull on him. [*Aside.*

L. Gold. But yet, methinks, there wants clothes for the feet.

speech of Weatherwise, and his next speech but one, "By the mass," &c., seem to have been intended for blank verse; and probably are somewhat corrupted.

WEA. That part's uncovered yet: push,[r] no matter for the feet.

L. GOLD. Yes,[s] if the feet catch cold, the head will feel it.

WEA. Why, then, you may draw up your legs, and lie rounder together.

SIR G. LAMB. Has answered you well, madam!

WEA. And[t] you draw up your legs too, widow, my tenant will feel you there, for he's one of the calves.

L. GOLD. Better and better, sir; your wit fattens as he feeds.

PICK. Sh'as took the calf from his tenant, and put it upon his ground now. [*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

WEA. How now, my lady's man? what's the news, sir?

SER. Madam, there's a young gentleman below
Has earnest business to your ladyship.

WEA. Another suitor, I hold my life, widow.

L. GOLD. What is he, sir?

SER. He seems a gentleman,
That's the least of him, and yet more I know not.

L. GOLD. Under the leave o' the master of the house here,
I would he were admitted.

WEA. With all my heart, widow; I fear him not,
Come cut and long tail.[u] [*Exit Servant.*

SIR G. LAMB. I have the least fear
And the most firmness, nothing can shake me.
[*Aside.*

[r] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

[s] *Yes*] Qy. "Yet"?

[t] *and*] i. e. if.

[u] *Come cut and long tail*] i. e. come who will — dogs of all sorts.

WEA. If he be a gentleman, he's welcome: there's a sign does nothing, and that's fit for a gentleman. The feet will be kept warm enough now for you, widow; for if he be a right gentleman, he has his stockings warmed, and he wears socks beside, partly for warmth, partly for cleanliness; and if he observe Fridays too, he comes excellent well, Pisces will be a fine fish-dinner for him.

L. GOLD. Why, then, you mean, sir, he shall sit as he comes?

WEA. Ay; and he were a lord, he shall not sit above my tenants; I'll not have two lords to them, so I may go look my rent in another man's breeches; I was not brought up to be so unmannerly.

Enter MISTRESS LOW-WATER, *disguised as a gallant gentleman, and* LOW-WATER *as a serving-man.*

MIS. LOW. I have picked out a bold time: much good do you, gentlemen.

WEA. You're welcome, as I may say, sir.

MIS. LOW. Pardon my rudeness, madam.

L. GOLD. No such fault, sir;
You're too severe to yourself, our judgment quits you:
Please you to do as we do.

MIS. LOW. Thanks, good madam.

L. GOLD. Make room, gentlemen.

WEA. Sit still, tenants; I'll call in all your old leases, and rack you else.

TENANTS. O, sweet landlord!

MIS. LOW. Take my cloak, sirrah. [*Giving cloak to* LOW-WATER.]—If any be disturb'd,
I'll not sit, gentlemen: I see my place.

WEA. A proper woman turned gallant! If the widow refuse me, I care not if I be a suitor to him;

I have known those who have been as mad, and given half their living for a male companion. [*Aside.*

Mis. Low. How? Pisces! is that mine? 'tis a conceited banquet. [*Sits.*

Wea. If you love any fish, pray, fall to, sir; if you had come sooner, you might have happened among some of the flesh-signs, but now they're all taken up: Virgo had been a good dish for you, had not one of my tenants been somewhat busy with her.

Mis. Low. Pray, let him keep her, sir; give me meat fresh;
I'd rather have whole fish than broken flesh.

Sir G. Lamb. What say you to a bit of Taurus?

Mis. Low. No, I thank you, sir;
The bull's too rank for me.

Sir G. Lamb. How, sir?

Mis. Low. Too rank, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. Fie, I shall strike you dumb, like all your fellows.

Mis. Low. What, with your heels or horns?

Sir G. Lamb. Perhaps with both.

Mis. Low. It must be at dead low water,
When I'm dead then.

Low. 'Tis a brave Kate, and nobly spoke of thee! [*Aside.*

Wea. This quarrel must be drowned.—Pickadill, my lady's fool.

Pick. Your, your own man, sir.

Wea. Prithee, step in to one of the maids.

Pick. That I will, sir, and thank you too.

Wea. Nay, hark you, sir, call for my sun-cup presently, I'd forgot it.

Pick. How, your sun-cup?—Some cup, I warrant, that he stole out o' the Sun-tavern.

[*Aside, and exit.*

L. Gold. The more I look on him, the more I thirst for't;
Methinks his beauty does so far transcend,
Turns the signs back, makes that the upper end.
[*Aside.*

Wea. How cheer you, widow?—Gentlemen, how cheer you?
Fair weather in all quarters!
The sun will peep anon, I've sent one for him;
In the mean time I'll tell you a tale of these.
This Libra here, that keeps the scale so even,
Was i' th' old time an honest chandler's widow,
And had one daughter which was callèd Virgo,
Which now my hungry tenant has deflower'd.
This Virgo, passing for a maid, was sued to
By Sagittarius there, a gallant shooter,
And Aries, his head rival; but her old
Crabb'd uncle, Cancer here, dwelling in Crooked Lane,
Still crost the marriage, minding to bestow her
Upon one Scorpio, a rich usurer;
The girl, loathing that match, fell into folly
With one Taurus, a gentleman, in Townbull[t] Street,
By whom she had two twins, those Gemini there,
Of which two brats she was brought a-bed in Leo,
At the Red Lion, about Tower Hill:
Being in this distress, one Capricorn,
An honest citizen, pitied her case, and married her
To Aquarius, an old water-bearer,
And Pisces was her living ever after;
At Standard[u] she sold fish, where he drew water.

All. It shall be yours, sir.

[t] *Townbull Street*] i. e. a jocular corruption, I suppose, of Turnbull, or, properly, Turnmill Street: see note, vol. iv. p. 34.

[u] *Standard*] See note, vol. i. p. 438.

L. Gold. Meat and mirth too! you're lavish;
Your purse and tongue have[t] been at cost to-day, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. You may challenge all comers at these twelve weapons, I warrant you.

Re-enter Pickadill *carrying the sun-cup, without his doublet, and with a veil over his face.*

Pick. Your sun-cup, call you it? 'tis a simple voyage that I have made here; I have left my doublet within, for fear I should sweat through my jerkin; and thrown a cypress[u] over my face, for fear of sun-burning.

Wea. How now? who's this? why, sirrah!

Pick. Can you endure it, mistress?

L. Gold. Endure what, fool?

Wea. Fill the cup, coxcomb.

Pick. Nay, an't be no hotter, I'll go put on my doublet again. [*Exit.*

Wea. What a whorson sot is this!—Prithee, fill the cup, fellow, and give't the widow.

Mis. Low. Sirrah, how stand you?
Bestow your service there upon her ladyship.

[Low-water *fills the cup and presents it to* Lady Goldenfleece.

L. Gold. What's here? a sun?

Wea. It does betoken, madam,
A cheerful day to somebody.

L. Gold. It rises
Full in the face of yon[v] fair sign, and yet
By course he is the last must feel the heat. [*Aside.*
Here, gentlemen, to you all,
For you know the sun must go through the Twelve Signs. [*Drinks.*

[t] *have*] Old ed. "has."

[u] *cypress*] Written also *cyprus*, *cipres*—a stuff something like (or, according to Nares, *Gloss.* in v., the same as) crape.

[v] *yon*] Old ed. "you."

Wea. Most wittily, widow; you jump with my conceit right,
There's not a hair between us.
L. Gold. Give it sir Gilbert.
Sir G. Lamb. I am the next through whom the golden flame
Shines, when 'tis spent in thy celestial ram;
The poor feet there must wait and cool awhile.
[*Drinks.*
Mis. Low. We have our time, sir; joy and we shall meet;
I've known the proud neck lie between the feet.
Wea. So, round it goes.
[*The others drink in order.*

Re-enter Pickadill.

Pick. I like this drinking world well.
Wea. So, fill't him again.
Pep. Fill't me! why, I drunk last, sir.
Wea. I know you did; but Gemini must drink twice,
Unless you mean that one of them shall be chok'd.
L. Gold. Fly from my heart all variable thoughts!
She that's entic'd by every pleasing object,
Shall find small pleasure and as little rest:
This knave hath lov'd me long, he's best and worthiest;
I cannot but in honour see him requited. [*Aside.*
Sir Gilbert Lambstone ——
Mis. Low. How? pardon me, sweet lady,
That with a bold tongue I strike by your words;
Sir Gilbert Lambstone!
Sir G. Lamb. Yes, sir, that's my name.
Mis. Low. There should be a rank villain of that name;
Came you out of that house?

SIR G. LAMB. How, sir slave!

MIS. LOW. Fall to your bull, leave roaring till anon.

WEA. Yet again! and[w] you love me, gentlemen, let's have no roaring here. If I had thought that, I'd have sent my bull to the bear-garden.

PEP. Why, so you should have wanted one of your signs.

WEA. But I may chance want two now, and[w] they fall together by the ears.

L. GOLD. What's the strange fire that works in these two creatures?
Cold signs both, yet more hot than all their fellows.

WEA. Ho, Sol in Pisces! the sun's in New Fish Street; here's an end of this course.

PICK. Madam, I am bold to remember your worship for a year's wages and a livery cloak.

L. GOLD. How, will you shame me? had you not both last week, fool?

PICK. Ay, but there's another year past since that.

L. GOLD. Would all your wit could make that good, sir!

PICK. I am sure the sun has run through all the Twelve Signs since, and that's a year; these[x] gentlemen can witness.

WEA. The fool will live, madam.

PICK. Ay, as long as your eyes are open, I warrant him.

MIS. LOW. Sirrah.

LOW. Does your worship call?

MIS. LOW. Commend my love and service to the widow,
Desire her ladyship to taste that morsel.
[*Giving letter to* LOW-WATER, *who carries it to* LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

[w] *and*] i. e. if.

[x] *these*] Old ed. "this."

Low. This is the bit I watch'd for all this while,
But it comes duly. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lamb. And wherein has this name of mine offended,
That you're so liberal of your infamous titles,
I but a stranger to thee? it must be known, sir,
Ere we two part.

Mis. Low. Marry, and reason good, sir.

L. Gold. O, strike me cold!—This should be your hand, sir Gilbert?

Sir G. Lamb. Why, make you question of that, madam? 'tis one of the letters I sent you.

L. Gold. Much good do you, gentlemen. [*Rising.*

Pep. } How now? what's the matter? [*All rise.*
Over. }

Wea. Look to the widow, she paints white.—Some *aqua cœlestis* for my lady! run, villain.

Pick. *Aqua solister?* can nobody help her case but a lawyer, and so many suitors here?

L. Gold. O treachery unmatch'd, unheard of!

Sir G. Lamb. How do you, madam?

L. Gold. O impudence as foul! does my disease
Ask how I do? can it torment my heart,
And look with a fresh colour in my face?

Sir G. Lamb. What's this, what's this?

Wea. I am sorry for this qualm, widow.

L. Gold. He that would know a villain when he meets him,
Let him ne'er go to a conjuror; here's a glass
Will shew him without money, and far truer.—
Preserver of my state, pray, tell me, sir,
That I may pay you all my thanks together,
What blest hap brought that letter to your hand,
From me so fast lock'd in mine enemy's power.

Mis. Low. I will resolve[y] you, madam. I've a kinsman

[y] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

Somewhat infected with that wanton pity
Which men bestow on the distress of women,
Especially if they be fair and poor;
With such hot charity, which indeed is lust,
He sought t' entice, as his repentance told me,
Her whom you call your enemy, the wife
To a poor gentleman, one Low-water ——

L. Gold. Right, right, the same.

Low. Had it been right, 't had now been. [*Aside.*

Mis. Low. And, according to the common rate of sinners,
Offer'd large maintenance, which with her seem'd nothing;
For if she would consent, she told him roundly,
There was a knight had bid more at one minute
Than all his wealth could compass; and withal,
Pluck'd out that letter, as it were in scorn,
Which by good fortune he put up in jest,
With promise that the writ should be returnable
The next hour of his meeting. But, sweet madam,
Out of my love and zeal, I did so practise
The part upon him of an urgent wooer,
That neither he nor that return'd more to her.

Sir G. Lamb. Plague a' that kinsman! [*Aside.*

Wea. Here's a gallant rascal!

L. Gold. Sir, you've appear'd so noble in this action,
So full of worth and goodness, that my thanks
Will rather shame the bounty of my mind
Than do it honour.—O, thou treacherous villain!
Does thy faith bear such fruit?
Are these the blossoms of a hundred oaths
Shot from thy bosom? was thy love so spiteful,
It could not be content to mock my heart,
Which is in love a misery too much,
But must extend so far to the quick ruin

Of what was painfully got, carefully left me;
And, 'mongst a world of yielding needy women,
Choose no one to make merry with my sorrows,
And spend my wealth on in adulterous surfeits,
But my most mortal enemy! O, despiteful!
Is this thy practice? follow it, 'twill advance thee;
Go, beguile on. Have I so happily found
What many a widow has with sorrow tasted,
Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup,
Even then to see the spider? 'twas miraculous!
Crawl with thy poisons hence; and for thy sake
I'll never covet titles and more riches,
To fall into a gulf of hate and laughter:
I'll marry love hereafter, I've enough;
And wanting that, I've nothing. There's thy way.

OVER. Do you hear, sir? you must walk.

PEP. Heart, thrust him down stairs!

WEA. Out of my house, you treacherous, lecherous rascal!

SIR G. LAMB. All curses scatter you!

WEA. Life, do you thunder here! [*Exit* SIR G. LAMBSTONE.] If you had stayed a little longer, I'd have ript out some of my Bull out of your belly again.

PEP. 'Twas a most noble discovery; we must love you for ever for't.

L. GOLD. Sir, for your banquet and your mirth we thank you;—
You, gentlemen, for your kind company;—
But you, for all my merry days to come,
Or this had been the last else.

MIS. LOW. Love and fortune
Had more care of your safety, peace, and state, madam.

WEA. Now will I thrust in for't. [*Aside.*

PEP. I'm for myself now. [*Aside.*

OVER. What's fifty years? 'tis man's best time and season;
Now the knight's gone, the widow will hear reason.
[*Aside.*

LOW. Now, now, the suitors flatter, hold on, Kate;
The hen may pick the meat while the cocks prate.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A street.

Enter SANDFIELD, PHILIP TWILIGHT, *and* SAVOURWIT.

PHIL. If thou talk'st longer, I shall turn to marble,
And death will stop my hearing.

SAND. Horrible fortune!

SAV. Nay, sir, our building is so far defac'd,
There is no stuff left to raise up a hope.

PHIL. O, with more patience could my flesh endure
A score of wounds, and all their several searchings,
Than this that thou hast told me!

SAV. Would that Flemish ram
Had ne'er come near our house! there's no going home
As long as he has a nest there, and his young one,
A little Flanders egg new fledg'd: they gape
For pork, and I shall be made meat for 'em.

PHIL. 'Tis not the bare news of my mother's life—
May she live long and happy!—that afflicts me
With half the violence that the latter draws;
Though in that news I have my share of grief,
As I had share of sin and a foul neglect;
It is my love's betraying, that's the sting
That strikes through flesh and spirit; and sense nor wit
From thee, in whom I ne'er saw ebb till now,

Nor comforts from a faithful friend can ease me;
I'll try the goodness of a third companion,
What he'll do for me. [*Drawing his sword.*

SAND. Hold! why, friend ——

SAV. Why, master, is this all your kindness, sir? offer to steal into another country, and ne'er take your leave on's? troth, I take it unkindly at your hands, sir; but I'll put it up for once. [*Sheathing* PHILIP'S *sword.*] Faith, there was no conscience in this, sir; leave me here to endure all weathers, whilst you make your soul dance like a juggler's egg upon the point of a rapier! By my troth, sir, you're to blame in't; you might have given us an inkling of your journey; perhaps others would as fain have gone as you.

PHIL. Burns this clay-lamp of miserable life,
When joy, the oil that feeds it, is dried up?

Enter LADY TWILIGHT, BEVERIL, *and Servants.*

L. TWI. He has remov'd his house.

BEV. So it seems, madam.

L. TWI. I'll ask that gentleman.—Pray, can you tell me, sir,
Which is sir Oliver Twilight's?

PHIL. Few can better, gentlewoman;
It is the next fair house your eye can fix on.

L. TWI. I thank you, sir.—Go on. [*Exeunt Servants.*]—He had a son
About some ten years since.

PHIL. That son still lives.

L. TWI. I pray, how does he, sir?

PHIL. Faith, much about my health,—that's never worse.— [*Aside.*
If you have any business to him, gentlewoman,
I can cut short your journey to the house;
I'm all that ever was of the same kind.

L. Twi. [*embracing him*] O, my sweet son! never fell fresher joy
Upon the heart of mother!—This is he, sir.
Bev. My seven-years' travel has e'en worn him out
Of my remembrance.
Sav. O, this gear's worse and worse! [*Aside.*
Phil. I am so wonder-struck at your blest presence,
That, through amaz'd joy, I neglect my duty.
[*Kneels.*
L. Twi. [*raising him*] Rise, and a thousand blessings spring up with thee!
Sav. I would we had but one in the meantime;
Let the rest grow at leisure. [*Aside.*
L. Twi. But know you not this gentleman yet, son?
Phil. I take it's master Beveril.
Bev. My name's Beveril, sir.
Phil. Right welcome to my bosom!
[*Embracing him.*
L. Twi. You'd not think, son,
How much I am beholding[z] to this gentleman,
As far as freedom; he laid out the ransom,
Finding me so distress'd.
Phil. 'Twas worthily done, sir,
And I shall ever rest your servant for't.
Bev. You quite forget your worth: 'twas my good hap, sir,
To return home that way, after some travels;
Where, finding your good mother so distress'd,
I could not but in pity see her releas'd.
Phil. It was a noble charity, sir; heaven quit[a] you!

[z] *beholding*] See note, p. 36.
[a] *quit*] i. e. requite.

Sav. It comes at last! [*Aside.*
Bev. I left a sister here,
New married when I last took leave of England.
Phil. O, mistress Low-water.
Bev. Pray, sir, how does she?
Phil. So little comfort I can give you, sir,
That I would fain excuse myself for silence.
Bev. Why, what's the worst, sir?
Phil. Wrongs have[b] made her poor.
Bev. You strike my heart: alas, good gentlewoman!
Phil. Here's a gentleman —
You know him—master Sandfield —
Bev. I crave pardon, sir.
Phil. He can resolve[c] you from her kinswoman.
Sand. Welcome to England, madam!
Lady Twi. Thanks, good sir.
Phil. Now there's no way to 'scape, I'm compass'd round;
My shame is like a prisoner set with halberds.
Sav. Pish, master, master, 'tis young flood again,
And you can take your time now; away, quick!
Phil. Push,[d] thou'st a swimming head.
Sav. Will you but hear me?
When did you lose your tide when I set forth with you?
Phil. That's true.
Sav. Regard me then, though you've no feeling;
I would not hang by the thumbs with a good will.
Phil. I hang by th' heart, sir, and would fain have ease.
Sav. Then this or none: fly to your mother's pity,

[b] *have*] Old ed. "has."
[c] *resolve*] See note, p. 52—"her kinswoman" in this line means Jane.
[d] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

For that's the court must help you; you're quite gone
At common law, no counsellor can hear you;
Confess your follies, and ask pardon for 'em;
Tell her the state of all things, stand not nicely;
The meat's too hard
To be minc'd now, she breeds young bones by this time;
Deal plainly, heaven will bless thee; turn out all,
And shake your pockets after it; beg, weep,
Kneel, any thing, it will break no bones, man:
Let her not rest, take breathing time, nor leave thee,
Till thou hast got her help.

PHIL. Lad, I conceive thee.

SAV. About it, then; it requires haste—do't well;
There's but a short street between us and hell.

BEV. Ah, my poor sister!

L. TWI. 'Las, good gentlewoman!
My heart even weeps for her.—Ay, son, we'll go now.

PHIL. May I crave one word, madam?

[*Staying* LADY TWILIGHT.[e]

L. TWI. With me, son?
The more, the better welcome.

SAV. Now, now, luck!
I pray not often; the last prayer I made
Was nine-year old last Bartholomew-tide; 'twould have been
A jolly chopper and[f] 't had liv'd till this time.

L. TWI. Why do your words start back? are they afraid
Of her that ever lov'd them?

[e] *Staying Lady Twilight*] Old ed. "*Shogs his Mother.*"
[f] *and*] i. e. if.

PHIL. I've a suit to you, madam.
L. TWI. You've told me that already; pray, what is't?
If't be so great, my present state refuse it,
I shall be abler, then command and use it;
Whate'er 't be, let me have warning, to provide for't.
PHIL. [*kneels*] Provide forgiveness then, for that's the want
My conscience feels. O, my wild youth has led me
Into unnatural wrongs against your freedom once!
I spent the ransom which my father sent,
To set my pleasures free, while you lay captive.
SAV. He does it finely, faith. [*Aside.*
L. TWI. And is this all now?
You use me like a stranger; pray, stand up.
PHIL. Rather fall flat; I shall deserve yet worse.
L. TWI. [*raising* PHILIP] Whate'er your faults are, esteem me still a friend,
Or else you wrong me more in asking pardon
Than when you did the wrong you ask'd it for;
And since you have prepar'd me to forgive you,
Pray, let me know for what; the first fault's nothing.
SAV. 'Tis a sweet lady every inch of her! [*Aside.*
PHIL. Here comes the wrong then that drives home the rest:
I saw a face at Antwerp that quite drew me
From conscience and obedience; in that fray
I lost my heart, I must needs lose my way;
There went the ransom, to redeem my mind;
'Stead of the money, I brought over her;
And to cast mists before my father's eyes,

Told him it was my sister, lost so long,
And that yourself was dead: you see the wrong.
L. Twi. This is but youthful still.—O, that word *sister*
Afflicts me when I think on't!—I forgive thee
As freely as thou didst it; for, alas,
This may be call'd good dealing to[g] some parts
That love and youth play[h] daily among sons.
Sav. She helps our knavery well, that's one good comfort. [*Aside.*
Phil. But such is the hard plight my state lives in,
That 'twixt forgiveness I must sin again,
And seek my help where I bestow'd my wrongs:
O mother, pity once, though against reason,
'Cause I can merit none; though my wrongs grieve ye,[i]
Yet let it be your glory to relieve me!
L. Twi. Wherein have I given cause yet of mistrust,
That you should doubt my succour and my love?
Shew me but in what kind I may bestow 'em.
Phil. There came a Dutchman with report this day
That you were living.
L. Twi. Came he so lately?
Phil. Yes, madam;
Which news so struck my father on the sudden,
That he grows jealous[j] of my faith in both:
These five hours have I kept me from his sight,
And wish'd myself eternally so hid;
And surely, had not your blest presence quicken'd
The flame of life in me, all had gone out.

[g] *to*] i. e. compared with.
[h] *play*] Old ed. "plays."
[i] *ye*] Old ed. "you:" but a couplet was evidently intended.
[j] *jealous*] i. e. suspicious.

Now, to confirm me to his trust again,
And settle much aright in his opinion,
Say but she is my sister, and all's well.

L. Twi. You ask devotion[j] like a bashful beggar,
That pure need urges, and not lazy impudence;
And to express how glad I am to pity you,
My bounty shall flow over your demand;
I will not only with a constant breath
Approve[k] that, but excuse thee for my death.

Sav. Why, here's
A woman made as a man would wish to have her!
[*Aside.*

Phil. O, I am plac'd higher in happiness
Than whence I fell before!

Sav. We're brave fellows once again, and[l] we can keep our own:
Now hoffte toffte, our pipes play as loftily! [*Aside.*

Bev. My sister fled!

Sand. Both fled, that's the news now: want must obey;
Oppressions came so thick, they could not stay.

Bev. Mean are my fortunes, yet, had I been nigh,
Distress nor wrong should have made virtue fly.

L. Twi. Spoke like a brother, worthy such a sister!

Bev. Grief's like a new wound, heat beguiles the sense,
For I shall feel this smart more three days hence.
Come, madam, sorrow's rude, and forgets manners.
[*Exeunt all except* Savourwit.

Sav. Our knavery is for all the world like a shifting bankrupt; it breaks in one place, and sets

[j] *devotion*] Compare the *Communion Service*, "shall receive the alms for the poor, and other *devotions* of the people, in a decent basin."

[k] *Approve*] i. e. prove.

[l] *and*] i. e. if.

up in another: he tries all trades, from a goldsmith to a tobacco-seller; we try all shifts, from an outlaw to a flatterer: he cozens the husband, and compounds with the widow; we cozen my master, and compound with my mistress: only here I turn o' the right hand from him,—he is known to live like a rascal, when I am thought to live like a gentleman. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A room in LADY GOLDENFLEECE'S *house.*

Enter MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and* LOW-WATER, *both disguised as before.*

MIS. LOW. I've sent in one to the widow.
LOW. Well said, Kate!
Thou ply'st thy business close; the coast is clear yet.
MIS. LOW. Let me but have warning,
I shall make pretty shift with them.
LOW. That thou shalt, wench. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

SER. My lady, sir, commends her kindly to you,
And for the third part of an hour, sir,
Desires your patience;
Two or three of her tenants out of Kent
Will hold her so long busied.
MIS. LOW. Thank you, sir;
'Tis fit I should attend her time and leisure.
[*Exit Servant.*
Those were my tenants once; but what relief
Is there in what hath been, or what I was?
'Tis now that makes the man: a last-year's feast

Yields little comfort for the present humour;
He starves that feeds his hopes with what is past.—

Re-enter Low-water.

How now?

Low. They're come, newly alighted.

Mis. Low. Peace, peace!
I'll have a trick for 'em; look you second me well now.

Low. I warrant thee.

Mis. Low. I must seem very imperious, I can tell you; therefore, if I should chance to use you roughly, pray, forgive me beforehand.

Low. With all my heart, Kate.

Mis. Low. You must look for no obedience in these[k] clothes; that lies in the pocket of my gown.

Low. Well, well, I will not then.

Mis. Low. I hear 'em coming, step back a little, sir. [Low-water *retires.*]—Where be those fellows?

Enter Weatherwise, Pepperton, *and* Overdone.

Who looks out there? is there ne'er a knave i' th' house to take those gentlemen's horses? where wait you to-day? how stand you, like a dreaming goose in a corner? the gentlemen's horses, forsooth!

Low. Yes, an't like[l] your worship. [*Exit.*

Pep. What's here? a strange alteration!

Wea. A new lord! would I were upon my mare's back again then!

Mis. Low. Pray, gentlemen, pardon the rudeness of these grooms,
I hope they will be brought to better fashion;
In the meantime, you're welcome, gentlemen.

All. We thank you, sir.

Wea. Life, here's quick work! I'll hold my life,

[k] *these*] Old ed. "those." [l] *like*] i. e. please.

has struck the widow i' the right planet, *Venus in cauda!* I thought 'twas a lecherous planet that goes to't with a caudle.

Re-enter LOW-WATER.

MIS. LOW. How now, sir?

LOW. The gentlemen's horses are set up, sir.

PEP. No, no, no, we'll away.

WEA. We'll away.

MIS. LOW. How! by my faith, but you shall not yet, by your leave.—Where's Bess?—Call your mistress, sir, to welcome these kind gentlemen, my friends. [*Exit* LOW-WATER.

PEP. How! Bess?

OVER. Peg?

WEA. Plain Bess? I know how the world goes then; he has been a-bed with Bess: i'faith, there's no trust to these widows; a young horsing gentleman carries 'em away clear.

Re-enter LOW-WATER.

MIS. LOW. Now, where's your mistress, sir? how chance she comes not?

LOW. Sir, she requests you to excuse her for a while; she's busy with a milliner about gloves.

MIS. LOW. Gloves!

WEA. Hoyday! gloves too!

MIS. LOW. Could she find no other time to choose gloves but now, when my friends are here?

PEP. No, sir, 'tis no matter; we thank you for your good will, sir: to say truth, we have no business with her at all at this time, i'faith, sir.

MIS. LOW. O, that's another matter; yet stay, stay, gentlemen, and taste a cup of wine ere you go.

OVER. No, thank you, sir.

Mis. Low. Master Pepperton — master Weatherwise, will you, sir?

Wea. I'll see the wine in a drunkard's shoes first, and drink't after he has brewed it. But let her go; she's fitted, i'faith; a proud, surly sir here, he domineers already; one that will shake her bones, and go to dice with her money, or I have no skill in a calendar: life, he that can be so saucy to call her Bess already, will call her prating quean a month hence.

[*Exeunt* Weatherwise, Pepperton, *and* Overdone.

Low. They've given thee all the slip.

Mis. Low. So, a fair riddance!
There's three rubs gone, I've a clear way to the mistress.[k]

Low. You'd need have a clear way, because you're a bad pricker.

Mis. Low. Yet if my bowl take bank, I shall go nigh
To make myself a saver,
Here's alley-room enough; I'll try my fortune:
I'm to begin the world like a younger brother;
I know that a bold face and a good spirit
Is all the jointure he can make [a] widow,
And 't shall go hard but I'll be as rich as he,
Or at least seem so, and that's wealth enough;
For nothing kills a widow's heart so much
As a faint, bashful wooer; though he have thousands,
And come with a poor water-gruel spirit
And a fish-market face, he shall ne'er speed;
I would not have himself left a poor widower.

[k] *rubs . . . mistress*] A metaphor from the game of bowls: the *mistress* meant the small ball, now called the jack, at which the players aim.

Low. Faith, I'm glad I'm alive to commend thee, Kate; I shall be sure now to see my commendations delivered.

Mis. Low. I'll put her to't, i'faith.

Low. But soft ye, Kate;
How and[1] she should accept of your bold kindness?

Mis. Low. A chief point to be thought on, by my faith!
Marry, therefore, sir, be you sure to step in,
For fear I should shame myself and spoil all.

Low. Well, I'll save your credit then for once; but look you come there no more.

Mis. Low. Away! I hear her coming.

Low. I am vanish'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Goldenfleece.

Mis. Low. How does my life, my soul, my dear sweet madam?

L. Gold. I've wrong'd your patience, made you stand too long here.

Mis. Low. There's no such thing, i'faith, madam, you're pleas'd to say so.

L. Gold. Yes, I confess I was too slow, sir.

Mis. Low. Why, you shall make me amends for that, then, with a quickness in your bed.

L. Gold. That were a speedy mends, sir.

Mis. Low. Why, then, you are out of my debt; I'll cross the book, and turn over a new leaf with you.

L. Gold. So, with paying a small debt, I may chance run into a greater.

Mis. Low. My faith, your credit will be the better then; there's many a brave gallant would be glad of such fortune, and pay use for't.

[1] *and*] i. e. if.

L. Gold. Some of them have nothing else to do; they would be idle and[m] 'twere not for interest.

Mis. Low. I promise you, widow, were I a setter up, such is my opinion of your payment, I durst trust you with all the ware in my shop.

L. Gold. I thank you for your good will, I can have no more.

Mis. Low. Not of me, i'faith; nor that neither, and[m] you knew[n] all. [*Aside.*]—Come, make but short service, widow, a kiss and to bed; I'm very hungry, i'faith, wench.

L. Gold. What, are you, sir?

Mis. Low. O, a younger brother has an excellent stomach, madam, worth a hundred of your sons and heirs, that stay their wedding-stomachs with a hot bit of a common mistress, and then come to a widow's bed like a flash of lightning: you're sure of the first of me, not of the five-hundredth of them: I never took physic yet in my life; you shall have the doctor continually with them, or some bottle for his deputy, out flies your moneys for restoratives and strengthenings; in me 'tis saved in your purse and found in your children: they'll get peevish[o] pothecaries' stuff, you may weigh 'em by th' ounces; I, boys of war, brave commanders, that shall bear a breadth in their shoulders and a weight in their hips, and run over a whole country with a pound a' beef and a biscuit in their belly. Ho, widow, my kisses are virgins, my embraces perfect, my strength solid, my love constant, my heat comfortable; but, to come to the point, inutterable ——

[m] *and*] i. e. if.
[n] *knew*] Old ed. "know."
[o] *peevish*] i. e. foolish, weak, poor.

L. GOLD. But soft ye, soft ye; because you stand so strictly
Upon your purity, I'll put you to't, sir;
Will you swear here you never yet knew woman?

MIS. LOW. Never, as man e'er knew her, by this light, widow!

L. GOLD. What, what, sir?—'Shrew my heart, he moves me much. [*Aside.*

MIS. LOW. Nay, since you love to bring a man on's knees,
I take into the same oath thus much more,
That you are the first widow, or maid, or wife,
That ever I in suit of love did court,
Or honestly did woo: how say you to that, widow?

L. GOLD. Marry, I say, sir, you had a good portion of chastity left you, though ill fortune run away with the rest.

MIS. LOW. That I kept for thee, widow; she's of fortune, and all her strait-bodied daughters; thou shalt have't, widow. [*Kissing her.*

L. GOLD. Push,[p] what do you mean?

MIS. LOW. I cannot bestow't better.

L. GOLD. I'll call my servants.

MIS. LOW. By my troth, you shall not, madam.

Re-enter LOW-WATER.

LOW. Does your worship call, sir?

MIS. LOW. Ha, pox! are you peeping?—
[*Throws*[q] *something at* LOW-WATER, *who goes out.*
He came in a good time, I thank him for't. [*Aside.*

L. GOLD. What do you think of me? you're very forward, sir!

[p] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

[q] *Throws*, &c.] Old ed. "*Throws somewhat at him.*"

Mis. Low. Extremity of love.

L. Gold. You say you're ignorant;
It should not seem so surely by your play,
For aught I see, you may make one yourself,
You need not hold the cards to any gamester.

Mis. Low. That love should teach men ways to wrong itself!

L. Gold. Are these the first-fruits of your boldness, sir?
If all take after these, you may boast on 'em,
There comes few such to market among women;
Time you were taken down, sir.—Within there!

Mis. Low. I've lost my way again:
There's but two paths that lead[r] to widows' beds,
That's wealth or forwardness, and I've took the wrong one. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Weatherwise, Pepperton, *and* Overdone, *with Servant.*

Ser. He marry my lady! why, there's no such thought yet. [*Exit.*

Mis. Low. O, here they are all again too! [*Aside.*

L. Gold. Are you come, gentlemen?
I wish no better men.

Wea. O, the moon's chang'd now!

L. Gold. See you that gentleman yonder?

Pep. Yes, sweet madam.

L. Gold. Then, pray, be witness all of you, with this kiss [*Kisses* Mistress Low-water.
I choose him for my husband ——

Wea.
Pep. } A pox on't!
Over.

[r] *lead*] Old ed. "leads."

L. GOLD. And with this parted gold, that two hearts join.

[*Breaks gold into two pieces, and gives one to* MISTRESS LOW-WATER.

MIS. LOW. Never with chaster love than this of mine!

L. GOLD. And those that have the hearts to come to the wedding,
They shall be welcome for their former loves.

[*Exit.*

PEP. No, I thank you; you've choked me already.

WEA. I never suspected mine almanac till now; I believe he plays cogging[s] John with me, I bought it at his shop; it may learn the more knavery by that.

MIS. LOW. Now indeed, gentlemen, I can bid you welcome;
Before 'twas but a flourish.

WEA. Nay, so my almanac told me there should be an eclipse, but not visible in our horizon, but about the western inhabitants of Mexicana and California.

MIS. LOW. Well, we have no business there, sir.

WEA. Nor we have none here, sir; and so fare you well.

MIS. LOW. You save the house a good labour, gentlemen. [*Exeunt* WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.] — The fool carries them away in a voider.[t] Where be these fellows?

Re-enter Servant, PICKADILL, *and* LOW-WATER.

SER. Sir?

PICK. Here, sir!

[s] *cogging*] i. e. lying, cheating. The particular allusion I do not understand.

[t] *voider*] See note, vol. iv. p. 405.

Ser. What['s] your worship['s] pleasure?

Mis. Low. O, this is something like.—Take you your ease, sir;
Here are those now more fit to be commanded.

Low. How few women are of thy mind! she thinks it too much to keep me in subjection for one day; whereas some wives would be glad to keep their husbands in awe all days of their lives, and think it the best bargain that e'er they made.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Mis. Low. I'll spare no cost for the wedding; some device too,
To shew our thankfulness to wit and fortune;
It shall be so.—Run straight for one o' the wits.

Pick. How? one o' the wits? I care not if I run on that account: are they in town, think you?

Mis. Low. Whither runnest thou now?

Pick. To an ordinary for one of the wits.

Mis. Low. Why to an ordinary above a tavern?

Pick. No, I hold your best wits to be at ordinary; nothing so good in a tavern.

Mis. Low. And why, I pray, sir?

Pick. Because those that go to an ordinary[t] dine better for twelve pence than he that goes to a tavern for his five shillings; and I think those have the best wits that can save four shillings, and fare better too.

Mis. Low. So, sir, all your wit then runs upon victuals?

Pick. 'Tis a sign 'twill hold out the longer then.

Mis. Low. What were you saying to me?

Ser. Please your worship,
I heard there came a scholar over lately
With old sir Oliver's lady.

[t] *ordinary*, &c.] See note, vol. i. p. 389.

Mis. Low. Is she come?— [*Aside.*
What is that lady?
Ser. A good gentlewoman,
Has been long prisoner with the enemy.
Mis. Low. I know't too well, and joy in her release.— [*Aside.*
Go to that house then straight, and in one labour
You may bid them, and entreat home that scholar.
Ser. It shall be done with speed, sir. [*Exit.*
Pick. I'll along with you, and see what face that scholar has brought over; a thin pair of parbreaking[q] sea-water green chops, I warrant you. [*Exit.*
Mis. Low. Since wit has pleasur'd me, I'll pleasure wit;
Scholars shall fare the better. O my blessing!
I feel a hand of mercy lift me up
Out of a world of waters, and now sets me
Upon a mountain, where the sun plays most,
To cheer my heart even as it dries my limbs.
What deeps I see beneath me, in whose falls
Many a nimble mortal toils,
And scarce can feed[r] himself! the streams of fortune,
'Gainst which he tugs in vain, still beat him down,
And will not suffer him—past hand to mouth—
To lift his arm to his posterity's blessing:
I see a careful sweat run in a ring
About his temples, but all will not do;
For, till some happy means relieve his state,
There he must stick, and bide the wrath of fate.
I see this wrath upon an uphill land;
O blest are they can see their falls and stand!

Re-enter Servant, shewing in Beveril.

How now?

[q] *parbreaking*] i. e. vomiting.—Old ed. "Barbreaking."
[r] *feed*] A friend conjectures "fleet"—i. e. float; but notwithstanding the confusion of metaphors, I believe that the text is right.

Ser. With much entreating, sir, he's come. [*Exit.*

Mis. Low. Sir, you're—my brother! joys come thick together.— [*Aside.*

Sir, when I see a scholar—pardon me—
I am so taken with affection[r] for him,
That I must run into his arms and clasp him.
[*Embracing him.*

Bev. Art stands in need, sir, of such cherishers;
I meet too few: 'twere a brave world for scholars,
If half a kingdom were but of your mind, sir;
Let ignorance and hell confound the rest.

Mis. Low. Let it suffice,[s] sweet sir, you cannot think
How dearly you are welcome.

Bev. May I live
To shew you service for't!

Mis. Low. Your love, your love, sir;
We go no higher, nor shall you go lower.
Sir, I am bold to send for you, to request
A kindness from your wit, for some device
To grace our wedding; it shall be worth your pains,
And something more t' express my love to art;
You shall not receive all in bare embracements.

Bev. Your love I thank; but, pray, sir, pardon me,
I've a heart says I must not grant you that.

Mis. Low. No! what's your reason, sir?

Bev. I'm not at peace
With the lady of this house; now you'll excuse me;
Sh'as wrong'd my sister; and I may not do't.

Mis. Low. The widow knows you not.

Bev. I never saw her face to my remembrance:
O that my heart should feel her wrongs so much,
And yet live ignorant of the injurer!

Mis. Low. Let me persuade thee, since she knows you not,

[r] *affection*] Old ed. "affliction."
[s] *suffice*] Old ed. "suffer."

Make clear the weather, let not griefs betray you;
I'll tell her you're a worthy friend of mine,
And so I tell her true, thou art indeed.
Sir, here she comes.

Re-enter LADY GOLDENFLEECE.

L. GOLD. What, are you busy, sir?
MIS. LOW. Nothing less, lady; here's a gentleman
Of noble parts, beside his friendship to me;
Pray, give him liberal welcome.
L. GOLD. He's most welcome.
MIS. LOW. The virtues of his mind will deserve largely.
L. GOLD. Methinks his outward parts deserve as much then;
A proper[t] gentleman it is. [*Aside.*
MIS. LOW. Come, worthy sir.
BEV. I follow.
[*Exeunt* L. GOLDENFLEECE *and* MIS. LOW-WATER.
Check thy blood,
For fear it prove too bold to wrong thy goodness:
A wise man makes affections but his slaves;
Break 'em in time, let 'em not master thee.
O, 'tis my sister's enemy! think of that:
Some speedy grief fall down upon the fire,
Before it take my heart; let it not rise
'Gainst brotherly nature, judgment, and these wrongs.
Make clear the weather![u]
O who could look upon her face in storms!
Yet pains may work it out; griefs do but strive
To kill this spark, I'll keep it still alive. [*Exit.*

[t] *proper*] i. e. handsome.
[u] *Make clear the weather*] The words of mistress Low-water to Beveril: see above.

ACT III.[t] SCENE I.

Before LADY GOLDENFLEECE'S *house.*

Enter WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, OVERDONE, *and* SIR GILBERT LAMBSTONE.

WEA. Faith, sir Gilbert, forget and forgive; there's all our hands to a new bargain of friendship.

PEP. Ay, and all our hearts to boot, sir Gilbert.

WEA. Why, la, you, there's but four suitors left on's in all the world, and the fifth has the widow; if we should not be kind to one another, and so few on's, i'faith, I would we were all raked up in some hole or other!

SIR G. LAMB. Pardon me, gentlemen; I cannot but remember
Your late disgraceful words before the widow,
In time of my oppression.

WEA. Pooh, Saturn reigned then, a melancholy, grumbling planet; he was in the third house of privy enemies, and would have bewrayed[u] all our plots; beside, there was a fiery conjunction in the Dragon's tail,[v] that spoiled all that e'er we went about.

SIR G. LAMB. Dragon or devil, somewhat 'twas, I'm sure.

WEA. Why, I tell you, sir Gilbert, we were all out of our wits in't; I was so mad at that time myself, I could have wished an hind quarter of my Bull out of your belly again, whereas now I care

[t] *Act III.*] I am not responsible (as in some other of Middleton's dramas) for the division of this play into acts; which I notice on account of the comparative shortness of the present act.

[u] *bewrayed*] i. e. betrayed, discovered.

[v] *tail*] Old ed. "tails."

not if you had eat tail and all; I am no niggard in the way of friendship; I was ever yet at full moon in good fellowship; and so you shall find, if you look into the almanac of my true nature.

SIR G. LAMB. Well, all's forgiven for once; hands a-pace, gentlemen.

WEA. Ye shall have two of mine to do you a kindness; yet, when they're both abroad, who shall look to th' house here?

[*Giving his hands to* SIR G. LAMBSTONE.

PEP. } Not only a new friendship, but a friend.
OVER. }

[*Giving their hands to* SIR G. LAMBSTONE.

SIR G. LAMB. But upon this condition, gentlemen,
You shall hear now a thing worth your revenge.

WEA. And[v] you doubt that,
You shall have mine beforehand, I've one ready;
I never go without a black oath about me.

SIR G. LAMB. I know the least touch of a spur in this
Will now put your desires to a false gallop,
By all means slanderous in every place,
And in all companies, to disgrace the widow;
No matter in what rank, so it be spiteful
And worthy your revenges: so now I;
It shall be all my study, care, and pains;
And we can lose no labour; all her foes
Will make such use on't, that they'll snatch it from us
Faster than we can forge it, though we keep
Four tongues at work upon't, and never cease.
Then for th' indifferent world, faith, they are apter
To bid a slander[w] welcome than a truth.

[v] *And*] i. e. if.

[w] *slander*] Old ed. "slave." The author, I apprehend, would hardly have written "slaver" (in the sense of slander.)

We have the odds of our side: this in time
May grow so general, as disgrace will spread,
That wild dissension may divide the bed.

WEA. } Excellent!
PEP. }

OVER. A pure revenge! I see no dregs in't.

SIR G. LAMB. Let each man look to his part now, and not feed
Upon one dish all four on's, like plain maltmen;
For at this feast we must have several kickshaws
And delicate-made dishes, that the world
May see it is a banquet finely furnish'd.

WEA. Why, then, let me alone for one of your kickshaws,
I've thought on that already.

SIR G. LAMB. Prithee, how, sir?

WEA. Marry, sir, I'll give it out abroad that I have lain with the widow myself, as 'tis the fashion of many a gallant to disgrace his new mistress when he cannot have his will of her, and lie with her name in every tavern, though he ne'er came within a yard of her person; so I, being a gentleman, may say as much in that kind as a gallant; I am as free by my father's copy.

SIR G. LAMB. This will do excellent, sir.

WEA. And, moreover, I'll give the world thus much to understand beside, that if I had not lain with the widow in the wane of the moon, at one of my Seven Stars' houses, when Venus was about business of her own, and could give no attendance, she had been brought a-bed with two roaring boys by this time; and the Gemini being infants, I'd have made away with them like a step-mother, and put mine own boys in their places.

SIR G. LAM. Why, this is beyond talk; you outrun your master.

Enter PICKADILL.

PICK. Whoop! draw home next time; here are all the old shooters that have lost the game at pricks! What a fair mark had sir Gilbert on't, if he had shot home before the last arrow came in! methinks these shew to me now, for all the world, like so many lousy beggars turned out of my lady's barn, and have ne'er a hole to put their heads in.

[*Aside.*

WEA. Mass, here's her ladyship's ass; he tells us any thing.

SIR G. LAMB. Ho, Pickadill!

PICK. What, sir Gilbert Lambstone!
Gentlemen, outlaws all, how do you do?

SIR G. LAMB. How! what dost call us? how goes the world at home, lad?
What strange news?

PICK. This is the state of prodigals as right as can be; when they have spent all their means on brave feasts, they're glad to scrape to a serving-man for a meal's meat:
So you that whilom,[x] like four prodigal rivals,
Could goose or capon, crane or woodcock choose,
Now're glad to make up a poor meal with news;
A lamentable hearing!

WEA. He's in passion[y]
Up to the eyebrows for us.

PICK. O master Weatherwise, I blame none but you!
You're a gentleman deeply read in Pond's Almanac,[z]

[x] *whilom*] i. e. once, formerly.

[y] *passion*] i. e. grief.

[z] *Pond's Almanac*] The following is the title of the earliest Pond's *Almanac* I have met with, — "*Ponde.* 1607. *A President for Prognosticators. A new Almanacke for this present yeare of our Lord God M.DCVII. Being the third after Leape*

Methinks you should not be such a shallow fellow;
You knew this day, the twelfth of June, would
come,
When the sun enters into the Crab's room,
And all your hopes would go aside, aside.

Wea. The fool says true, i'faith, gentlemen; I knew 'twould come all to this pass; I'll shew't you presently. [*Takes out almanac.*

Pick. If you had spar'd but four of your Twelve Signs now,
You might have gone to a tavern and made merry with 'em.

Wea. Has the best moral meaning of an ass that e'er I heard speak with tongue.—Look you here, gentlemen [*reads almanac*], *Fifth day,*[z] *neither fish nor flesh.*

Pick. No, nor good red herring, and[a] you look again.

Wea. [*reads*] *Sixth day, privily prevented.*

Pick. Marry, faugh!

Wea. [*reads*] *Seventh day, shrunk in the wetting.*

Pick. Nay, so will the best ware bought for love or money.

Wea. [*reads*] *The eighth day, over head and ears.*

Pick. By my faith, he come[s] home in a sweet pickle then!

Wea. [*reads*] *The ninth day, scarce sound at heart.*

Pick. What a pox ailed it?

Wea. [*reads*] *The tenth day, a courtier's welcome.*

Pick. That's a cup of beer, and[a] you can get it.

yeare. Calculated for the Latitude and Meridian of the Auncient shire towne of Essex called Chelmesford: And generally for all great Britaine, amplyfied with new additions, By Edward Pond: practicioner in the Mathematickes & Phisick. Imprinted at London for the Company of Stationers."

[z] *Fifth day*, &c.] Compare vol. iii. p. 537, and p. 18 of this volume.

[a] *and*] i. e. if.

WEA. [*reads*] *The eleventh day, stones against the wind.*

PICK. Pox of an ass! he might have thrown 'em better.

WEA. Now the *twelfth day*, gentlemen, that was our day; [*Reads.*

Past all redemption.

PICK. Then the devil go with't!

WEA. Now you see plainly, gentlemen, how we're us'd;

The calendar will not lie for no man's pleasure.

SIR G. LAMB. Push,[c] you're too confident in almanac-posies.

PEP. Faith, so said we.

SIR G. LAMB. They're mere delusions.

WEA. How!

You see how knavishly they happen, sir.

SIR G. LAMB. Ay, that's because they're foolishly believ'd,[d] sir.

WEA. Well, take your courses, gentlemen, without 'em, and see what will come on't: you may wander like masterless men, there's ne'er a planet will care a halfpenny for you; if they look after you, I'll be hanged, when you scorn to bestow twopence to look after them.

SIR G. LAMB. How! a device at the wedding, sayest thou?

PICK. Why, have none of you heard of that yet?

SIR G. LAMB. 'Tis the first news, i'faith, lad.

PICK. O, there's a brave travelling scholar entertained into the house a' purpose, one that has been all the world over, and some part of Jerusalem; has his chamber, his diet, and three candles[e] allowed him after supper.

[c] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

[d] *believ'd*] Old ed. "bely'd."

[e] *candles*] Qy. "caudles"?

Wea. By my faith, he need not complain for victuals then, whate'er he be.

Pick. He lies in one of the best chambers i' th' house, bravely matted; and to warm his wits as much, a cup of sack and an *aqua vitæ*[e] bottle stand[f] just at his elbow.

Wea. He's shrewdly hurt, by my faith; if he catch an ague of that fashion, I'll be hanged.

Pick. He'll come abroad anon.

Sir G. Lamb. Art sure on't?

Pick. Why, he ne'er stays a quarter of an hour in the house together.

Sir G. Lamb. No? how can he study then?

Pick. Faugh, best of all; he talks as he goes, and writes as he runs; besides, you know 'tis death to a traveller to stand long in one place.

Sir G. Lamb. It may hit right, boys!—Honest Pickadill,
Thou wast wont to love me.

Pick. I'd good cause, sir, then.

Sir G. Lamb. Thou shalt have the same still; take that. [*Giving money.*

Pick. Will you believe me now? I ne'er loved you better in my life than I do at this present.

Sir G. Lamb. Tell me now truly; who are the presenters?
What parsons[g] are employ'd in the device?

Pick. Parsons? not any, sir; my mistress will not be at the charge; she keeps none but an old Welsh vicar.

Sir G. Lamb. Prithee, I mean, who be the speakers?

Pick. Troth, I know none but those that open

[e] *aqua vitæ*] See note, vol. iii. p. 239.
[f] *stand*] Old ed. "stands."
[g] *parsons*] So old ed.: compare vol. iii. p. 77, and note.

their mouths. Here he comes now himself, you may ask him.

Enter BEVERIL.

WEA. Is this he? by my faith, one may pick a gentleman out of his calves and a scholar out on's cheeks; one may see by his looks what's in him: I warrant you there has ne'er a new almanac come out these dozen years, but he has studied it over and over. [*Aside.*

SIR G. LAMB. Do not reveal us now.

PICK. Because you shall be sure on't, you have given me a ninepence here, and I'll give you the slip[h] for't.

SIR G. LAMB. Well said. [*Exit* PICKADILL.]—Now the fool's pleas'd, we may be bold.

BEV. Love is as great an enemy to wit
As ignorance to art; I find my powers
So much employ'd in business of my heart,
That all the time's too little to despatch
Affairs within me. Fortune, too remiss,
I suffer for thy slowness: had I come
Before a vow had chain'd their souls together,
There might have been some hope, though ne'er so little;
Now there's no spark at all, nor e'er can be,
But dreadful ones struck from adultery;
And if my lust were smother'd with her will,
O, who could wrong a gentleman so kind,
A stranger made up with a brother's mind! [*Aside.*

SIR G. LAMB. Peace, peace, enough; let me alone to manage it.—
A quick invention, and a happy one,
Reward your study, sir!

BEV. Gentlemen, I thank you.

[h] *slip*] See note, vol. ii. p. 417.

Sir G. Lamb. We understand your wits are in employment, sir,
In honour of this wedding.
Bev. Sir, the gentleman
To whom that worthy lady is betroth'd
Vouchsafes t' accept the power of my good will in't.
Sir G. Lamb. I pray, resolve[1] us then, sir — for we're friends
That love and honour her —
Whether your number be yet full, or no,
Of those which you make choice of for presenters?
Bev. First, 'tis so brief, because the time is so,
We shall not trouble many; and for those
We shall employ, the house will yield in servants.
Sir G. Lamb. Nay, then, under your leave and favour, sir,
Since all your pains will be so weakly grac'd,
And, wanting due performance, lose their lustre,
Here are four of us gentlemen, her friends,
Both lovers of her honour and your art,
That would be glad so to express ourselves,
And think our service well and worthily plac'd.
Bev. My thanks do me no grace for this large kindness;
You make my labours proud of such presenters.
Sir G. Lamb. She shall not think, sir, she's so ill belov'd,
But friends can quickly make that number perfect.
Bev. She's bound t' acknowledge it.
Sir G. Lamb. Only thus much, sir,
Which will amaze her most; I'd have't so carried,
As you can do't, that neither she nor none
Should know what friends we were till all were done.

[1] *resolve*] See note, p. 52.

WEA. Ay, that would make the sport!
BEV. I like it well, sir:
My hand and faith amongst you, gentlemen,
It shall be so dispos'd of.
SIR G. LAMB. We're the men then.
BEV. Then look you, gentlemen; the device is single,
Naked, and plain, because the time's so short,
And gives no freedom to a wealthier sport;
'Tis only, gentlemen, the four elements
In liveliest forms, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire.
WEA. Mass, and here's four of us too.
BEV. It fits well, sir:
This the effect,—that whereas all those four
Maintain a natural opposition
And untruc'd war the one against the other,
To shame their ancient envies, they should see
How well in two breasts all these do agree.
WEA. That's in the bride and bridegroom; I am quick, sir.
SIR G. LAMB. In faith, it's pretty, sir; I approve it well.
BEV. But see how soon my happiness and your kindness
Are[1] crost together!
SIR G. LAMB. Crost? I hope not so, sir.
BEV. I can employ but two of you.
PEP. How comes that, sir?
BEV. Air and the Fire should be by me[n] presented,
But the two other in the forms of women.
WEA. Nay, then, we're gone again; I think these women
Were made to vex and trouble us in all shapes.
[*Aside.*

[1] *Are*] Old ed. "Is."

Sir G. Lamb. Faith, sir, you stand too nicely.[j]

Wea. So think I, sir.

Bev. Yet, when we tax ourselves, it may the better
Set off our errors, when the fine eyes judge 'em;
But Water certainly should be a woman.

Wea. By my faith, then, he is gelded since I saw him last; he was thought to be a man once, when he got his wife with child before he was married.

Bev. Fie, you are fishing in another stream, sir.

Wea. But now I come to yours, and[k] you go to that, sir; I see no reason then but Fire and Water should change shapes and genders.

Bev. How prove you that, sir?

Wea. Why, there's no reason but Water should be a man, because Fire is commonly known to be a quean.

Bev. So, sir; you argue well.

Wea. Nay, more, sir; water will break in at a little crevice, so will a man, if he be not kept out; water will undermine, so will an informer; water will ebb and flow, so will a gentleman; water will search any place, and so will a constable, as lately he did at my Seven Stars for a young wench that was stole; water will quench fire, and so will Wat the barber: *ergo*, let Water wear a codpiece-point.

Bev. Faith, gentlemen, I like your company well.

Wea. Let's see who'll dispute with me at the full o' the moon!

Bev. No, sir; and[k] you be vain-glorious of your talent, I'll put you to't once more.

Wea. I'm for you, sir, as long as the moon keeps in this quarter.

Bev. Well, how answer you this then? earth and

[j] *nicely*] i. e. scrupulously.

[k] *and*] i. e. if.

water are both bearers, therefore they should be women.

WEA. Why, so are porters and pedlars, and yet they are known to be men.

BEV. I'll give you over in time, sir; I shall repent the bestowing on't else.

WEA. If I, that have proceeded[l] in five-and-twenty such books of astronomy, should not be able to put down a scholar now in one thousand six hundred thirty and eight, the dominical letter being G, I stood for a goose.

SIR G. LAMB. Then this will satisfy you; though that be a woman,
Oceanus the sea, that's chief of waters,
He wears the form of a man, and so may you.

BEV. Now I hear reason, and I may consent.

SIR G. LAMB. And so, though earth challenge a feminine face,
The matter of which earth consists, that's dust,
The general soul of earth is of both kinds.

BEV. Fit yourselves, gentlemen, I've enough for me;
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, part 'em amongst you.

WEA. Let me play Air,[m] I was my father's eldest son.

BEV. Ay, but this Air never possess'd the lands.

WEA. I'm but disposed to jest with you, sir; 'tis the same my almanac speaks on, is't not?

BEV. That 'tis, sir.

WEA. Then leave it to my discretion, to fit both the part and the person.

BEV. You shall have your desire, sir.

SIR G. LAMB. We'll agree

[l] *proceeded*] A university term: compare vol. iv. p. 68, and note.

[m] *Air*] Old ed. "fair."

Without your trouble now, sir; we're not factious,
Or envy one another for best parts,
Like quarrelling actors that have passionate fits;
We submit always to the writer's wits.

BEV. He that commends you may do't liberally,
For you deserve as much as praise can shew.

SIR G. LAMB. We'll send to you privately.

BEV. I'll despatch you.

SIR G. LAMB. We'll poison your device.
[*Aside, and exit.*

PEP. She must have pleasures,
Shows, and conceits, and we disgraceful doom.
[*Aside, and exit.*

WEA. We'll make your Elements come limping home. [*Aside, and exit.*

BEV. How happy am I in this unlook'd-for grace,
This voluntary kindness, from these gentlemen!

Enter behind MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and* LOW-WATER, *both disguised as before.*

'Twill set off all my labours far more pleasing
Before the widow, whom my heart calls mistress,
But my tongue dares not second it.

LOW. How say you now, Kate?

MIS. LOW. I like this music well, sir.

BEV. O unfortunate!
Yet though a tree be guarded from my touch,
There's none can hinder me to love the fruit.

MIS. LOW. Nay, now we know your mind, brother, we'll provide for you.

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and* LOW-WATER.

BEV. O were it but as free as late times knew it,
I would deserve, if all life's wealth could do it!
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A room in SIR OLIVER TWILIGHT'S *house.*

Enter SIR OLIVER TWILIGHT, LADY TWILIGHT, SUNSET, SANDFIELD, *Dutch Merchant,* PHILIP TWILIGHT, *Servants, and* SAVOURWIT *aloof off.*[n]

SIR O. TWI. O my reviving joy! thy quickening presence
Makes the sad night of threescore and ten years
Sit like a youthful spring upon my blood:
I cannot make thy welcome rich enough
With all the wealth of words!

L. TWI. It is exprest sir,
With more than can be equall'd; the ill store
Lies only on my side, my thanks are poor.

SIR O. TWI. Blest be the goodness of his mind for ever
That did redeem thy life, may it return
Upon his fortunes double! that worthy gentleman,
Kind master Beveril! shower upon him, heaven,
Some unexpected happiness to requite him
For that my joy[o] unlook'd for! O, more kind,
And juster far, is a mere stranger's goodness
Than the sophistic faith of natural sons!
Here's one could juggle with me, take up the ransom,
He and his loose companion ——

SAV. Say you me so, sir?
I'll eat hard eggs for that trick. [*Aside.*

SIR O. TWI. Spend the money,
And bring me home false news and empty pockets!

[n] *aloof off*] Compare vols. i. p. 427; iii. p. 40, and notes.
[o] *joy*] Old ed. "joys."

In that young gallant's tongue there, you were dead
Ten weeks before this day, had not this merchant
Brought first the truth in words, yourself in substance.

L. Twi. Pray, let me stay you here, ere you proceed, sir;
Did he report me dead, say you?

Sir O. Twi. Else you live not.

L. Twi. See now, sir, you may lay your blame too rashly,
When nobody look'd after it! let me tell you, sir,
A father's anger should take great advice,
Ere it condemn flesh of so dear a price.
He's no way guilty yet; for that report
The general tongue of all the country spread;
For being remov'd far off, I was thought dead.

Phil. Can my faith now be taken into favour, sir?
Is't worthy to be trusted?

Sav. No, by my troth, is't not,
'Twould make shift to spend another ransom yet.
[*Aside.*

Sir O. Twi. Well, sir, I must confess you've here dealt well with me,
And what is good in you I love again.

Sav. Now am I half-ways in, just to the girdle,
But the worst part's behind. [*Aside.*

Sir O. Twi. Marry, I fear me, sir,
This weather is too glorious to hold long.

L. Twi. I see no cloud to interpose it, sir,
If you place confidence in what I've told you.

Sir O. Twi. Nay, 'tis clear sky on that side; would 'twere so
All over his obedience! I see that,
And so does this good gentleman ——

L. Twi. Do you, sir?

Sir O. Twi. That makes his honesty doubtful.

L. Twi. I pray, speak, sir;
The truth of your last kindness makes me bold with you.
D. Mer. The knight, your husband, madam, can best speak;
He trueliest can shew griefs whose heart they break.
L. Twi. I'm sorry yet for more; pray, let me know't, sir,
That I may help to chide him, though 'twould grieve me.
Sir O. Twi. Why then prepare for't; you came over now
In the best time to do't you could pick out:
Not only spent my money, but, to blind me,
He and his wicked instrument ——
Sav. Now he fiddles me! [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. Brings home a minion here, by great chance known;
Told me she was his sister; she proves none.
L. Twi. This was unkindly done, sir; now I'm sorry
My good opinion lost itself upon you;
You are not the same son I left behind me,
More grace took him.—O, let me end in time,
For fear I should forget myself, and chide him!—
Where is [s]he, sir? though he beguil'd your eyes,
He cannot deceive mine, we're now too hard for him;
For since our first unfortunate separation
I've often seen the girl—would that were true!—
[*Aside.*
By many a happy accident, many a one,
But never durst acknowledge her for mine own,
And therein stood my joys distress'd again.
Sir O. Twi. You rehearse miseries, wife.—Call the maid down. [*Exit Servant.*

SAV. Sh'as been too often down to be now call'd so;
She'll lie down shortly, and call somebody up. [*Aside.*
L. TWI. He's now to deal with one, sir, that knows truth;
He must be sham'd or quit, there's no mean saves him.
SIR O. TWI. I hear her come.
L. TWI. [*aside to* PHIL.] You see how hard 'tis now
To redeem good opinion, being once gone;
Be careful then, and keep it when 'tis won.
Now see me take a poison with great joy,
Which, but for thy sake, I should swoon to touch.

Enter GRACE.

GRACE. What new affliction? am I set to sale
For any one that bids most shame for me? [*Aside.*
SIR O. TWI. Look you? do you see what stuff they've brought me home here?
L. TWI. O bless her, eternal powers! my life, my comforts,
My nine years' grief, but everlasting joy now!
Thrice welcome to my heart! [*embracing* GRACE] 'tis she indeed.
SIR O. TWI. What, is it?
PHIL. I'm unfit to carry a ransom!
SAV. [*aside to* GRACE, *who kneels*] Down on your knees, to save your belly harmless;
Ask blessing, though you never mean to use it,
But give't away presently to a beggar-wench.
PHIL. My faith is blemish'd, I'm no man of trust, sir!
L. TWI. [*raising* GRACE] Rise with a mother's blessing!

SAV. All this while
Sh'as rise with a son's. [*Aside.*
SIR O. TWI. But soft ye, soft ye, wife!
I pray, take heed you place your blessing right now;
This honest Dutchman here told me he saw her
At Antwerp in an inn.
L. TWI. True, she was so, sir.
D. MER. Sir, 'tis my quality, what I speak once,
I affirm ever; in that inn I saw her;
That lets[o] her not to be your daughter now.
SIR O. TWI. O sir, is't come to that!
SUN. Here's joys ne'er dreamt on!
SIR O. TWI. O master Sunset, I am at the rising
Of my refulgent happiness!—Now, son Sandfield,
Once more and ever!
SAND. I am proud on't, sir.
SIR O. TWI. Pardon me, boy; I've wrong'd thy faith too much.
SAV. Now may I leave my shell, and peep my head forth. [*Aside, and advancing.*
SIR O. TWI. Where is this Savourwit, that honest whorson,
That I may take my curse from his knave's shoulders?
SAV. O, sir, I feel you at my very blade here!
Your curse is ten stone weight, and a pound over.
SIR O. TWI. Come, thou'rt a witty varlet and a trusty.
SAV. You shall still find me a poor, faithful fellow, sir,
If you've another ransom to send over,
Or daughter to find out.
SIR O. TWI. I'll do thee right, boy;

[o] *lets*] i. e. hinders.

I ne'er yet knew thee but speak honest English;
Marry, in Dutch I found thee a knave lately.
SAV. That was to hold you but in play a little,
Till farther truths came over, and I strong;
You shall ne'er find me a knave in mine own tongue,
I've more grace in me; I go out of England still
When I take such courses; that shews modesty, sir.
SIR O. TWI. Any thing full of wit and void of harm,
I give thee pardon for; so was that now.
SAV. Faith, now I'm quit,[p] I find myself the nimbler
To serve you so again, and my will's good;
Like one that lately shook off his old irons,
And cuts a purse at bench to deserve new ones.
SIR O. TWI. Since it holds all the way so fortunate still,
And strikes so even with my first belief,
This is the gentleman, wife, young master Sandfield here,
A man of worthy parts, beside his lands,
Whom I make choice of for my daughter's bed.
SAV. But he'll make choice there of another bedfellow. [*Aside.*
L. TWI. I wish 'em both the happiness of love, sir.
SIR O. TWI. 'Twas spoke like a good lady! And[q] your memory
Can reach it, wife — but 'tis so long ago too —
Old master Sunset he had a young daughter
When you unluckily left England so,

[p] *quit*] i. e. acquitted.
[q] *And*] i. e. if.

And much about the age of our girl there,
For both were nurs'd together.
L. Twi. 'Tis so fresh
In my remembrance, now you've waken'd it,
As if twelve years were but a twelve hours' dream.
Sir O. Twi. That girl is now a proper[q] gentlewoman,
As fine a body, wife, as e'er was measur'd
With an indenture cut in farthing steaks.
Sun. O say not so, sir Oliver; you shall pardon me, sir;
I'faith, sir, you're to blame.
Sir O. Twi. Sings, dances, plays,
Touches an instrument with a motherly grace.
Sun. 'Tis your own daughter that you mean that by.
Sav. There's open Dutch indeed, and[r] he could take it. [*Aside.*
Sir O. Twi. This wench, under your leave ——
Sun. You have my love in't.
Sir O. Twi. Is my son's wife that shall be.
Sav. Thus, I'd hold with't,
Is your son's wife that should be master Sandfield's. [*Aside.*
L. Twi. I come in happy time to a feast of marriages.
Sir O. Twi. And now you put's i' the mind, the hour draws on
At the new-married widow's, there we're look'd for;
There will be entertainments, sports, and banquets,
There these young lovers shall clap hands together;
The seed of one feast shall bring forth another.
Sun. Well said, sir Oliver!

[q] *proper*] i. e. handsome.

[r] *and*] i. e. if.

Sir O. Twi. You're a stranger, sir;
Your welcome will be best.
D. Mer. Good sir, excuse me.
Sir O. Twi. You shall along, faith;[s] you must not refuse me.
[*Exeunt all except* Lady Twilight, Grace, Philip Twilight, *and* Savourwit.
Phil. O, mother, these new joys, that set[t] my soul up —
Which had no means, nor any hope of any —
Have brought me now so far in debt to you,
I know not which way to begin to thank you;
I am so lost in all, I cannot guess
Which of the two my service most constrains,
Your last kind goodness, or your first dear pains.
L. Twi. Love is a mother's duty to a son,
As a son's duty is both love and fear.
Sav. I owe you a poor life, madam, that's all;
Pray, call for't when you please, it shall be ready for you.
L. Twi. Make much on't, sir, till then.
Sav. If butter'd sack will. [*Aside.*
L. Twi. Methinks the more I look upon her, son,
The more thy sister's face runs in my mind.
Phil. Belike she's somewhat like her; it makes the better, madam.
L. Twi. Was Antwerp, say you, the first place you found her in?
Phil. Yes, madam: why do you ask?
L. Twi. Whose daughter were you?
Grace. I know not rightly whose, to speak truth, madam.
Sav. The mother of her was a good twigger the whilst. [*Aside.*

[s] *faith*] Old ed. "*y'faith.*"
[t] *set*] Old ed. "sets;" and in next line but one "Has."

L. Twi. No? with whom were you brought up then?
Grace. With those, madam,
To whom, I've often heard, the enemy sold me.
L. Twi. What's that?
Grace. Too often have I heard this piteous story,
Of a distressèd mother I had once,
Whose comfortable sight I lost at sea;
But then the years of childhood took from me
Both the remembrance of her and the sorrows.
L. Twi. O, I begin to feel her in my blood!
My heart leaps to be at her. [*Aside.*]—What was that mother?
Grace. Some said, an English lady; but I know not.
L. Twi. What's thy name?
Grace. Grace.
L. Twi. May it be so in heaven,
For thou art mine on earth! welcome, dear child,
Unto thy father's house, thy mother's arms,
After thy foreign sorrows! [*Embracing* Grace.
Sav. 'Twill prove gallant! [*Aside.*
L. Twi. What, son! such earnest-work! I bring thee joy now
Will make the rest shew nothing, 'tis so glorious.
Phil. Why, 'tis not possible, madam, that man's happiness
Should take a greater height than mine aspires.
L. Twi. No? now you shall confess it: this shall quit thee
From all fears present, or hereafter doubts,
About this business.
Phil. Give me that, sweet mother!
L. Twi. Here, take her then, and set thine arms a-work;
There needs no 'fection,[u] 'tis indeed thy sister.

[u] *'fection*] So old ed.—a contraction of *affection*—i. e. affectation.

PHIL. My sister!
SAV. Cuds me, I feel the razor! [*Aside.*
L. TWI. Why, how now, son? how comes a change so soon?
PHIL. O, I beseech you, mother, wound me any where
But where you pointed last! that's present death;
Devise some other miserable torment,
Though ne'er so pitiless, and I'll run and meet it;
Some way more merciful let your goodness think on,
May steal away my joys, but save my soul:
I'll willingly restore back every one,
Upon that mild condition; any thing
But what you spake last will be comfortable.
L. TWI. You're troubled with strange fits in England here;
Your first suit to me did entreat me hardly
To say 'twas she, to have old[u] wrath appeas'd;
And now 'tis known your sister, you're not pleas'd:
How should I shew myself?
PHIL. Say 'tis not she.
L. TWI. Shall I deny my daughter?
PHIL. O, you kill me,
Beyond all tortures!
L. TWI. Why do you deal thus with me?
PHIL. She is my wife, I married her at Antwerp;
I've known the way unto her bed these three months.
SAV. And that's too much by twelve weeks for a sister. [*Aside.*
L. TWI. I understand you now, too soon, too plain!
PHIL. O mother, if you love my peace for ever,
Examine her again, find me not guilty!

[u] *old*] See note, vol. ii. p. 538.

L. Twi. 'Tis now too late, her words make that too true.

Phil. Her words? shall bare words overthrow a soul?

A body is not cast away so lightly.
How can you know 'tis she—let sense decide it—
She then so young, and both so long divided?

L. Twi. She tells me the sad story.

Phil. Does that throw me?
Many a distress may have the face of yours,
That ne'er was kin to you.

L. Twi. But, however, sir,
I trust you are not married.

Phil. Here's the witness,
And all the wealth I had with her, this ring,
That join'd our hearts together. [*Gives ring.*

L. Twi. O, too clear now!
Thou'st brought in evidence to o'erthrow thyself;
Had no one word been spoke, only this shewn,
'T'ad been enough to approv'd[v] her for mine own;
See here, two letters that begun my name
Before I knew thy father: this I gave her,
And, as a jewel, fasten'd to her ear.

Grace. Pardon me, mother, that you find it stray;
I kept it till I gave my heart away.

Phil. O, to what mountain shall I take my flight,
To hide the monster of my sin from sight!

Sav. I'll to Wales presently, there's the best hills
To hide a poor knave in. [*Aside.*

L. Twi. O heap not desperation upon guilt!
Repent yet, and all's sav'd; 'twas but hard chance:
Amongst all sins, heaven pities ignorance,
She's still the first that has her pardon sign'd;
All sins else see their faults, she's only blind:

[v] *to approv'd*] i. e. to have proved.

Go to thy chamber, pray, leave off, and win;
One hour's repentance cures a twelvemonth's sin.
GRACE. O my distressèd husband, my dear brother! [*Exeunt* LADY TWILIGHT *and* GRACE.
PHIL. O Savourwit, never came sorrow yet
To mankind like it! I'm so far distress'd,
I've no time left to give my heart attendance,
Too little all to wait upon my soul.
Before this tempest came, how well I stood,
Full in the beams of blessedness and joy!
The memory of man could never say
So black a storm fell in so bright a day.
I am that man that even life surfeits of;
Or, if to live, unworthy to be seen
By the [most] savage eye-sight: give's thy hand;
Commend me to thy prayers.
SAV. Next time I say 'em. [*Aside.*
PHIL. Farewell, my honest breast, that crav'st no more
Than possible kindness! that I've found thee large in,
And I must ask no more; there wit must stay,
It cannot pass where fate stops up the way:
Joy thrive with thee! I'll never see thee more.
[*Going.*
SAV. What's that, sir? pray, come back, and bring those words with you,
You shall not carry 'em so out of my company:
There's no last refuge when your father knows it;
There's no such need on't yet; stay but till then,
And take one with you that will imitate you
In all the desperate on-sets man dare think on:
Were it to challenge all the wolves in France
To meet at one set battle, I'd be your half in't;
All beasts of venom,—what you had a mind to,
Your part should be took still: for such a day

Let's keep ourselves in heart, then am I for you.
In the meantime, to beat off all suspicion,
Let's to the bride-house too; here's my petition.

PHIL. Thou hast a learning art when all hopes fly;
Let one night waste, there's time enough left to die.

SAV. A minute's as good as a thousand year, sir,
To pink a man's heart like a summer-suit.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A large room in LADY GOLDENFLEECE'S *house.*

Several Servants discovered placing things in order, and PICKADILL *looking on.*

PICK. Bestir your bones nimbly, you ponderous beef-buttocked knaves; what a number of lazy hinds do I keep company withal! where's the flesh-colour velvet cushion now for my lady's pease-porridge-tawny-satin bum? You attendants upon revels!

FIRST SER. You can prate and domineer well, because you have a privilege[d] place; but I'd fain see you set your hand to't.

PICK. O base bone-pickers, I set my hand to't! when did you e'er see a gentleman set his hand to any thing, unless it were to a sheep-skin, and receive a hundred pound for his pains?

SEC. SER. And afterward lie in the Counter for his pleasure.

PICK. Why, true, sir, 'tis for his pleasure indeed; for, spite of all their teeths, he may lie i' th' Hole[v] when he list.

[v] *Hole*] See note, vol. i. p. 392.

First Ser. Marry, and should for me.

Pick. Ay, thou wouldst make as good a bawd as the best jailor of them all; I know that.

First Ser. How, fool!

Pick. Hark! I must call you knave within; 'tis but staying somewhat the longer for't. [*Exeunt.*

Loud music. Enter, arm in arm, Lady Golden-fleece *richly dressed, and* Mistress Low-water *richly attired as a man; after them* Sir Oliver Twilight, Sunset, *and Dutch Merchant; after them* Lady Twilight, Grace, *and* Jane; *after them* Philip Twilight, Sandfield, Savourwit, *and* Low-water, *disguised as before.*

Mis. Low. This fair assembly is most freely welcome.

Sir O. Twi., *&c.*[w] Thanks to you, good sir.

L. Gold. Come, my long-wish'd-for madam,
You and this worthy stranger take best welcome;
Your freedom is a second feast to me.

Mis. Low. How is't with my brother?

Low. The fit holds him still,
Nay, love's more violent.

Mis. Low. 'Las, poor gentleman!
I would he had my office without money!
If he should offer any, I'd refuse it.

Low. I have the letter ready;
He's worthy of a place knows[x] how to use it.

Mis. Low. That's well said.—
Come, ladies—gentlemen—sir Oliver;
Good, seat yourselves: shall we be found unreadiest?
[*They sit.*
What is yon gentleman with the funeral-face there?
Methinks that look does ill become a bride-house.

[w] *Sir O. Twi., &c.*] Old ed. "*All. Sir Ol.*"
[x] *knows*] Old ed. "that *knows.*"

SIR O. TWI. Who does your worship mean, sir? my son Philip?
I'm sure he had ne'er less reason to be sad.—
Why are you sad, son Philip?

PHIL. How, sir, sad?
You shall not find it so, sir.

SAV. Take heed he do not, then. You must beware how you carry your face in this company; as far as I can see, that young bridegroom has hawk's eyes, he'll go nigh to spell sister in your face; if your nose were but crooked enough to serve for an S, he'd find an eye presently, and then he has more light for the rest.

PHIL. I'll learn then to dissemble.

SAV. Nay, and[y] you be to learn that now, you'll ne'er sit in a branched[z] velvet gown as long as you live; you should have took that at nurse, before your mother weaned you; so do all those that prove great children and batten well. Peace, here comes a scholar indeed; he has learnt it, I warrant you.

Enter BEVERIL *with a pasteboard.*

L. GOLD. Kind sir, you're welcome; you take all the pains, sir.

BEV. I wish they were but worthy of the grace
Of your fair presence and this choice assembly:
Here is an abstract, madam, of what's shewn,
Which I commend to your favour.

[*Giving pasteboard.*

L. GOLD. Thank you for't, sir.

BEV. I would I durst present my love as boldly!

[*Aside.*

[y] *and*] i. e. if.

[z] *branched*] Has been explained — embroidered, flowered (see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* and Cotgrave's in v.); but if Gifford be right (note on Ford's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 510), it means "with tufts, or tassels, dependent from the shoulders."

Mis. Low. My honest brother! [*Aside.*

L. Gold. Look thee here, sweetheart.

Mis. Low. What's there, sweet madam?

Bev. Music, and we're ready.

[*After loud music for a while, a thing like a globe opens on one side of the stage, and flashes out fire; then* Sir G. Lambstone, *in the character of Fire, issues from it, with yellow hair and beard intermingled with streaks like wild flames, a three-pointed fire in his hand; and, at the same time,* Weatherwise, *as Air, comes down, hanging by a cloud, with a coat made like an almanac, all the twelve moons set in it, and the four quarters, winter, spring, summer, and autumn, with change of weathers, rain, lightning, tempest, &c.; and from under the stage, on different sides at the farther end, rise* Overdone *as Water, and* Pepperton *as Earth; Water with green flags upon his head standing up instead of hair, and a beard of the same, with a chain of pearl; Earth with a number of little things resembling trees, like a thick grove, upon his head, and a wedge of gold in his hand, his garment of a clay colour.* Beveril *stands behind and gives* Sir G. Lambstone *the first words of his speech.*

Bev. *The flame of zeal* ——

Sir G. Lamb. *The wicked fire of lust*
Does now spread heat through water, air, and dust.

Bev. How! he's out in the beginning. [*Aside.*]— *The wheel of time* —

Wea. The devil set fire o' the distaff. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lamb. *I that was wont in elder times to pass*
For a bright angel — so they call'd me then —
Now so corrupted with the upstart fires
Of avarice, luxury, and inconstant heats,

Struck from the bloods of cunning clap-faln daughters,
Night-walking wives, but, most, libidinous widows,
That I, that purify even gold itself,
Have the contemptible dross thrown in my face,
And my bright name walk common in disgrace.
How am I us'd a' late, that I'm so handled,—
Thrust into alleys, hospitals, and tubs!
I was once a name of comfort, warm'd great houses,
When charity was landlord; I've given welcome
To forty russet yeomen at a time,
In a fair Christmas hall. How am I chang'd!
The chimneys are swept up, the hearth as cold
As the forefathers' charity in the son;
All the good, hospitable heat now turns
To my young landlord's lust, and there it burns:
Rich widows, that were wont to choose by gravity
Their second husbands, not by tricks of blood,
Are now so taken with loose Aretine flames
Of nimble wantonness and high-fed pride,
They marry now but the third part of husbands,
Boys, smooth-fac'd catamites, to fulfil their bed,
As if a woman should a woman wed.
These are the fires a' late my brightness darks,
And fills the world so full of beggarly sparks.

BEV. Hea[r]t, how am I disgrac'd! what rogue should this be?

L. GOLD. By my faith, monsieur Fire, you're a hot whorson!

MIS. LOW. I fear my brother is beside his wits,
He would not be so senseless to rail thus else.
[*Aside.*

WEA. *After this heat, you madams fat and fair,*
Open your casements wide, and take in air;
But not that air false women make up oaths with,
No, nor that air gallants perfume their clothes with;

I am that air that keeps about the clouds,
None of my kindred was smelt out in crowds;
Not any of our house was ever tainted,
When many a thousand of our foes have fainted:
Yet some there are that be my chief polluters,
Widows that falsify their faith to suitors,
And will give fair words when the sign's in Cancer,
But, at the next remove, a scurvy answer;
Come to the poor men's houses, eat their banquet,
And at night with a boy tost in a blanket;
Nay, shall I come more near? perhaps at noon,
For here I find a spot full in the moon:
I know youth's trick; what's she that can withstand it,
When Mercury reigns, my lady's chamber-planet?
He that believes a widow's words shall fail,
When Venus' gown-skirts sweep[y] *the Dragon's tail;*
Fair weather the first day she makes to any,
The second cloudy, and the third day rainy;
The fourth day a great storm, lightning, and thunder;
A bolt strikes the suitor, a boy keeps her under.

BEV. 'Life, these are some counterfeit slaves crept in their rooms,
A' purpose for disgrace! they shall all share with me:
Heart, who the devil should these be? [*Exit.*

L. GOLD. My faith, gentlemen,
Air has perfum'd the room well!

SIR O. TWI. So methinks, madam.

SAV. A man may smell her meaning two rooms off,
Though his nose wanted reparations,
And the bridge left at Shoreditch, as a pledge
For *rosa solis*, in a bleaking-house.[z] [*Aside.*

MIS. LOW. Life, what should be his meaning in't?

[y] *sweep*] Old ed. "sweeps."
[z] *bleaking-house*] i. e. bleaching-house.

Low. I wonder.

Over. *Methinks this room should yet retain such heat,*
Struck out from the first ardour, and so glow yet,
You should desire my company, wish for water,
That offers here to serve your several pipes,
Without constraint of mill or death of water-house.
What if I sprinkled on the widow's cheeks
A few cool drops, to lay the guilty heat
That flashes from her conscience to her face;
Would't not refresh her shame? From such as she
I first took weakness and inconstancy;
I sometimes swell above my banks and spread,
They're commonly with child before they're wed;
In me the Sirens sing before they play,
In her more witchcraft, for her smiles betray;
Where I'm least seen, there my most danger lies,
So in those parts hid most from a man's eyes,
Her heart, her love, or what may be more close;
I know no mercy, she thinks that no loss;
In her poor gallants, pirates thrive in me;
I help to cast away, and so does she.

L. Gold. Nay, and[a] you can hold nothing, sweet sir Water,
I'll wash my hands a' you ever hereafter.

Pep. *Earth stands for a full point, me you should hire*
To stop the gaps of Water, Air, and Fire:
I love muck well, but your first husband better,
Above his soul he lov'd it, as his end
Did fearfully witness it; at his last gasp
His spirit flam'd as it forsook his breast,
And left the sparkles quarrelling 'bout his lips,
Now of such metal the devil makes him whips;

[a] *and*] i. e. if.

He shall have gold enough to glut his soul,
And as for earth, I'll stop his crane's throat full:
The wealth he left behind him, most men know,
He wrung inconscionably from the rights
Of poor men's livings, he drunk dry their brows;
That liquor has a curse, yet nothing sweeter;
When your posterity drinks, then 'twill taste bitter.

Sir G. Lamb. *And now to vex, 'gainst nature, form, rule, place,*
See once four warring[b] *elements all embrace!*
[*The Elements embrace.*

Re-enter, at several corners, Beveril *with three other persons, attired like the four Winds, with wings, &c., the South Wind having a great red face, the North Wind a pale, bleak one; the Western Wind one cheek red and another white, and so the Eastern Wind: they dance to the drum and fife, while the four Elements seem to give back and stand in amaze: at the end of the dance the Winds strip the Elements of their disguises, which seem to yield and almost fall off of themselves at the coming of the Winds. Exeunt all the Winds except that represented by* Beveril.

L. Gold. How! sir Gilbert Lambstone! master Overdone!
All our old suitors! you've took pains, my masters!

Sir G. Lamb. We made a vow we'd speak our minds to you.

Wea. And I think we're as good as our words, though it cost some of our purses; I owe money for the clouds yet, I care not who knows it; the

[b] *warring*] Old ed. "waiting."

planets are sufficient enough to pay the painter, and[c] I were dead.

L. Gold. Who are you, sir?

Bev. Your most unworthy servant.

[*Discovering himself.*

L. Gold. Pardon me; is't you, sir?

Bev. My disgrace urg'd my wit to take some form,
Wherein I might both best and properliest
Discover my abusers and your own,
And shew you some content,—before y'had none.

L. Gold. Sir, I owe much both to your care and love,
And you shall find your full requital worthy.—
Was this the plot now your poor envy works out?
I do revenge myself with pitying on you.—
Take Fire into the buttery, he has most need on't;
Give Water some small beer, too good for him;—
Air, you may walk abroad like a fortune-teller;—
But take down Earth, and make him drink i' the cellar.

[*Exeunt* Sir G. Lambstone, Weatherwise, Overdone, *and* Pepperton, *with* Low-water.

Mis. Low. The best revenge that could be!

L. Twi. I commend you, madam.

Sir O. Twi. I thought they were some such sneakers.

Sav. The four suitors! and here was a mess of mad elements!

Mis. Low. Lights, more lights there! where be these blue-coats?[d]

Enter Servants with lights.

L. Gold. You know your lodgings, gentlemen, to-night.

[c] *and*] i. e. if.

[d] *blue-coats*] i. e. servants—who usually wore blue.

Sir O. Twi. 'Tis bounty makes bold guests, madam.

L. Gold. Good rest, lady.

Sir O. Twi. A most contentful night begin a health, madam,
To your long joys, and may the years go round with't!

L. Gold. As many thanks as you have wish'd 'em hours, sir,
Take to your lodging with you.

Mis. Low. A general rest to all.

[*Exeunt with Servants all the guests except* Philip Twilight *and* Savourwit.

Phil. I'm excepted.

Sav. Take in another to you then; there's room enough
In that exception, faith, to serve us both;
The dial of my sleep goes by your eyes.

[*Exeunt* Philip Twilight *and* Savourwit.

Scene closes.[d]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same.

Lady Goldenfleece, *and* Mistress Low-water *disguised as before, are discovered.*

L. Gold. Now, like a greedy usurer alone,
I sum up all the wealth this day has brought me,
And thus I hug it. [*Embracing her.*

Mis. Low. Prithee ——

L. Gold. Thus I kiss it. [*Kissing her.*

[d] *Scene closes*] Old ed. has "*Manent Widow and Mrs. Low-water,*" and after that stage-direction, distinctly marks, "*Act 5. Scæn.* 1."

Mis. Low. I can't abide these kissings.
L. Gold. How, sir? not!
I'll try that, sure; I'll kiss you out of that humour.
Mis. Low. Push![e] by my troth, I cannot.
L. Gold. What cannot you, sir?
Mis. Low. Not toy, nor bill, and imitate house-pigeons;
A married man must think of other matters.
L. Gold. How, other matters, sir? what other matters?
Mis. Low. Why, are there no other matters that belong to't?
Do you think you've married only a cock-sparrow,
And fit but for one business, like a fool?
You shall not find it so.
L. Gold. You can talk strangely, sir:
Come, will you to bed?
Mis. Low. No, faith, will not I.
L. Gold. What, not to bed, sir?
Mis. Low. And[f] I do, hang me; not to bed with you.
L. Gold. How, not to bed with me, sir? with whom else?
Mis. Low. Why, am not I enough to lie with myself?
L. Gold. Is that the end of marriage?
Mis. Low. No, by my faith,
'Tis but the beginning yet; death is the end on't,
Unless some trick come i' the middle and dash all.
L. Gold. Were you so forward lately, and so youthful,
That scarce my modest strength could save me from you,
And are you now so cold?

[e] *Push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.
[f] *And*] i. e. if.

Mis. Low. I've thought on't since;
It was but a rude part in me, i'faith,
To offer such bold tricks to any woman,
And by degrees I shall well break myself from't;
I feel myself well chasten'd since that time,
And not the third part now so loosely minded.
O, when one sees their follies, 'tis a comfort!
My very thoughts take more staid years upon 'em.
O, marriage is such a serious, divine thing!
It makes youth grave, and sweetly nips the spring.

L. Gold. If I had chose a gentleman for care
And worldly business, I had ne'er took you;
I had the offers of enough more fit
For such employment; I chose you for love,
Youth, and content of heart, and not for troubles;
You are not ripe for them; after you've spent
Some twenty years in dalliance, youth's affairs,
Then take a book in your hand, and sum up cares;
As for wealth now, you know that's got to your hands.

Mis. Low. But had I known 't had been so wrongfully got,
As I heard since, you should have had free leave
T' have made choice of another master for't.

L. Gold. Why, can that trouble you?

Mis. Low. It may too soon: but go,
My sleeps are sound, I love not to be started
With an ill conscience at the fall of midnight,
And have mine eyes torn ope with poor men's curses;
I do not like the fate on't, 'tis still apt
To breed unrest, dissension, wild debate,
And I'm the worst at quarrels upon earth,
Unless a mighty injury should provoke me:
Get you to bed, go.

L. Gold. Not without you, in troth, sir.

Mis. Low. If you could think how much you wrong yourself
In my opinion of you, you would leave me now
With all the speed you might; I like you worse
For this fond heat, and drink in more suspicion of you:
You high-fed widows are too cunning people
For a poor gentleman to come simply to.

L. Gold. What's that, sir?

Mis. Low. You may make a youth on him,
'Tis at your courtesy, and that's ill trusted:
You could not want a friend, beside a suitor,
To sit in your husband's gown, and look o'er your writings.

L. Gold. What's this?

Mis. Low. I say there is a time when women
Can do too much, and understand too little:
Once more, to bed; I'd willingly be a father
To no more noses than I got myself;
And so good night to you.

L. Gold. Now I see the infection;
A yellow poison runs through the sweet spring
Of his fair youth already; 'tis distracted,
Jealous of that which thought yet never acted.—
[*Aside.*
O dear sir, on my knees I swear to thee — [*Kneels.*

Mis. Low. I prithee, use them in thy private chamber,
As a good lady should; spare 'em not there,
'Twill do thee good; faith, none 'twill do thee here.

L. Gold. [*rising*] Have I yet married poverty, and miss'd[f] love!
What fortune has my heart! that's all I crav'd,
And that lies now a-dying; it has took

[f] *miss'd*] Old ed. "must."

A speeding poison, and I'm ignorant how:
I never knew what beggary was till now.
My wealth yields me no comfort in this plight;
Had want but brought me love, I'd happen'd right.
[*Aside, and goes into her bed-chamber.*

Mis. Low. So, this will serve now for a preparative
To ope the powers[f] of some dislike at first;
The physic will pay't home.—

Enter Low-water, *disguised as before.*

How dost thou, sir?
How goes the work?

Low. Your brother has the letter.

Mis. Low. I find no stop in't then, it moves well hitherto;
Did you convey it closely?

Low. He ne'er set eye of me.

Enter above[g] Beveril *with a letter.*

Bev. I cannot read too often.

Mis. Low. Peace; to your office.

Bev. What blessed fate took pity of my heart,
But with her presence to relieve me thus?
All the large volumes that my time hath master'd
Are not so precious to adorn my spirit
As these few lines are to enrich my mind;
I thirst again to drink of the same fountain.
[*Reads.*

Kind sir,—I found your care and love so much in the performance of a little, wherein your wit and art had late employment, that I dare now trust your bosom with business of more weight and eminence. Little thought the world, that, since the wedding-

[f] *powers*] Qy. "pores"?

[g] *above*] i. e. on the upper stage—which was supposed to represent a gallery on this occasion: see note, vol. ii. p. 125.

dinner, all my mirth was but dissembled, and seeming joys but counterfeit. The truth to you, sir, is, I find so little signs of content in the bargain I made i' the morning, that I began to repent before evening prayer; and to shew some fruits of his wilful neglect and wild disposition, more than the day could bring forth to me, has now forsook my bed; I know no cause for't.

MIS. LOW. But I'll be sworn I do. [*Aside.*

BEV. [*reads*] *Being thus distressed, sir, I desire your comfortable presence and counsel, whom I know to be of worth and judgment, that a lady may safely impart her griefs to you, and commit 'em to the virtues of commiseration and secrecy.—Your unfortunate friend,* THE WIDOW-WIFE.

I have took order for your private admittance with a trusty servant of mine own, whom I have placed at my chamber-door to attend your coming.

He shall not wait too long, and curse my slowness.

LOW. I would you'd come away then!

[*Aside.*

BEV. How much am I beguil'd in that young gentleman!
I would have sworn had been the perfect abstract
Of honesty and mildness; 'tis not so.

MIS. LOW. I pardon you, sweet brother; there's no hold
Of what you speak now, you're in Cupid's pound.

[*Aside.*

BEV. Blest be the secret hand that brought thee hither;
But the dear hand that writ it, ten times blest!

[*Exit above.*

LOW. That's I still; has blest me now ten times at twice.
Away; I hear him coming.

Mis. Low. Strike it sure now.
Low. I warrant thee, sweet Kate; choose your best ——[g] [*Exit* Mis. Low-water.

Enter Beveril.

Bev. Who's there?
Low. O sir, is't you? you're welcome then;
My lady still expects you, sir.
Bev. Who's with her?
Low. Not any creature living, sir.
Bev. Drink that; [*Giving money.*
I've made thee wait too long.
Low. It does not seem so
Now, sir. Sir, if a man tread warily,
As any wise man will, how often may he come
To a lady's chamber, and be welcome to her!
Bev. Thou giv'st me learnèd counsel for a closet.
Low. Make use on't, sir, and you shall find no loss in't.
[Beveril *goes into* Lady Goldenfleece's *bedchamber.*
So, you are surely in, and you must under.

Re-enter Mis. Low-water, *with* Sir O. Twilight, Lady Twilight, Sunset, *Dutch Merchant*, Grace, Jane, Philip Twilight, Sandfield, Savourwit, *and Servants.*

Mis. Low. Pardon my rude disturbance, my wrongs urge it;
I did but try the plainness of her mind,
Suspecting she dealt cunningly with my youth,
And told her the first night I would not know her;
But minding to return, I found the door
Warded suspiciously, and I heard a noise,

[g] *best* —] So old ed. Qy. "best *bow*"—a couplet being intended?

Such as fear makes and guiltiness at th' approaching
Of an unlook'd-for husband.

ALL. This is strange, sir.

MIS. LOW. Behold, it's barr'd; I must not be kept out.

SIR O. TWI. There is no reason, sir.

MIS. LOW. I'll be resolv'd[h] in't:
If you be sons of honour, follow me!

[*Rushes into the bed-chamber, followed by* SIR OLIVER TWILIGHT, SUNSET, *&c.*

SAV. Then must I stay behind; for I think I was begot i' the woodyard, and that makes every thing go so hard with me.

MIS. LOW. [*within*] That's he; be sure on him.

Re-enter confusedly MIS. LOW-WATER, SIR OLIVER TWILIGHT, SUNSET, *&c.*, LADY GOLDENFLEECE *and* BEVERIL.

SIR O. TWI. Be not so furious, sir.

MIS. LOW. She whisper'd to him to slip into her closet.—
What, have I taken you? is not my dream true now?
Unmerciful adultress, the first night!

SIR O. TWI. Nay, good sir, patience.

MIS. LOW. Give me the villain's heart,
That I may throw't into her bosom quick!
There let the lecher pant.

L. TWI. Nay, sweet sir ——

MIS. LOW. Pardon me,
His life's too little for me.

L. GOLD. How am I wrongfully sham'd!—Speak your intent, sir,
Before this company; I pursue no pity.

[h] *resolv'd*] i. e. satisfied.

Mis. Low. This is a fine thievish juggling, gentlemen,
She asks her mate that shares in guilt with her;
Too gross, too gross!
Bev. Rash mischief! [*Aside.*
Mis. Low. Treacherous sir,
Did I for this cast a friend's arm about thee,
Gave thee the welcome of a worthy spirit,
And lodg'd thee in my house, nay, entertain'd thee
More like a natural brother than a stranger?
And have I this reward? perhaps the pride
Of thy good parts did lift thee to this impudence;
Let her make much on 'em, she gets none of me:
Because thou'rt deeply read in most books else,
Thou wouldst be so in mine; there it stands for thee,
Turn o'er the leaves, and where you left, go forward;
To me it shall be like the book of fate,
Ever clasp't up.
Sir O. Twi. O dear sir, say not so!
Mis. Low. Nay, I'll swear more; for ever I refuse[h] her;
I'll never set a foot into her bed,
Never perform the duty of man to her,
So long as I have breath.
Sir O. Twi. What an oath was there, sir!
Call it again.
Mis. Low. I knew, by amorous sparks struck from their eyes,
The fire would appear shortly in a blaze,
And now it flames indeed.—Out of my house,
And take your gentleman of good parts along with you!

[h] *refuse*] i. e. renounce.

That shall be all your substance ; he can live
In any emperor's court in Christendom :
You knew[i] what you did, wench, when you chose him
To thrust out me ; you have no[j] politic love !
You are to learn to make your market, you !
You can choose wit, a burden light and free,
And leave the grosser element with me,
Wealth, foolish trash ; I thank you. Out of my doors !

SIR O. TWI. Nay, good sir, hear her.

L. TWI. } Sweet sir ——
SUN. }

MIS. LOW. Pray, to your chambers, gentlemen ; I should be here
Master of what is mine.

SIR O. TWI. Hear her but speak, sir.

MIS. LOW. What can she speak but woman's common language ?
She's sorry and asham'd for't,—that helps nothing.

L. GOLD. Sir, since it is the hard hap of my life
To receive injury where I plac'd my love ——

MIS. LOW. Why, la, I told you what escapes she'd have !

SIR O. TWI. Nay, pray, sir, hear her forward.

L. GOLD. Let our parting
Be full as charitable as our meeting was ;
That the pale, envious world, glad of the food
Of others' miseries, civil dissensions,
And nuptial strifes, may not feed fat with ours ;
But since you are resolv'd so wilfully
To leave my bed, and ever to refuse me —
As by your rage I find it your desire,

[i] *knew*] Old ed. "know."
[j] *no*] See note, vol. i. p. 169.

Though all my actions deserve nothing less—
Here are our friends, men both of worth and wisdom;
Place so much power in them, to make an evenness
Between my peace and yours: all my wealth within doors,
In gold and jewels, lie[s] in those two caskets
I lately led you to, the value of which
Amounts to some five thousand [pounds] a-piece;
Exchange a charitable hand with me,
And take one casket freely,—fare thee well, sir.

SIR O. TWI. How say you to that now?

MIS. LOW. Troth, I thank her, sir!
Are not both mine already? you shall wrong me,
And then make satisfaction with mine own!
I cannot blame you,—a good course for you!

L. GOLD. I knew[i] 'twas not my luck to be so happy;
My miseries are no starters; when they come,
Stick longer by me.

SIR O. TWI. Nay, but give me leave, sir,
The wealth comes all by her.

MIS. LOW. So does the shame,
Yet that's most mine; why should not that be too?

SIR O. TWI. Sweet sir, let us rule[j] so much with you;
Since you intend an obstinate separation,
Both from her bed and board, give your consent
To some agreement reasonable and honest.

MIS. LOW. Must I deal honestly with her lust?

L. TWI. Nay, good sir ——

MIS. LOW. Why, I tell you, all the wealth her husband left her
Is not of power to purchase the dear peace

[i] *knew*] Old ed. "know."
[j] *rule*] Used, perhaps, as a dissyllable; but qy. "yet *rule*"?

My heart has lost in these adulterous seas;
Yet let her works be base, mine shall be noble.

SIR O. TWI. That's the best word of comfort I heard yet.

MIS. LOW. Friends may do much.—Go, bring those caskets forth.— [*Exeunt two Servants.*
I hate her sight; I'll leave her, though I lose by't.

SIR O. TWI. Spoke like a noble gentleman, i'faith!
I'll honour thee for this.

BEV. O cursed man!
Must thy rash heat force this division? [*Aside.*

MIS. LOW. You shall have free leave now, without all fear;
You shall not need oil'd hinges, privy passages,
Watchings and whisperings; take him boldly to you.

L. GOLD. O that I had that freedom! since my shame
Puts by all other fortunes, and owns him,
A worthy gentleman: if this cloud were past him,
I'd marry him, were't but to spite thee only,
So much I hate thee now.

Re-enter Servants with two caskets, followed by SIR GILBERT LAMBSTONE, WEATHERWISE, PEPPERTON, *and* OVERDONE.

SIR O. TWI. Here come the caskets, sir; hold your good mind now,
And we shall make a virtuous end between you.

MIS. LOW. Though nothing less she merit but a curse,
That might still hang upon her and consume her still,
As 't has been many a better woman's fortune,
That has deserv'd less vengeance and felt more,
Yet my mind scorns to leave her shame so poor.

Sir O. Twi. Nobly spoke still!

Sir G. Lamb. This strikes me into music; ha, ha!

Pep. Parting of goods before the bodies join!

Wea. This 'tis to marry beardless, domineering boys; I knew 'twould come to this pass: well fare a just almanac yet; for now is Mercury going into the second house near unto Ursa Major, that great hunks, the Bear at the Bridge-foot in heaven,[k] which shews horrible bear-baitings in wedlock; and the Sun near entering into the Dog, sets 'em all together by the ears.

Sir O. Twi. You see what's in't.

Mis. Low. I think 'tis as I left it.

L. Gold. Then do but gage your faith to this assembly,
That you will ne'er return more to molest me,
But rest in all revenges full appeas'd
And amply satisfied with that half my wealth,
And take't as freely as life wishes health!

Sir O. Twi. La, you, sir! come, come, faith, you shall swear that.

Mis. Low. Nay, gentlemen,
For your sakes now I will deal fairly with her.

Sir O. Twi. I would we might see that, sir!

Mis. Low. I could set her free;
But now I think on't, she deserves it not.

[k] *the Bear at the Bridge-foot in heaven*] If Steevens had recollected this passage, he would not have proposed to alter the following one in *The Puritan* by reading "in *the even*" for "in heaven,"—"Ay, by yon Bear at Bridge-foot *in heaven*, shalt thou." Malone's *Supp. to Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 559.—The Bear was a well-known tavern—according to Steevens (ibid.), "at the foot of London bridge." Gifford says, in a note on Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*, where this expression occurs (*Works*, vol. iv. p. 72), that "the *bridge* meant was in Shirley's time called the Strand-bridge."

SUN. Nay, do not check your goodness; pray, sir, on with't.

MIS. LOW. I could release her ere I parted with her—

But 'twere a courtesy ill plac'd—and set her
At as free liberty to marry again
As you all know she was before I knew her.

SIR O. TWI. What, couldst thou, sir?

MIS. LOW. But 'tis too good a blessing for her;—
Up with the casket, sirrah.

L. GOLD. O sir, stay!

MIS. LOW. I've nothing to say to you.

SIR O. TWI. Do you hear, sir?
Pray, let's have one word more with you for our money.

L. GOLD. Since you've expos'd me to all shame and sorrow,
And made me fit but for one hope and fortune,
Bearing my former comforts away with you,
Shew me a parting charity but in this,—
For all my losses pay me with that freedom,
And I shall think this treasure as well given
As ever 'twas ill got.

MIS. LOW. I might afford it you,
Because I ne'er mean to be more troubled with you;
But how shall I be sure of the honest use on't,
How you'll employ that liberty? perhaps sinfully,
In wantonness unlawful, and I answer for't;
So I may live a bawd to your loose works still,
In giving 'em first vent; not I, shall pardon me;
I'll see you honestly join'd ere I release you;
I will not trust you, for the last trick you play'd me:
Here's your old suitors.

PEP. Now we thank you, sir.

Wea. My almanac warns me from all cuckoldy conjunctions.

L. Gold. Be but commander of your word now, sir,
And before all these gentlemen, our friends,
I'll make a worthy choice.

Sun. Fly not ye back now.

Mis. Low. I'll try thee once: I'm married to another,
There's thy release.

Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! there's a release with a witness!
Thou'rt free, sweet wench.

L. Gold. Married to another!
Then, in revenge to thee,[m]
To vex thine eyes, 'cause thou hast mock'd my heart,
And with such treachery repaid my love,
This is the gentleman I embrace and choose.
[*Taking* Beveril *by the hand.*

Mis. Low. O torment to my blood, mine enemy!
None else to make thy choice of but the man
From whence my shame took head!

L. Gold. 'Tis done to quit[n] thee;
Thou that wrong'st woman's love, her hate can fit thee.

Sir O. Twi. Brave wench, i'faith! now thou'st an honest gentleman,
Rid of a swaggering knave, and there's an end on't;
A man of good parts, this t'other had nothing.
Life, married to another!

Sir G. Lamb. O, brave rascal, with two wives!

[m] *Hoyday! there's . . . revenge to thee*] Here, perhaps, the text is corrupted, as the metre is faulty.

[n] *quit*] i. e. requite.

Wea. Nay, and[n] our women be such subtle animals, I'll lay wait at the carrier's for a country chamber-maid, and live still a bachelor. When wives are like almanacs, we may have every year a new one, then I'll bestow my money on 'em; in the meantime I'll give 'em over, and ne'er trouble my almanac about 'em.

Sir G. Lamb. I come in a good time to see you hang'd, sir,
And that's my comfort; now I'll tickle you, sir.

Mis. Low. You make me laugh indeed.

Sir G. Lamb. Sir, you remember
How cunningly you chok'd me at the banquet
With a fine bawdy letter?

Mis. Low. Your own fist, sir.

Sir G. Lamb. I'll read the statute-book to you now for't;
Turn to the act[o] in *anno Jac. primo*,
There lies a halter for your windpipe.

Mis. Low. Fie, no!

Sir O. Twi. Faith, but you'll find it so, sir, an't be follow'd.

Wea. So says my almanac, and he's a true man: Look you; [*reads*] *The thirteenth day, work for the hangman.*

Mis. Low. The fourteenth day, make haste,—'tis time you were there then.

Wea. How! is the book so saucy to tell me so?

Bev. Sir, I must tell you now, but without gall,
The law would hang you, if married to another.

Mis. Low. You can but put me to my book, sweet brother,

[n] *and*] i. e. if.

[o] *the act*, &c.] "An Acte to restrayne all persons from Marriage untill theire former Wyves and former Husbandes be deade."

And I've my neck-verse[p] perfect here and here:
Heaven give thee eternal joy, my dear, sweet brother!
[*Discovering herself, and embracing* BEVERIL:
LOW-WATER *also discovers himself.*

SIR O. TWI. } Who's here?
L. TWI., *&c.* }

SIR G. LAMB. O devil! herself! did she betray me?
A pox of shame, nine coaches shall not stay me!
[*Exit.*

BEV. I've two such deep healths in two joys to pledge,
Heaven keep me from a surfeit!

SIR O. TWI. Mistress Low-water!
Is she the jealous cuckold all this coil's about?—
And my right worshipful serving-man, is't you, sir?

LOW. A poor, wrong'd gentleman, glad to serve for his own, sir.

SIR O. TWI. By my faith,
You've serv'd the widow a fine trick between you.

MIS. LOW. No more my enemy now, my brother's wife
And my kind sister.

SIR O. TWI. There's no starting now from't:
'Tis her own brother; did not you know that?

L. GOLD. 'Twas never told me yet.

SIR O. TWI. I thought y'had known't.

MIS. LOW. What matter is't? 'tis the same man was chose still,
No worse now than he was. I'm bound to love you;
You've exercis'd[q] in this a double charity,

[p] *neck-verse*] i. e. the verse (generally the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, &c.) read by a criminal to entitle him to benefit of clergy.

[q] *exercis'd*] Old ed. "examin'd."

Which, to your praise, shall to all times be known,
Advanc'd my brother, and restor'd mine own,
Nay, somewhat for my wrongs, like a good sister—
For well you know the tedious suit did cost
Much pains and fees; I thank you, 'tis not lost—
You wish'd for love, and, faith, I have bestow'd you
Upon a gentleman that does dearly love you;
That recompence I've made you; and you must think, madam,
I lov'd you well—though I could never ease you—
When I fetch'd in my brother thus to please you.

SIR O. TWI. Here's unity for ever strangely wrought!

L. GOLD. I see, too late, there is a heavy judgment
Keeps company with extortion and foul deeds,
And, like a wind which vengeance has in chase,
Drives back the wrongs into the injurer's face:
My punishment is gentle; and to shew
My thankful mind for't, thus I'll revenge this,
With an embracement here, and here a kiss.

[*Embraces* MISTRESS LOW-WATER *and kisses* BEVERIL.

SIR O. TWI. Why, now the bells they go trim, they go trim.—
I wish'd thee, sir, some unexpected blessing,
For my wife's ransom, and 'tis faln upon thee.

WEA. A pox of this! my almanac ne'er gulled me till this hour: the thirteenth day, work for the hangman, and there's nothing toward it. I'd been a fine ass if I'd given twelvepence for a horse to have rid to Tyburn to-morrow. But now I see the error, 'tis false-figured; it should be, thirteen days and a half, work for the hangman, for he ne'er works under thirteenpence halfpenny; beside,

Venus being a spot in the sun's garment, shews there should be a woman found in hose[r] and doublet.

Sir O. Twi. Nay, faith, sweet wife, we'll make no more hours on't now, 'tis as fine a contracting time as ever came amongst gentlefolks.—Son Philip, master Sandfield, come to the book here.

Phil. Now I'm wak'd
Into a thousand miseries and their torments.

Sav. And I come after you, sir, drawn with wild horses; there will be a brave show on's anon, if this weather continue.

Sir O. Twi. Come, wenches, where be these young gen[tle]men's hands now?

L. Twi. Poor gentleman, my son! [*Aside.*]—Some other time, sir.

Sir O. Twi. I'll have't now, i'faith, wife.

L. Gold. What are you making here?

Sir O. Twi. I've sworn, sweet madam,
My son shall marry master Sunset's daughter,
And master Sandfield mine.

L. Gold. So you go well, sir;
But what make you this way then?

Sir O. Twi. This? for my son.

L. Gold. O back, sir, back! this is no way for him.

Sunset. }
Sir O. Twi. } How!

L. Gold. O, let me break an oath, to save two souls,
Lest I should wake another judgment greater!
You come not here for him, sir.

Sir O. Twi. What's the matter?

[r] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

L. Gold. Either give me free leave to make this match,
Or I'll forbid the banes.[t]
Sir O. Twi. Good madam, take it.
L. Gold. Here, master Sandfield, then ——
Sir O. Twi. Cuds bodkins!
L. Gold. Take you this maid.
[*Giving* Jane *to* Sandfield.
Sand. You could not please me better, madam.
Sir O. Twi. Hoyday! is this your hot love to my daughter, sir?
L. Gold. Come hither, Philip; here's a wife for you. [*Giving* Grace *to* Philip Twilight.
Sir O. Twi. Zouns, he shall ne'er do that; marry his sister!
L. Gold. Had he been rul'd by you, he had married her,
But now he marries master Sunset's daughter,
And master Sandfield yours: I've sav'd your oath sir.
Phil. O may this blessing hold!
Sav. Or else all the liquor runs out.
Sir O. Twi. What riddle's this, madam?
L. Gold. A riddle of some fourteen years of age now.—
You can remember, madam, that your daughter
Was put to nurse to master Sunset's wife.
L. Twi. True, that we talk'd on lately.
Sir O. Twi. I grant that, madam.
L. Gold. Then you shall grant what follows: at that time,
You likewise know, old master Sunset here
Grew backward in the world, till his last fortunes
Rais'd him to this estate.

[t] *banes*] i. e. bans: see note, vol. i. p. 471.

Sir O. Twi. Still this we know too.

L. Gold. His wife, then nurse both to her own and yours,
And both so young, of equal years, and daughters,
Fearing the extremity of her fortunes then
Should fall upon her infant, to prevent it,
She chang'd the children, kept your daughter with her,
And sent her own to you for better fortunes.
So long, enjoin'd by solemn oath unto't
Upon her deathbed, I have conceal'd this;
But now so urg'd, here's yours, and this is his.

Sav. Whoop, the joy is come of our side!

Wea. Hey! I'll cast mine almanac to the moon too, and strike out a new one for next year.

Phil. It wants expression, this miraculous blessing!

Sav. Methinks I could spring up and knock my head
Against yon silver ceiling now for joy!

Wea. By my faith, but I do not mean to follow you there, so I may dash out my brains against Charles' wain, and come down as wise as a carman.

Sir O. Twi. I never wonder'd yet with greater pleasure.

L. Twi. What tears have I bestow'd on a lost daughter,
And left her [here] behind me!

L. Gold. This is Grace,
This Jane; now each has her right name and place.

Sun. I never heard of this.

L. Gold. I'll swear you did not, sir.

Sir O. Twi. How well I've kept mine oath against my will!
Clap hands, and joy go with you! well said, boys!

PHIL. How art thou blest from shame, and I from ruin! [*To* GRACE.

SAV. I from the baker's ditch, if I'd seen you in.

PHIL. Not possible the whole world to match again
Such grief, such joy, in minutes lost and won!

BEV. Who ever knew more happiness in less compass?
Ne'er was poor gentleman so bound to a sister
As I am, for the weakness[u] of thy mind;
Not only that thy due, but all our wealth
Shall lie as open as the sun to man,
For thy employments; so the charity
Of this dear bosom bids me tell thee now.

MIS. LOW. I am her servant for't.

L. GOLD. Hah, worthy sister!
The government of all I bless thee with.

BEV. Come, gentlemen, on all perpetual friendship.
Heaven still relieves what misery would destroy;
Never was night yet of more general joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[u] *weakness*] An evident misprint; but I know not what word to substitute for it: qy. "wittiness"? see title of the play.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by WEATHERWISE.

Now, let me see, what weather shall we have now?
Hold fair now, and I care not [*looking at almanac*]:
mass, full moon too
Just between five and six this afternoon!
This happens right; [*reads*] *the sky for the best part clear,*
Save here and there a cloud or two dispers'd,—
That's some dozen of panders and half a score
Pickpockets, you may know them by their whistle;
And they do well to use that while they may,
For Tyburn cracks the pipe and spoils the music.
What says the destiny of the hour this evening?
Hah, [*reads*] *fear no colours!* by my troth, agreed then;
The red and white looks cheerfully; for, know ye all,
The planet's Jupiter, you should be jovial;
There's nothing lets[u] it but the Sun i' the Dog:
Some bark in corners that will fawn and cog,[v]
Glad of my fragments for their ember-week;
The sign's in Gemini too, both hands should meet,
There should be noise i' th' air, if all things hap,
Though I love thunder when you make the clap.
Some faults perhaps have slipt, I am to answer:[w]
And if in any thing your revenge appears,
Send me in with all your fists about mine ears.

[u] *lets*] i. e. hinders.
[v] *cog*] See note, p. 71.
[w] *answer*] Here a line (ending with the word "Cancer") has dropt out.

THE INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE.

The Inner-Temple Masque. Or Masqve of Heroes. Presented (as an Entertainement for many worthy Ladies:) By Gentlemen of the same Ancient and Noble Hovse. Tho. Middleton. London Printed for John Browne, and are to be sold at his Shop in S. Dunstanes Church-yard in Fleetstreete. 1619. 4to.

It was licensed — "1619 10 July The Temple Maske.— An 1618:" see Chalmers's *Suppl. Apol.* p. 202.

Langbaine (*Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 372) having said, in his notice of this Masque, that Mrs. Behn "has taken *part* of it into the *City Heiress*," we are told in the *Biographia Dramatica*, that "Mrs. Behn has introduced into the *City Heiress a* GREAT *part* of *The Inner-Temple Masque*;" and Warton "believes" that the Masque "is *the foundation*" of Mrs. Behn's play, *Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 399 (note). Now the fact is, that Mrs. Behn has not borrowed a single line of the *City Heiress* from *The Inner-Temple Masque!* Langbaine, who in his list of Middleton's dramas omits *A Mad World, my Masters*, applies, by mistake, to *The Inner-Temple Masque* a remark which he had prepared for his notice of that play, and which he repeats when he mentions the comedy in his Appendix. He also states that the Masque was first printed in 1640—which is the date of the second edition (the earliest he had seen) of *A Mad World, my Masters*—and hence the *Biogr. Dram.* gives a second edition of the Masque in 1640!

THE MASQUE.

This nothing owes to any tale or story
With which some writer pieces up a glory;
I only made the time, they sat to see,
Serve for the mirth itself, which was found free;
And herein fortunate, that's counted good,
Being made for ladies, ladies understood.

T. M.

THE PARTS.	THE SPEAKERS.
Doctor Almanac	Jos. Taylor.
Plumporridge	W. Rowley.
A Fasting-Day	J. Newton.
New Year	H. Atwell.
Time	W. Carpenter.
Harmony	*A Boy.*

TWO ANTEMASQUES.

In the first, six dancers.

Candlemas-Day.	*Ill May-Day.*
Shrove-Tuesday.	*Midsummer-Eve.*
Lent.	*The First Dog-Day.*

The second presented by eight Boys.

Three Good Days. *Three Bad Days.* *Two Indifferent Days.*

The Masque itself receiving its illustration from nine of the Gentlemen of the House.

THE

INNER-TEMPLE MASQUE.

Enter Doctor Almanac, *coming from the funeral of December, or the Old Year.*

D. Al. I have seen the Old Year fairly buried;
Good gentleman he was, but toward his end
Full of diseases: he kept no good diet;
He lov'd a wench in June, which we count vild,[a]
And got the latter end of May with child;
That was his fault, and many an old year smells on't.

Enter Fasting-Day.

How now? who's this?[b] O, one a' the Fasting-Days
That follow'd him to his grave;
I know him by his gauntness, his thin chitterlings;
He would undo a tripe-wife. [*Aside.*]—Fasting-Day,
Why art so heavy?

F.-Day. O, sweet doctor Almanac,
I've lost a dear old master! beside, sir,
I have been out of service all this Kersmas;[c]
Nobody minds Fasting-Day;
I've scarce been thought upon a' Friday nights;
And because Kersmas this year fell upon't,
The Fridays have been ever since so proud,

[a] *vild*] i. e. vile: a form common in our early writers.
[b] *who's this*] Old ed. "*who's* t'is."
[c] *Kersmas*] A corruption of *Christmas.*

They scorn my company: the butchers' boys
At Temple-Bar set their great dogs upon me;
I dare not walk abroad, nor be seen yet;
The very poulters'[d] girls throw rotten eggs at me,
Nay, Fish-street loves me e'en but from teeth outward;
The nearest kin I have looks shy upon me,
As if 't had forgot me. I met Plumporridge now,
My big-swoln enemy; he's plump and lusty,
The only man in place. Sweet master doctor,
Prefer me to the New Year; you can do't.

D. Al. When can I do't, sir? you must stay till Lent.

F.-Day. Till Lent! you kill my heart, sweet master doctor;
Thrust me into Candlemas-Eve, I do beseech you.

D. Al. Away! Candlemas-Eve will never bear thee
I' these days, 'tis so frampole;[e] the Puritans
Will never yield to't.

F.-Day. Why, they're fat enough.

D. Al. Here comes Plumporridge.

Enter Plumporridge.

F.-Day. Ay, he's sure of welcome:
Methinks he moves like one of the great porridge-tubs
Going to the Counter.

Plum. O, killing, cruel sight! yonder's a Fasting-Day, a lean, spiny[f] rascal, with a dog in's belly; his very bowels bark with hunger. Avaunt! thy breath stinks; I do not love to meet thee fasting; thou art nothing but wind, thy stomach's full of farts, as if they had lost their way, and thou made with the

[d] *poulters'*] i. e. poulterers'.
[e] *frampole*] A word variously written: see note, vol. ii. p. 477.
[f] *spiny*] i. e. thin, slender.

wrong end upward, like a Dutch maw, that discharges still into the mouth.

F.-Day. Why, thou whorson breakfast, dinner, nunchions, supper, and bever,[g] cellar, hall, kitchen and wet-larder!

Plum. Sweet master doctor, look quickly upon his water,
That I may break the urinal 'bout his pate.
[*Offering urinal to* D. Almanac.

D. Al. Nay, friendship, friendship!

Plum. Never, master doctor,
With any Fasting-Day, persuade me not,
Nor any thing belongs to Ember-week;
And if I take against a thing, I'm stomachful;[h]
I was born an Anabaptist, a fell foe
To fish and Fridays; pig's my absolute sweetheart;
And shall I wrong my love, and cleave to salt-fish?
Commit adultery with an egg and butter?

D. Al. Well, setting this apart, whose water's this, sir?

Plum. O, thereby hangs a tale; my master Kersmas's,
It is his water, sir; he's drawing on.

D. Al. Kersmas['s]? why, let me see;
I saw him very lusty a' Twelfth Night.

Plum. Ay, that's true, sir; but then he took his bane
With Choosing King and Queen:[i]
Has made his will already, here's the copy.

[g] *nunchions . . . bever*] Refreshments taken between meals; see Richardson's *Dict.* in vv.: the latter seems, properly, to mean a *whet.*

[h] *stomachful*] i. e. stubborn.

[i] *Choosing King and Queen*] See much concerning the Choosing of King and Queen on Twelfth Day, in Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 19, ed. 1813.

D. Al. And what has he given away? let me see, Plumbroth.

[*Taking will from* Plumporridge.

Plum. He could not give away much, sir; his children have so consumed him beforehand.

D. Al. [*reads*] *The last will and testament of Kersmas, irrevocable. In primis, I give and bequeath to my second son In-and-In*[j] *his perpetual lodging i' the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the basket.*[k]

Plum. A sweet allowance for a second brother!

D. Al. [*reads*] *Item, I give to my youngest sons Gleek and Primavista*[l] *the full consuming of nights and days, and wives and children, together with one secret gift, that is, never to give over while they have a penny.*

Plum. And if e'er they do, I'll be hanged!

D. Al. [*reads*] *For the possession of all my lands, manors, manor-houses, I leave them full and wholly to my eldest son Noddy,*[m] *whom, during his minority, I commit to the custody of a pair of Knaves and One-and-thirty.*

Plum. There's knaves enow, a' conscience, to cozen one fool!

D. Al. [*reads*] *Item, I give to my eldest daughter*

[j] *In-and-In*] A game at dice,—"very much used in an ordinary," says Cotton: see *Compleat Gamester*, p. 164, ed. 1674.

[k] *the basket*] In which the broken meat and bread from the sheriffs' table was carried to the Counters, for the use of the poorer prisoners.

[l] *Gleek and Primavista*] Games at cards: concerning the former, see *The Compleat Gamester*, p. 90; and for an account of the latter, which is the same as *Primero*, vide Singer's *Researches into Hist. of Playing Cards*, p. 248, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

[m] *Noddy*] A game at cards, which seems to have been played in more ways than one: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

Tickle-me-quickly, and to her sister My-lady's-hole, free leave to shift for themselves, either in court, city, or country.

PLUM. We thank him heartily.

D. AL. [*reads*] *Item, I leave to their old aunt My-sow-has-pigged*[o] *a litter of courtesans to breed up for Shrovetide.*

PLUM. They will be good ware in Lent, when flesh is forbid by proclamation.

D. AL. [*reads*] *Item, I give to my nephew Gambols,*[p] *commonly called by the name of Kersmas Gambols, all my cattle, horse and mare, but let him shoe 'em himself.*

PLUM. I ha' seen him shoe the mare[q] forty times over.

D. AL. [*reads*] *Also, I bequeath to my cousin-german Wassail-bowl,*[r] *born of Dutch parents, the privilege of a free denizen, that is, to be drunk with Scotch ale or English beer; and, lastly, I have given, by word of mouth, to poor Blind-man-buff a flap with a fox-tail.*

PLUM. Ay, so has given 'em all, for aught I see. But now what think you of his water, sir?

[o] *Tickle-me-quickly . . . My-lady's-hole . . . My-sow-has-pigged*] Games at cards.

[p] *my nephew Gambols*] In *The Masque of Christmas*, 1616, Ben Jonson introduces Christmas and his ten children, among whom is "GAMBOL, *like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer armed with a colt-staff and a binding-cloth.*" *Works* (by Gifford), vol. vii. p. 274.

[q] *shoe the mare*] A Christmas sport:

> "Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care
> That young men have to *shooe the Mare.*"
>
> Herrick's *Hesperides*, &c. p. 146, ed. 1648.

[r] *Wassail-bowl*] Filled with spiced wine or ale, &c., and used on New-year's eve, &c.: see Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 1, sqq. ed. 1813. In the Masque by Jonson just mentioned, one of the children of Christmas is "WASSEL, *like a neat sempster, and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribands and rosemary, before her.*"

D. Al. Well, he may linger out till Candlemas,
But ne'er recover it.
F.-Day. Would he were gone once!
I should be more respected. [*Aside.*

Enter New Year.

D. Al. Here's New Year.
Plum. I've ne'er a gift to give him; I'll begone.
[*Exit.*
D. Al. Mirth and a healthful time fill all your days!
Look freshly, sir.
N. Year. I cannot, master doctor,
My father's death sets the spring backward i' me
For joy and comfort yet; I'm now between
Sorrow and joy, the winter and the spring;
And as time gathers freshness in its season,
No doubt affects[r] will be subdu'd with reason.
D. Al. You've a brave mind to work on; use my rules,
And you shall cut a caper in November,
When other years, your grandfathers, lay bed-rid.
N. Year. What's he that looks so piteously and shakes so?
D. Al.[s] A Fasting-Day.
N. Year. How's that?
D. Al. A foolish Fasting-Day,
An unseasonable coxcomb, seeks now for a service;
Has hunted up and down, has been at court,
And the long porter[t] broke his head across there;

[r] *affects*] i. e. affections, feelings.
[s] *D. Al.*] Old ed. "*Fast.*"
[t] *the long porter*] "Walter Parsons born in this County was first Apprentice to a Smith, when he grew so tall in stature, that a hole was made for him in the Ground to stand therein up to the knees, so to make him adequate with his Fellow-work-men. He afterwards was Porter to King James; seeing as Gates generally are higher than the rest of the Building,

He had rather see the devil; for this he says,
He ne'er grew up so tall with fasting-days.
I would not, for the price of all my almanacs,
The guard had took him there, they'd ha' beat out
His brains with bombards.[u] I bade him stay till Lent,
And now he whimpers; he'd to Rome, forsooth,
That's his last refuge, but would try awhile
How well he should be us'd in Lancashire.

N. Year. He was my father's servant, that he was, sir.[v]

D. Al. 'Tis here upon record.

F.-Day. I serv'd him honestly, and cost him little.

D. Al. Ay, I'll be sworn for that.

F.-Day. Those were the times, sir,
That made your predecessors rich and able
To lay up more for you; and since poor Fasting-days
Were not made reckoning on, the pamper'd flesh
Has play'd the knave, maids have had fuller bellies,
Those meals that once were sav'd have stirr'd, and leapt,
And begot bastards, and they must be kept;

so it was sightly that the Porter should be taller than other Persons. He was proportionable in all parts, and had strength equal to height, Valour to his strength, Temper to his valour, so that he disdained to do an injury to any single person. He would make nothing to take two of the tallest Yeomen of the Guard (like the Gizard and Liver) under his Arms at once, and order them as he pleased. Yet were his Parents (for ought I do understand to the contrary) but of an ordinary stature. . . . This Parsons died Anno Dom. 162-." Fuller's *Worthies* (p. 48, *Stafford-shire*), ed. 1662.

[u] *The guard . . . bombards*] i. e. large cans: compare *The Martyred Souldier*, 1638, by H. Shirley;

"the black Jacks
Or *Bombards* tost by *the King's Guard.*" Sig. D 4.

[v] *that he was, sir*] Should, perhaps, be given to Doctor Almanac.

Better keep Fasting-days, yourself may tell ye,[v]
And for the profit of purse, back, and belly.

D. Al. I never yet heard truth better whin'd out.

N. Year. Thou shalt not all be lost, nor, for vain-glory,
Greedily welcom'd; we'll begin with virtue
As we may hold with't, that does virtue right.—
Set him down, sir, for Candlemas-Eve at night.

F.-Day. Well, better late than never:
This is my comfort,—I shall come to make
All the fat rogues go to bed supperless,
Get dinners where they can. [*Exit.*

Enter Time.

N. Year. How now? what's he?

D. Al. It is old Time, sir, that belong'd to all
Your predecessors.

N. Year. O, I honour that
Reverend figure! may I ever think
How precious thou'rt in youth, how rarely
Redeem'd in age!

Time. Observe, you have Time's service;
There's all in brief.

Enter, for the first Antimasque,[w] Candlemas-Day, Shrove-Tuesday, Lent, Ill May-Day, Midsummer-Eve, *and* First Dog-Day.

N. Year. Ha, doctor, what are these?

[v] *ye*] Old ed. "you."

[w] *Antimasque*] "An Antimasque, or, as Jonson elsewhere calls it, 'a foil, or false masque,' is something directly opposed to the principal masque. If this was lofty and serious, that was light and ridiculous. It admitted of the wildest extravagancies; and it is *only by Jonson that attempts are sometimes made to connect it, in any degree, with the main story.*" Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 251. The praise which Gifford would confine to Jonson may certainly be extended to Middleton.

TIME. The rabble that I pity; these I've serv'd too,
But few or none have ever observ'd me.
Amongst this dissolute rout Candlemas-Day!
I'm sorry to see him so ill associated.
D. AL. Why, that's his cause of coming, to complain
Because Shrove-Tuesday this year dwells so near him;
But 'tis his place, he cannot be remov'd.—
You must be patient, Candlemas, and brook it.—
This rabble, sir, Shrove-Tuesday, hungry Lent,
Ill May-Day, Midsummer-Eve, and the First Dog-Day,
Come to receive their places, due by custom,
And that they build upon.
N. YEAR. Give 'em their charge,
And then admit 'em.
D. AL. I will do't in cone.[x]—
Stand forth, Shrove-Tuesday, one a' the silenc'st bricklayers;
'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses,
To set your tribe a-work, cause spoil in Shoreditch,
And make a dangerous leak there; deface Turnbull,
And tickle Codpiece-Row; ruin the Cockpit;[y]
The poor players never thriv'd in't; a' my conscience,

[x] *in cone*] Qy. *incontinent* (i. e. immediately)? — the MS. having had, perhaps, "*incon.*" A friend suggests that there might have been some abbreviation of *contra*, or *contraries*: see what follows; doctor Almanac charges them to do the reverse of what they ought to do, for "to bid 'em sin's the way to make 'em mend."

[y] *pull down bawdy-houses*, &c. . . . . *ruin the Cockpit*] The apprentices used (as already observed, note, vol. iii. p. 217) to pull down brothels on Shrove-Tuesday: concerning Turnbull Street, see note, vol. iv. p. 34. The rest of the present passage, where there is a pun on the word "leak," is explained by the following extract from Dekker's *Owles Alma-*

Some quean piss'd upon the first brick.—
For you, lean Lent, be sure you utter first
Your rotten herrings, and keep up your best
Till they be rotten, then there's no deceit,
When they be all alike.—You, Ill May-Day,
Be as unruly a rascal as you may,
To stir up deputy Double-diligence,
That comes perking forth with halberts.—
And for you, Midsummer-Eve, that watches warmest,[y]
Be but sufficiently drunk, and you're well harnest.—
You, Dog-Day ——

DOG-DAY. Wow!

D. AL. A churlish, maundering[z] rogue!
You must both beg and rob, curse and collogue;[a]
In cooler nights the barn with doxies fill,
In harvest lie in haycock with your gill.[b]—
They have all their charge.

N. YEAR. You have gi'n't at the wrong end.

D. AL. To bid 'em sin 's the way to make 'em mend,
For what they are forbid they run to headlong;
I ha' cast their inclinations.—Now, your service
To draw fresh blood into your master's cheeks, slaves!

[*Here the first dance and first Antimasque, by these six rude ones, who then exeunt. Exit* TIME.

nacke, 1618: "Shroue-tuesday falles on that day, on which the prentices plucked downe the cocke-pit, and on which they did alwayes vse to rifle Madame Leakes house at the vpper end of Shorditch." Sig. c.

[y] *warmest*] A friend wishes to read "warnest."

[z] *maundering*] i. e. muttering, grumbling: (and in cant language, begging.)

[a] *collogue*] "To Collogue. To wheedle or coax." Grose's *Class. Dict. of Vul. Tongue*, in which sense it is probably used here: it means also—to talk closely with, to plot.

[b] *gill*] i. e. wench.

N. Year. What scornful looks the abusive villains threw
Upon the reverend form and face of Time!
Methought it appear'd sorry, and went angry.
D. Al. 'Tis still your servant.

Enter, for the second Antimasque,[c] Three Good Days, Three Bad Days, *and* Two Indifferent Days.

N. Year. How now? what are these?
D. Al. These are your Good Days and your Bad Days, sir;
Those your Indifferent Days, nor good nor bad.
N. Year. But is here all?
D. Al. A wonder there's so many,
How these broke loose; every one stops their passage,
And makes inquiry after 'em:
This farmer will not cast his seed i' the ground
Before he look in Bretnor; there he finds
Some word[d] which he hugs happily, as, *Ply the box, Make hay betimes, It falls into thy mouth;*
A punctual lady will not paint, forsooth,
Upon his critical days, 'twill not hold well;
Nor a nice city-wedlock[e] eat fresh herring
Nor periwinkles,
Although she long for both, if the word be that day *Gape after gudgeons*, or some fishing phrase;
A scrivener's wife will not entreat the money-master,

[c] *Enter, for the second Antimasque*, &c.] This stage-direction (not in old ed.) is sufficient here, as the persons who compose the second Antimasque are minutely described in a subsequent stage-direction.

[d] *Bretnor . . . word*] See notes, vol. iii. p. 537.

[e] *city-wedlock*] i. e. wife: see note, vol. ii. p. 481.

That lies i' th' house and gets her husband's children,
To furnish a poor gentleman's extremes,
If she find *Nihil in a bag* that morning;
And so of thousand follies: these suffice
To shew you Good, Bad, and Indifferent Days;
And all have their inscriptions—here's *Cock-a-hoop*,
This *The gear cottens*,[g] and this *Faint heart never;*
These noted black for badness, *Rods in piss*,
This *Post for puddings*, this *Put up thy pipes;*
These black and white, indifferently inclining
To both their natures, *Neither full nor fasting*,
In dock out nettle.[h]—Now to your motion,
Black knaves and white knaves, and you, parcel-rascals,[i]
Two hypocritical, party-colour'd varlets,
That play o' both hands.

[*Here the second dance and last Antimasque by eight boys habited according to their former characters: the* Three Good Days *attired all in white garments sitting close to their bodies, their inscriptions on their breasts—on the first* Cock-a-hoop, *on the second* The gear cottens, *on the third* Faint heart never: *The* Three Bad Days *all in black garments, their faces black, and their inscriptions—on the first* Rods in piss, *on the second* Post for puddings, *on the third* Put up thy pipes:

[g] *the gear cottens*] i. e. the matter goes on prosperously: see note, vol. ii. p. 150.

[h] *In dock out nettle*] Compare vol. iii. p. 611, and note. The expression occurs in J. Heywood's *Dialogue*, &c.;

"But wauering as the winde, *in docke, out nettle.*"
Sig. F 2, *Workes*, ed. 1598.

and in Taylor's *Farewell to the Tower Bottles*, p. 125—*Workes*, ed. 1630.

[i] *parcel-rascals*] i. e. partly rascals.

The TWO INDIFFERENT DAYS *in garments half white, half black, their faces seamed with that party-colour, and their inscriptions — on the first* Neither full nor fasting, *on the second* In dock out nettle. *These having purchased a smile from the cheeks of many a beauty by their ridiculous figures, vanish, proud of that treasure.*

D. AL. I see these pleasures of low births and natures
Add little freshness to your cheeks; I pity you,
And can no longer now conceal from you
Your happy omen. Sir, blessings draw near you;
I will disclose a secret in astrology,
By the sweet industry of Harmony,
Your white and glorious friend;
Even very deities have conspir'd to grace
Your fair inauguration; here I find it,
'Tis clear in art,
The minute, nay, the point of time's arriv'd,
Methinks the blessings touch you; now they're felt, sir.

[*At which loud music heard, the first cloud vanishing,* HARMONY *is discovered, with her sacred quire.*

The First Song.

HAR. [*sings*]
New Year, New Year, hark, harken to me!
I am sent down
To crown
Thy wishes with me:
Thy fair desires in virtue's court are fil'd;
The goodness of thy thought
This blessed work hath wrought,
Time shall be reconcil'd.

Thy spring shall in all sweets abound,
Thy summer shall be clear and sound,
Thy autumn swell the barn and loft
With corn and fruits, ripe, sweet, and soft;
And in thy winter, when all go,
Thou shalt depart as white as snow.

[*Then a second cloud vanishing, the Masquers themselves are discovered, sitting in arches of clouds, being nine in number, heroes deified for their virtues: the song goes on.*

Behold, behold, hark, harken to me!
Glory's come down
To crown
Thy wishes with me:
Bright heroes in lasting honour spher'd,
Virtue's eternal spring,
By making Time their king,
See, they're beyond time rear'd;
Yet, in their love to human good,
In which estate themselves once stood,
They all descend to have their worth
Shine to imitation forth;
And by their motion, light, and love,
To shew how after-times should move.

[*Then the Masquers descending set to their first dance.*

The Second Song.

HAR. [*sings*]

Move on, move on, be still the same,
You beauteous sons of brightness;
You add to honour spirit and flame,
To virtue grace and whiteness;
You whose every little motion
May learn strictness more devotion,

Every pace of that high worth
It treads a fair example forth,
Quickens a virtue, makes a story
To your own heroic glory;
May your three-times-thrice blest number,
Raise merit from his ancient slumber!
Move on, move on, &c.

[*Then they order themselves for their second dance, after which*

The Third Song.

HAR. [*sings*]

See, whither fate hath led you, lamps of honour,
For goodness brings her own reward upon her;
Look, turn your eyes, and then conclude commending,
And say you've lost no worth by your descending;
Behold, a heaven about you, spheres more plenty,
There for one Luna here shines ten, and for one Venus twenty.
Then, heroes, double both your fame and light,
Each choose his star, and full adorn this night.

[*At which the Masquers make choice of their ladies and dance.* TIME *re-entering, thus closes all.*

TIME. The morning gray
Bids come away;
Every lady should begin
To take her chamber, for the stars are in.
[*Then making his honour to the ladies.*
Live long the miracles of times and years,
Till with those heroes you sit fix'd in spheres!

THE

WORLD TOST AT TENNIS.

A Courtly Masque: The Deuice called, The World tost at Tennis. As it hath beene diuers times Presented to the Contentment of many Noble and Worthy Spectators: By the Prince his Seruants.

Inuented and set downe, By { *Tho: Middleton* & *William Rowley* } *Gent.*

London printed by George Purslowe, and are to be sold at Christ ——. 4to.

In all the copies of this Masque which I have seen, a portion of the letter-press has been cut off from the bottom of the title-page by the binder. Langbaine (*Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 374) gives to it the date 1620: and so the *Biographia Dramatica*, which adds that it was entered on the book of the Stationers' Company July 4, in that year.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE

CHARLES LORD HOWARD, Baron of Effingham,

AND TO HIS VIRTUOUS AND WORTHY LADY

The Right Honourable MARY LADY EFFINGHAM,

Eldest Daughter of the truly generous and judicious Sir William Cockaine, *Knight, Lord Mayor of this City, and Lord General of the Military Forces.*

To whom more properly may art prefer
Works of this nature, which are high and rare,
Fit to delight a prince's eye and ear,
Than to the hands of such a worthy pair?
Imagine this—mix'd with delight and state,
Being then an entertainment for the best—
Your noble nuptials comes to celebrate;
And though it fall short of the day and feast
Of your most sacred and united loves,
Let none say therefore it untimely moves:
It can, I hope, come out of season never
To find your joys new—as at first, for ever.

Most respectfully devoted

To both your Honours,

Tho. Middleton.

To the well-wishing, well-reading Understander,

well-understanding Reader,

SIMPLICITY S.P.D.

AFTER most hearty commendations, my kind and unknown friends, trusting in Phœbus your understandings are all in as good health as Simplicity's was at the writing hereof; this is to certify you further, that this short and small treatise that follows, called a *Masque*, the device further intituled *The World tost at Tennis*—how it will be now tossed in the world, I know not—a toy brought to the press rather by the printer than the poet, who requested an epistle for his pass, to satisfy his perusers how hitherto he hath behaved himself. First, for his conception, he was begot in Brainford,[a] born on the bank-side of Helicon, brought up amongst noble gentle commons and good scholars of all sorts, where, for his time, he did good and honest service beyond the small seas: he was fair-spoken, never accused of scurrilous or obscene language, a virtue not ever found in scenes of the like condition; of as honest meaning reputed, as his words reported; neither too bitterly taxing, nor too soothingly telling, the world's broad abuses; moderately merry, as sententiously serious; never condemned but for his brevity in speech, ever wishing his tale longer, to be assured he would continue to so good a purpose. Having all these

[a] *Brainford*] A corruption of Brentford—used here with a quibble.

handsome qualities simply, and no other compounded with knavery, there is great hope he shall pass still by the fair way of good report, persevering in those honest courses which may become the son of Simplicity, who, though he be now in a masque, yet is his face apparent enough. And so, loving cousins, having no news to send you at this time, but that Deceit is entering upon you, whom I pray you have a care to avoid; and this notice I can give you of him, — there are some six or eight pages before him, the Lawyer and the Devil behind him. In this care I leave you, not leaving to be

Your kind and loving kinsman,

SIMPLICITY.

PROLOGUE.

This our device we do not call a play,
Because we break the stage's laws to-day
Of acts and scenes: sometimes a comic strain
Hath hit delight home in the master-vein,
Thalia's prize; Melpomene's sad style
Hath shook the tragic hand another while;
The Muse of History hath caught your eyes,
And she [that] chaunts the pastoral psalteries:
We now lay claim to none, yet all present,
Seeking out pleasure to find your content.
You shall perceive, by what comes first in sight,
It was intended for a royal night:
There's one hour's words, the rest in songs and dances;
Lauds no man's own, no man himself advances,
No man is lifted but by other hands;
Say he could leap, he lights but where he stands:
Such is our fate; if good, much good may't do you!
If not, sorry we'll lose our labours wi' you.

THE FIGURES AND PERSONS

PROPERLY RAISED FOR EMPLOYMENT THROUGH THE WHOLE MASQUE.

First, three ancient and princely Receptacles, RICHMOND, ST. JAMES'S, *and* DENMARK-HOUSE.

A Scholar.	PALLAS.
A Soldier.	JUPITER.

The Nine Worthies [*the Nine Muses.*]

The first Song and first Dance.

TIME, *a plaintiff, but his grievances delivered courteously.*
The five Starches, White, Blue, Yellow, Green, and Red.

The second Dance.

SIMPLICITY.	*The Intermeddler.*
DECEIT.	*The Disguiser.*

The second Song.

A King	*A Sea-Captain.*
A Land-Captain.	*Mariners.*

The third Song and third Dance.

The Flamen.	*The Lawyer.*

The fourth and last Dance, the Devil an intermixer.

THE

WORLD TOST AT TENNIS.

An INDUCTION *to the Masque prepared for his Majesty's Entertainment at Denmark-House.*

Enter RICHMOND *and* ST. JAMES'S.

ST. JAM. Why, Richmond, Richmond, why art so heavy?

RICH. I have reason enough for that, good, sainted sister; am I not built with stone—fair, large, and free stone—some part covered with lead too?

ST. JAM. All this is but a light-headed understanding now; I mean, why so melancholy? thou lookest mustily, methinks.

RICH. Do I so? and yet I dwell in sweeter air than you, sweet St. James: how three days warming has spirited you! you have sometimes your vacations as other of your friends have, if you call yourself to mind.

ST. JAM. Thou never sawest my new gallery and my tennis-court, Richmond.

RICH. No, but I heard of it, and from whence it came too.

ST. JAM. Why, from whence came it?

RICH. Nay, lawfully derived, from the brick-kilns, as thou didst thyself.

St. Jam. Thou breedest crickets, I think, and that will serve for the anagram to a critic. Come, I know thy grief;
Thou fear'st that our late rival, Denmark-House,
Will take from our regard, and we shall want
The noble presence of our princely master
In his so frequent visitation,
Which we were wont so fully to enjoy.

Rich. And is not that a cause of sorrow then?

St. Jam. Rather a cause of joy, that we enjoy
So fair a fellowship. Denmark! why, she's
A stately palace and majestical,
Ever of courtly breeding, but of late
Built up unto a royal height of state,
Rounded with noble prospects; by her side
The silver-footed Thamesis doth slide,
As, though more faintly, Richmond, does by thee,
Which I, denied to touch, can only see.

Enter Denmark-House.

Rich. Who's this?

St. Jam. 'Tis she herself, i'faith; comes with
A courteous brow.

Den.-H. Ye're welcome, most nobly welcome!

St. Jam. Hark you now, Richmond; did not I tell thee 'twas
A royal house?

Den.-H. Why, was there any doubt
Of our kind gratulation? I am proud
Only to be in fellowship with you,
Co-mate and servant to so great a master.

St. Jam. That's Richmond's fear thou'lt rob us both, thou hast such an enticing face of thine own.

Den.-H. O let not that be any difference!
When we do serve, let us be ready for't,
And call'd at his great pleasure; the round year

In her circumferent arms will fold us all,
And give us all employment seasonable.
I am for colder hours, when the bleak air
Bites with an icy tooth: when summer has sear'd,
And autumn all discolour'd, laid all fallow,
Pleasure taken house and dwells within doors,
Then shall my towers smoke and comely shew:
But when again the fresher morn appears,
And the soft spring renews her velvet head,
St. James's take my blest inhabitants,
For she can better entertain them then,
In larger grounds,[a] in park, sports, and delights:
Yet a third season,[b] with the western oars,
Calls up to Richmond, when the high-heated year
Is in her solsticy; then she affords
More sweeter-breathing air, more bounds, more pleasures;
The hounds' loud music to the flying stag,
The feather'd talenter[c] to the falling bird,
The bowman's twelve-score prick[d] even at the door,
And to these I could add a hundred more.
Then let not us strive which shall be his homes,
But strive to give him welcome when he comes.

RICH. By my troth, he shall be welcome to Richmond whensoever he comes.

[a] *In larger grounds*, &c.] Old ed.
"In larger bounds, in Parke, sports, delights, and grounds." In altering this corrupted line I have preferred retaining the word "grounds" rather than "bounds," because the latter presently occurs.

[b] *Yet a third season*] Old ed. "A third season yet."

[c] *talenter*] i. e. hawk. Our early poets repeatedly use *talent* for *talon:*

"His *talents* red with blood of murthered foules."
Drayton's *Owle*, 1604, sig. D 2.

See, too, the quibble in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 2. "If a *talent* be a claw," &c.

[d] *prick*] i. e. the point or mark in the centre of the butts.

St. Jam. And to St. James's, i'faith, at midnight.
Den.-H. Meantime 'tis fit I give him welcome hither;—
But first to you, my royal, royal'st guest,[e]
And I could wish your banquet were a feast;
Howe'er, your welcome is most bounteous,
Which, I beseech you, take as gracious.—
To you, my owner, master, and my lord,
Let me the second unto you afford,
And then from you to all; for it is you
That gives indeed what I but seem to do.
I was from ruin rais'd by a fair hand,
A royal hand; in that state let me stand
For ever now: to bounty I was bred,
My cups full-brimm'd and my free tables spread
To hundreds daily, even without my door;
I had an open hand unto the poor,
I know I shall so still; then shall their prayers
Pass by the porter's keys, climb up each stairs,
And knit and joint my new re-edified frames,
That I shall able be to keep your names
Unto eternity: Denmark-House shall keep
Her high name now till Time doth fall asleep
And be no more. Meantime, welcome, welcome,
Heartily welcome! but chiefly you, great sir;
Whate'er lies in my power, command me all,
As freely as you were at your Whitehall. [*Exeunt.*

[e] *royal'st guest*] May mean Queen Anne; but more probably, I think, her brother, the king of Denmark, who visited England twice, in 1606 and in 1614. "In the reign of King James I. the house before us [Somerset-house] became, *ipso facto*, a royal residence on the part of the Queen, and even changed its name; and it appears that her Majesty repaired it, at her own charge, for the reception of her brother Christian IV., king of Denmark, who visited England A.D. 1606, from which time it is said that the Queen affected to call it *Denmark-House*." *Curialia, P. IV.* p. 63, by Pegge; who, after more on this subject, chooses to rely on the statement of the

A COURTLY MASQUE, &c.

Enter a Soldier and a Scholar.

Scho. Soldier, ta-ra-ra-ra-ra! how is't? thou lookest as if thou hadst lost a field to-day.

Sol. No, but I have lost a day i' the field: if you take me a maunding[c] but where I am commanding, let 'em shew me the House of Correction.

Scho. Why, thou wert not maunding, wert thou? there's martial danger in that, believe it.

Sol. No, sir; but I was bold to shew myself to some of my old and familiar acquaintance, but being disguised with my wants, there's nobody knew me.

Scho. Faith, and that's the worst disguise a man can walk in; thou wert better have appeared drunk in good clothes, much better: there's no superfluities shame a man,—as to be over-brave,[d] overbold, over-swearing, over-lying, over-whoring; these add still to his repute: 'tis the poor indigence, the want, the lank deficiency,—as when a

continuators of Stow's *Survey of London*—that on Shrove-Tuesday, 1616, Queen Anne having feasted King James at Somerset-House, *he* then changed its name, and appointed it to be thenceforth called Denmark-House, p. 65: see also Nichols's *Prog. of K. James*, vol. iii. p. 253.

When this Masque was originally produced as a royal entertainment, I know not. The noble pair to whom it is dedicated were not married till 1620: see Collins's *Peerage* (by Brydges), vol. iv. p. 277. Towards the end of it there is an evident allusion to the wars in the Palatinate.

[c] *maunding*] i. e. begging: see note, vol. ii. p. 536.

[d] *over-brave*] i. e. over-finely dressed.

man cannot be brave, dares not be bold, is afraid to swear, wants maintenance for a lie, and money to give a whore a supper; this is *pauper cujus modicum non satis est:* nay, he shall never be rich with begging neither, which is another wonder, because many beggars are rich.

Sol. O *canina facundia!* this dog-eloquence of thine will make thee somewhat one day, scholar: couldst thou turn but this prose into rhyme, there were a pitiful living to be picked out of it.

Scho. I could make ballads for a need.

Sol. Very well, sir, and I'll warrant thee thou shalt never want subject to write of: one hangs himself to-day, another drowns himself to-morrow, a sergeant stabbed next day; here a pettifogger a' the pillory, a bawd in the cart's nose, and a pander in the tail; *hic mulier, hæc vir*, fashions, fictions, felonies, fooleries; — a hundred havens has the balladmonger to traffic at, and new ones still daily discovered.

Scho. Prithee, soldier, no further this way; I participate more of Heraclitus than Democritus; I could rather weep the sins of the people than sing 'em.

Sol. Shall I set thee down a course to live?

Scho. Faith, a coarse living, I think, must serve my turn; but why hast thou not found out thine own yet?

Sol. Tush, that's resolv'd on, beg; when there's use for me
I shall be brave again, hugg'd and belov'd:
We are like winter-garments, in the height
And [the] hot blood of summer, put off, thrown by
For moths' meat, never so much as thought on;
Till the drum strikes up storms again, and then,
Come, my well-linèd soldier, (with valour,

Not valure,)[e] keep me warm; O, I love thee!
We shall be trimm'd and very well brush'd then;
If we be fac'd with fur 'tis tolerable,
For we may pillage then and steal our prey,
And not be hang'd for't; when the least fingering
In peaceful summer chokes us. A soldier,
At the best, is even but the forlorn hope
Unto his country, sent desperately out,
And never more expected; if he come,
Peace's war, perhaps, the law, providently
Has provided for him some house or lands,
May be suspens'd in wrangling controversy,
And he be hir'd to keep possession,
For there may be swords drawn; he may become
The abject second to some stinking baily:
O, let him serve the pox first, and die a gentleman!
Come, I know my ends, but would fain provide for thee;
Canst thou make ——

Scho. What? I have no handicraft, man.

Sol. Cuckolds, make cuckolds; 'tis a pretty trade
In a peaceful city; 'tis women's work, man,
And they're good paymasters.

Scho. I dare not; 'tis a work
Of supererogation, and the church
Forbids it.

Sol. Prithee, what is Latin for
A cuckold, scholar? I could never learn yet.

Scho. Faith, the Latins have no proper word for it
That ever I read; *homo*, I take it, is the best,
Because it is a common name to all men.

[e] *valure*] Or rather *velure*—i. e. velvet.

Sol. You're mad fellows you scholars; I'm persuaded,
Were I a scholar now, I could not want.
Scho. Every man's most capable of his own grief:
A scholar said you? why, there are none now-a-days;
Were you a scholar, you'd be a singular fellow.
Sol. How, no scholars? what's become of 'em all?
Scho. I'll make it proof from your experience:
A commander's a commander, captain captain;
But having no soldiers, where's the command?
Such are we, all doctors, no disciples now;
Every man's his own teacher, none learns of others.
You have not heard of our mechanic rabbies,
That shall dispute in their own tongues backward and forward
With all the learnèd fathers of the Jews?
Sol. Mechanic rabbies? what might those be?
Scho. I'll shew you, sir—
And they are men are daily to be seen—
There's rabbi Job a venerable silk-weaver,
Jehu a throwster[f] dwelling i' the Spitalfields,
There's rabbi Abimelech a learnèd cobbler,
Rabbi Lazarus a superstichious[g] tailor;
These shall hold up their shuttles, needles, awls,
Against the gravest Levite of the land,
And give no ground neither.
Sol. That I believe;
They have no ground for any thing they do.
Scho. You understand right; and these men, by practique,

[f] *a throwster*] "One that throws, or winds, silk or thread" (Kersey's *Dict.*), preparing the materials for the weaver.
[g] *superstichious*] So old ed.—with a quibble.

Have got the theory of all the arts
At their fingers' ends, and in that they'll live;
Howe'er they'll die I know not, for they change daily.

SOL. This is strange; how come they to attain this knowledge?

SCHO. As boys learn arithmetic,—practice with counters,
To reckon sums of silver; so, with their tools,
They come to grammar, logic, rhetoric,
And all the sciences; as, for example,
The devout weaver sits within his loom,
And thus he makes a learnèd syllogism,—
His woof the major and his warp the minor,
His shuttle then the brain and firm conclusion,
Makes him a piece of stuff that Aristotle,
Ramus, nor all the logicians can take a' pieces.

SOL. This has some likelihood.

SCHO. So likewise, by
His deep instructive and his mystic tools,
The tailor comes to be rhetorical:
First, on the spread velvet, satin, stuff, or cloth,
He chalks out a circumferent periphrase,[h]
That goes about the bush where the thief stands;
Then comes his shears in shape of an eclipsis,
And takes away the other's[i] too long tail;
By his needle he understands ironia,
That with one eye looks two ways at once;
Metonymia ever at his fingers' ends;
Some call his pickadill[j] synecdoche,
But I think rather that should be his yard,
Being but *pars pro toto;* and by metaphor

[h] *periphrase*] Old ed. "Paraphrase."
[i] *the other's*] Old ed. "*the* t'others."
[j] *pickadill*] i. e. collar with stiffened plaits.

All know the cellaridge under the shop-board
He calls his hell, not that it is a place
Of spirits' abode, but that from that abyss
Is no recovery or redemption
To any owner's hand, whatever falls.
I could run further, were't not tedious,
And place the stiff-toed cobbler in his form:
But let them mend themselves, for yet all's naught,
They now learn only never to be taught.

SOL. Let them alone; how shall we learn to live?

SCHO. Without book is most perfect, for with 'em
We shall hardly: thou may'st keep a fence-school,
'Tis a noble science.

SOL. I had rather be i' the crown-office:
Thou mayest keep school too, and do good service,
To bring up children for the next age better.

SCHO. 'Tis a poor living that's pick'd out of boys' buttocks.

SOL. 'Tis somewhat better than the night-farmer yet. [*Music.*
Hark, what sounds are these?

PALLAS *descends.*

SCHO. Ha! there's somewhat more;
There is in sight a presence glorious,[k]
A presence more than human.

SOL. An amazing one!
Scholar, if ever thou couldst conjure, speak now.

SCHO. In name of all the deities, what art thou?
Thy shine is more than sub-celestial,
'Tis at the least heavenly-angelical.

PAL. A patroness unto ye both, ye ignorant

[k] *presence glorious*] Old ed. "glorious presence."

And undeserving favourites of my fame.—
You are a soldier?

Sol. Since these arms could wield arms,
I have profess'd it, brightest deity.

Pal. To thee I am Bellona.—You are a scholar?

Scho. In that poor pilgrimage, since I could go,
I hitherto have walk'd.

Pal. To thee I am Minerva;
Pallas to both, goddess of arts and arms,
Of arms and arts, for neither have precedence,
For he's the complete man partakes of both,
The soul of arts join'd with the flesh of valour,
And he alone participates with me:
Thou art no soldier unless a scholar,
Nor thou a scholar unless a soldier.
Ye've noble breedings both, worthy foundations,
And will ye build up rotten battlements
On such fair groundsels? that will ruin all.
Lay wisdom on thy valour, on thy wisdom valour,
For these are mutual co-incidents.—
What seeks the soldier?

Sol. My maintenance.

Pal. Lay by thine arms and take the city then,
There's the full cup and cap of maintenance.—
And your grief is want too?

Scho. I want all but grief.

Pal. No, you want most what most you do profess:
Where read you to be rich was happiest?
He had no bay from Phœbus, nor from me,
That ever wrote so, no Minerva in him;
My priests have taught that poverty is safe,
Sweet and secure, for nature gives man nothing
At his birth; when life and earth are wedded,
There's neither basin held nor dowry given;
At parting nor is any garner stor'd,

Wardrobe or warehouse kept, for their return:
Wherefore shall, then, man count his myriads
Of gold and silver idols, since thrifty nature
Will nothing lend but she will have't again,
And life and labour for her interest?
My priests do teach,—seek thou thyself within,
Make thy mind wealthy, thy conscience knowing,[l]
And those shall keep thee company from hence.
Or would you wish to emulate the gods,
Live, as you may imagine, careless and free,
With joys and pleasures crown'd, and those eternal?
This were to far exceed 'em; for while earth lasts,
The deities themselves abate their fulness,
Troubled with cries of ne'er-contented man;
Man then to seek and find it; all that hope
Fled when Pandora's fatal box flew ope.

Sol. Lady divine,[m] there's yet a competence
Which we come short of.

Pal. That may as well be caus'd
From your own negligence as our slow blessings;
But I'll prefer you to a greater power,
Even Jupiter himself,[n] father and king of gods,
With whom I may well join in just complaint.
These latter ages have despoil'd my fame;
Minerva's altars are all ruin'd now:
I had a long-ador'd Palladium,
Offerings and incense fuming on my shrine;
Rome held me dear, and old Troy gave me worship,
All Greece renown'd me, till the Ida-prize
Join'd me with wrathful Juno to destroy 'em,
For we are better ruin'd than profan'd:

[l] *conscience knowing*] Old ed. "knowing conscience."
[m] *Lady divine*] Old ed. "Diuine Lady."
[n] *himself*] This word should, perhaps, be thrown out.

Now let the latter ages count the gains
They got by wanton Venus' sacrifice;
But I'll invoke great Jupiter.
SCHO. Do, goddess,
And re-erect the ruins of thy fame,
For poesy can do it.
PAL. Altitonant,[o]
Imperial-crown'd, and thunder-armèd Jove,
Unfold thy fiery veil, the flaming robe
And superficies of thy better brightness;
Descend from thine orbicular chariot,
Listen the plaints of thy poor votaries!
'Tis Pallas calls, thy daughter, Jupiter,
Ta'en from thee by the Lemnian Mulciber,
A midwife-god to the delivery
Of thy most sacred, fertile, teeming brain.—[*Music.*
Hark!
These sounds proclaim his willing sweet descent;
If not full blessings, expect some content.

JUPITER *descends.*

JUP. What would our daughter?
PAL. Just-judging Jove,
Y-meditate[p] the suit of humble mortals,
By whose large sceptre all their fates are sway'd,
Adverse or auspicious.
JUP. 'Tis more than Jupiter
Can do to please 'em: unsatisfied man
Has in his ends no end; not hell's abyss
Is deeper-gulf'd than greedy avarice;
Ambition finds no mountain high enough
For his aspiring foot to stand upon:

[o] *Altitonant*] i. e. thundering from on high.
[p] *Y-meditate*] The right reading, I presume: old ed. "I meditate."

One drinks out all his blessings into surfeits,
Another throws 'em out as all were his,
And the gods bound for prodigal supply:
What is he lives content in any kind?
That long-incensèd nature is now ready
To turn all back into the fruitless chaos.

PAL. These are two noble virtues, my dread sire,
Both arts and arms, well-wishers unto Pallas.

JUP. How can it be but they have both abus'd,
And would, for their ills, make our justice guilty?
Shew them their shames, Minerva; what the young world,
In her unstable youth, did then produce;
She should grow graver now, more sage, more wise,
Know concord and the harmony of goodness;
But if her old age strike with harsher notes,
We may then think she is too old, and dotes.
Strike, by white art, a theomantic power,
Magic divine—not the devil's horror,
But the delicious music of the spheres—
The thrice-three Worthies summon back to life;
There let 'em see what arts and arms commixt—
For they had both—did in the world's broad face;
Those that did propagate and beget their fames,
And for posterity left lasting names.

PAL. I shall, great Jupiter.

[*Music, and this Song as an invocation to the Nine Muses, who, in the time, are discovered, with the Nine Worthies, on the upper-stage:*[q] *toward the conclusion they descend, each Worthy led by a Muse, the most proper and pertinent to the person of the Worthy, as* TERPSICHORE *with* DAVID, URANIA *with* JOSHUA, *&c.*

[q] *upper-stage*] See note, vol. ii. p. 125.

The First Song.

Muses, usher in those states,[r]
And amongst 'em choose your mates;
There wants not one, nor one to spare,
For thrice three both your numbers are:
Learning's mistress fair Calliope,
Loud Euterpe, sweet Terpsichore,
Soft Thalia, sad Melpomene,
Pleasant Clio, large Erato,
High aspiring-ey'd Urania,
Honey-lingued[s] *Polyhymnia,*
Leave awhile your Thespian springs,
And usher in those more than kings;
We call them Worthies, 'tis their due,
Though long time dead, still live by you.

[*Enter at the three several doors the Nine Worthies, three after three, whom, as they enter,* Pallas *describes.*

Pal. These three were Hebrews;
This noble duke[t] was he at whose command
Hyperion rein'd his fiery coursers in,
And fixèd stood over Mount Gilboa;
This Mattathias' son,[u] the Maccabee,
Under whose arm no less than worthies fell;
This the most sweet and sacred psalmograph:[v]
These, of another sort, of much less knowledge, . .

[r] *states*] i. e. persons of dignity.
[s] *Honey-lingued*] i. e. Honey-tongued.
[t] *duke*] i. e. general, commander.

"And in lyke wyse *duke Josue* the gente."
Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, sig. C c ii. ed. 1555.

[u] *Mattathias' son*] i. e. Judas Maccabæus.
[v] *psalmograph*] i. e. psalm-writer, viz. David.

Little less valour, a Macedonian born,[w]
Whom afterwards the world could scarcely bear
For his great weight in conquest; this Troy's best soldier,[x]
This Rome's first Cæsar: these three, of latter times,
And to the present more familiar,
Great Charles of France[y] and the brave Bulloin duke;[z]
And this is Britain's glory,[a] king'd thirteen times.—
Ye've fair aspècts: more to express Jove's power,
Shew you have motion for a jovial hour.

[*The Nine Worthies dance,*[b] *and then exeunt.*

Jup. Were not these precedents for all future ages?

Scho. But none attains their glories, king of stars;
These are the fames are follow'd and pursu'd,
But never overtaken.

Jup. The fate's below,
The god's arms are not shorten'd, nor do we shine
With fainter influence: who conquers now
Makes it his tyrant's prize, and not his honour's,
Abusing all the blessings of the gods;
Learnings and arts are theories, no practiques,
To understand is all they study to;
Men strive to know too much, too little do.

Sol. Plaints are not ours alone, great Jupiter;

[w] *a Macedonian born*] i. e. Alexander the Great.
[x] *Troy's best soldier*] i. e. Hector.
[y] *Charles of France*] i. e. Charlemagne.
[z] *Bulloin duke*] i. e. Godfrey of Bouillon.
[a] *Britain's glory*] i. e. Arthur.
[b] *The Nine Worthies dance,* &c.] Qy. did the authors intend them to dance with the Muses? but in the preceding stage-direction (which I have given as it stands in old ed.) the entrance of the latter is not marked.

Enter TIME.

See, Time himself comes weeping.
TIME. Who has more cause?
Who more wrong'd than Time? Time passes all men
With a regardless eye at best; the worst
Expect him with a greedy appetite;
The landed lord looks for his quarter-day,
The big-bellied usurer for his teeming gold,
That brings him forth the child of interest,
He that, beyond the bounds of heaven's large blessing,
Hath made a fruitless creature to increase,
Dull earthen minerals to propagate;
These only do expect and entertain me,
But being come, they bend their plodding heads,
And while they count their bags they let me pass,
Yet instant wish me come about again:
Would Time deserve their thanks, or Jove their praise,
He must turn time only to quarter-days.
O, but my wrongs they are innumerable!
The lawyer drives me off from term to term,
Bids me—and I do't—bring forth my Alethe,
My poor child Truth, he sees and will not see her;
What I could manifest in one clear day,
He still delays a cloudy jubilee:
The prodigal wastes and makes me sick with surfeits;
The drunkard, strong in wine, trips up my heels,
And sets me topsy-turvy on my head,
Waking my silent passage in the night
With revels, noise, and thunder-clapping oaths,
And snorting on my bright meridian;
And when they think I pass too slowly by,

They have a new-found vapour to expel me,
They smoke me out: ask 'em but why they do't,
And he that worst can speak yet this can say,
I take this whiff to drive the time away.
O, but the worst of all, women do hate me!
I cannot set impression on their cheeks
With all my circular hours, days, months, and years,
But 'tis wip'd off with gloss and pencilry;
Nothing so hateful as gray hairs and time,
Rather no hair at all. 'Tis sin's autumn now
For those fair trees that were more fairer cropt,
Or they fall of themselves, or will be lopt:
Even Time itself, to number all his griefs,
Would waste himself unto his ending date.
How many would eternity wish here,
And that the sun, and time, and age, might stand,
And leave their annual distinction,—
That nature were bed-rid, all motion sleep!
Time having then such foes, has cause to weep.—
Redress it, Jupiter. [*Exit.*

Jup. I tell thee, glorious daughter, and you, things
Shut up in wretchedness, the world knew once
His age of happiness, blessèd times own'd him,
Till those two ugly ills, Deceit and Pride,
Made it a perish'd substance. Pride brought in
Forgetfulness of goodness, merit, virtue,
And plac'd ridiculous officers in life,
Vain-glory, fashion, humour, and such toys,
That shame to be produc'd;
The frenzy of apparel, that's run mad,
And knows not where to settle: masculine painting,
And the five Starches, mocking the five senses,
All in their different and ridiculous colours;
Which, for their apish and fantastic follies,

I summon to make odious, and will fit 'em
With flames of their own colours.

[*Music striking up a light fantastic air, the Five Starches, White, Blue, Yellow, Green, and Red, all properly habited to express their affected colours,*[a] *come dancing in; and after a ridiculous strain, White Starch challenging precedency, standing upon her right by antiquity, out of her just anger presents their pride to them.*

WHITE S. What, no respect amongst you? must I wake you
In your forgetful duties? jet[b] before me!
Take place of me?—You, rude, presumptuous gossip,
Pray, who am I! not I the primitive Starch?
You, blue-ey'd frokin,[c] looks like fire and brimstone;—
You, caudle-colour, much of the complexion
Of high Shrove-Tuesday batter,[d] yellow-hammer;—
And you, my tanzy-face, that shews like pride
Serv'd up in sorrel-sops, green-sickness baggage;—
And last, thou Red Starch, that wear'st all thy blushes
Under thy cheeks, looks like a strangled moon-calf,
With all thy blood settled about thy neck,
The ensign of thy shame, if thou hadst any,—
Know I'm Starch Protestant, thou Starch Puritan
With the blue nostril, whose tongue lies i' thy nose.

BLUE S. Wicked interpretation!

YEL. S. I ha' known

[a] *affected colours*] i. e. the colours which they affect: compare p. 7, and note.

[b] *jet*] i. e. strut.

[c] *frokin*] i. e. little fro (*frow*, Dutch for woman)—little jade.

[d] *batter*] Used for the pancakes on that day.

A white-fac'd hypocrite, lady sanctity—
A yellow ne'er came near her—and sh'as been
A citizen's wife too, starch'd like innocence,
But the devil's pranks not uglier; in her mind
Wears yellow, hugs it, if her husband's trade
Could bear it, there's the spite; but since she cannot
Wear her own linen yellow, yet she shews
Her love to't, and makes him wear yellow hose.[e]
I am as stiff i' my opinion
As any Starch amongst you.

GREEN S. I as you.

RED S. And I as any.

BLUE S. I scorn to come behind.

YEL. S. Then conclude thus:
When all men's several censures, all the arguments
The world can bring upon us, are applied,
The sin's not i' the colour, but the pride.

THE OTHER STARCHES. Oracle Yellow!

[*The Starches dance, and exeunt.*

JUP. These are the youngest daughters of Deceit,
With which the precious time of life's beguil'd,
Fool'd, and abus'd; I'll shew you straight their father,
His shapes, his labours, that has vex'd the world
From age to age,
And tost it from his first and simple state
To the foul centre where it now abides:
Look back but into times, here shall be shewn
How many strange removes the world has known.

[*Loud music sounding,* JUPITER *leaves his state;*[f] *and to shew the strange removes of the world,*

[e] *yellow hose*] See note, vol. iii. p. 134.

[f] *state*] Gifford observes, that "the *state* sometimes means the raised platform and canopy under which the ornamented

places the orb whose figure it bears in the midst of the stage; to which SIMPLICITY, *by order of time having first access, enters.*

PAL. Who's this, great Jupiter?

JUP. Simplicity,
He that had first possession; one that stumbled
Upon the world and never minded it.

SIM. Hah, hah! I'll go see how the world looks since I stept aside from't; there's such heaving and shoving about it, such toiling and moiling;—now I stumbled upon't when I least thought on't. [*Takes up the orb.*] Uds me! 'tis altered of one side since I left it: hah, there's a milkmaid got with child since, methinks; what, and a shepherd forsworn himself? here's a foul corner: by this light, Subtlety has laid an egg too, and will go nigh to hatch a lawyer; this was well foreseen, I'll mar the fashion on't; so, the egg's broke, and 't has a yolk as black as buckram. What's here a' this side? O, a dainty world! here's one a-sealing with his tooth, and, poor man, he has but one in all; I was afraid he would have left it upon the paper, he was so honestly earnest. Here are the reapers singing, I'll lay mine ear to 'em.

Enter DECEIT, *like a ranger.*

DECEIT. Yonder's Simplicity, whom I hate deadly,
Has held the world too long; he's but a fool,
A toy will cozen him: if I once fasten on't,
I'll make it such a nursery for hell,
Planting black souls in't, it shall ne'er be fit
For Honesty to set her simples in. [*Aside.*

chair was placed, and sometimes the chair itself." Note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 334. Here, perhaps, it means the machine in which Jupiter had descended: see p. 175.

Sim. Whoop, here's the cozening'st rascal in a kingdom!
The master-villain; has the thunder's property,
For if he come but near the harvest-folks,
His breath's so strong that he sours all their bottles.
If he should but blow upon the world now, the stain would never get out again; I warrant, if he were ript, one might find a swarm of usurers in his liver, a cluster of scriveners in his kidneys, and his very puddings stuft with bailiffs. [*Aside.*

Dec. I must speak fair to the fool. [*Aside.*

Sim. He makes more near me. [*Aside.*

Dec. 'Las, who has put that load, that carriage,
On poor Simplicity? had they no mercy?
Pretty, kind, loving worm; come, let me help it.

Sim. Keep off, and leave your cogging.[g]—Foh, how abominably he smells of controversies, schisms, and factions! methinks I smell forty religions together in him, and ne'er a good one; his eyes look like false lights, cozening trap-windows. [*Aside.*

Dec. The world, sweetheart, is full of cares and troubles,
No match for thee; thou art a tender thing,
A harmless, quiet thing, a gentle fool,
Fit for the fellowship of ewes and rams;
Go, take thine ease and pipe; give me the burden,
The clog, the torment, the heart-break, the world:
Here's for thee, lamb, a dainty oaten pipe.
[*Offers a pipe.*

Sim. Pox a' your pipe! if I should dance after your pipe, I should soon dance to the devil.

Dec. I think some serpent, sure, has lick'd him over,
And given him only craft enough to keep,

[g] *cogging*] i. e. wheedling.

And go no farther with him; all the rest
Is innocence about him, truth and bluntness.
I must seek other course; for I have learn'd
Of my infernal sire not to be lazy,
Faint, or discourag'd, at the tenth repulse:
Methinks that world Simplicity now hugs fast,
Does look as if't should be Deceit's at last.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Sim. So, so, I'm glad he's vanished: methought I had much ado to keep myself from a smatch of knavery, as long as he stood by me; for certainly villany is infectious, and in the greater person the greater poison; as, for example, he that takes but the tick of a citizen may take the scab of a courtier. Hark, the reapers begin to sing! they're come nearer, methinks, too.

The Second Song.

Happy times we live to see,
Whose master is Simplicity;
This is the age where blessings flow,
In joy we reap, in peace we sow;
We do good deeds without delay,
We promise and we keep our day;
We love for virtue, not for wealth,
We drink no healths, but all for health;
We sing, we dance, we pipe, we play,
Our work's continual holyday;
We live in poor contented sort,
Yet neither beg nor come at court.

Sim. These reapers have the merriest lives! they have music to all they do; they'll sow with a tabor, and get children with a pipe.

Enter a King with Deceit.

Dec. Sir, he's a fool, the world belongs to you;

You're mighty in your worth and your command,
You know to govern, form, make laws, and take
Their sweet and precious penalty; it befits
A mightiness like yours: the world was made
For such a lord as you, so absolute
A majesty in all princely nobleness,
As yourself is: but to lie useless now,
Rusty or lazy, in a fool's pre-eminence,
It is not for a glorious worth to suffer.

KING. Thou'st said enough.

DEC. Now my hope ripens fairly. [*Aside.*

SIM. Here's a brave glistering thing looks me i' the face,
I know not what to say to't. [*Aside.*

KING. What's thy name?

SIM. You may read it in my looks, Simplicity.

KING. What mak'st thou with so great a charge about thee?
Resign it up to me, and be my fool.

SIM. Troth, that's the way to be your fool indeed;
But shall I have the privilege to fool freely?

KING. As ever folly had.

[SIMPLICITY *gives the orb to King.*

SIM. I'm glad I'm rid on't.

DEC. Pray, let me ease your majesty.

KING. Thou? hence,
Base sycophant, insinuating hell-hound!
Lay not a finger on it, as thou lov'st
The state of thy whole body: all thy filthy
And rotten flatteries stink i' my remembrance,
And nothing is so loathsome as thy presence.

SIM. Sure this will prove a good prince! [*Aside.*

DEC. Still repuls'd?
I must find ground to thrive on. [*Aside, and exit.*

SIM. Pray, remember now

You had the world from me clean as a pick,
Only a little smutted a' one side
With a bastard got against it, or such a toy;
No great corruption nor oppression in't,
No knavery, tricks, nor cozenage.

KING. Thou say'st true, fool; the world has a clear water.

SIM. Make as few laws as you can then to trouble it,
The fewer the better; for always the more laws you make,
The more knaves thrive by't, mark it when you will.

KING. Thou'st counsel i' thee too!

SIM. A little, 'gainst knavery; I'm such an enemy to't,
That it comes naturally from me to confound it.

KING. Look, what are those?

SIM. Tents, tents; that part o' the world
Shews like a fair; but, pray, take notice on't,
There's not a bawdy booth amongst 'em all;
You have 'em white and honest as I had 'em,
Look that your laundresses pollute 'em not.

KING. How pleasantly the countries lie about,
Of which we are sole lord! What's that i' the middle?

SIMP. Looks like a point, you mean, a very prick?

KING. Ay, that, that.

SIM. 'Tis the beginning of Amsterdam: they say the first brick there was laid with fresh cheese and cream, because mortar made of lime and hair was wicked and committed fornication.

KING. Peace; who are these approaching?

SIM. Blustering fellows:
The first's a soldier, he looks just like March.

Enter a Land-Captain, with DECEIT *as a soldier.*

DEC. Captain, 'tis you that have the bloody sweats,
You venture life and limbs; 'tis you that taste
The stings of thirst and hunger.
L.-CAP. There thou hast nam'd
Afflictions sharper than the enemy's swords.
DEC. Yet lets another carry away the world,
Of which by right you are the only master;
Stand curtsying for your pay at your return—
Perhaps with wooden legs—to every groom,
That dares not look full right upon a sword,
Nor upon any wound or slit of honour.
L.-CAP. No more; I'll be myself: I that uphold
Countries and kingdoms, must I halt downright,
And be propt up with part of mine own strength,
The least part too? why, have not I the power
To make myself stand absolute of myself,
That keep up others?
KING. How cheers our noble captain?
L.-CAP. Our own captain,
No more a hireling: your great foe's at hand,
Seek your defence elsewhere, for mine shall fail you;
I'll not be fellow-yok'd with death and danger
All my life-time, and have the world kept from me;
March in the heat of summer in a bath,
A furnace girt about me, and in that agony,
With so much fire within me, forc'd to wade
Through a cool river, practising in life
The very pains of hell, now scorch'd, now shivering,
To call diseases early into my bones,
Before I've age enough to entertain 'em:
No, he that has desire to keep the world,
Let him e'en take the sour pains to defend it.

KING. Stay, man of merit, it belongs to thee,
[*Gives the orb to Land-Captain.*
I cheerfully resign it; all my ambition
Is but the quiet calm of peaceful days,
And that fair good I know thy arm will raise.
L.-CAP. Though now an absolute master, yet to thee
Ever a faithful servant. [*Exit King.*
DEC. Give't me, sir, to lay up; I am your treasurer
In a poor kind.
L.-CAP. In a false kind, I grant thee:
How many vild[j] complaints, from time to time,
Have[k] been put up against thee? they have wearied me
More than a battle sixteen hours a-fighting;
I've heard the ragged regiment so curse thee,
I look'd next day for leprosy upon thee,
Or puffs of pestilence as big as wens,
When thou wouldst drop asunder like a thing
Inwardly eaten, thy skin only whole:
Avaunt, defrauder of poor soldiers' rights,
Camp-caterpillar, hence! or I will send thee
To make their rage a breakfast.
DEC. Is it possible?
Can I yet set no footing in the world?
I'm angry, but not weary: I'll hunt out still;
For, being Deceit, I bear the devil's name,
And he's known seldom to give o'er his game.
[*Aside, and exit.*

SIM. Troth, now the world begins to be in hucksters' handling: by this light, the booths are full of cutlers! and yonder's two or three queans going

[j] *vild*] See note, p. 139.
[k] *Have*] Old ed. "Has."

to victual the camp: hah! would I were whipt, if yonder be not a parson's daughter with a soldier between her legs, bag and baggage!

Sol. Now 'tis the soldier's time; great Jupiter,
Now give me leave to enter on my fortunes,
The world's our own.

Jup. Stay, beguil'd thing: this time
Is many ages discrepant from thine;
This was the season when desert was stoopt to,
By greatness stoopt to, and acknowledg'd greatest;
But in thy time now desert stoops itself
To every baseness, and makes saints of shadows:
Be patient, and observe how times are wrought,
Till it comes down to thine, that rewards nought.

[*Chambers*[1] *shot off within.*

L.-Cap. Sim., *&c.* } Hah! what's the news?

Enter a Sea-Captain, with Deceit *as a purser.*

S.-Cap. Be ready, if I call, to give fire to the ordnance.

Sim. Bless us all! here's one spits fire as he comes; he will go nigh to mull the world with looking on it: how his eyes sparkle!

Dec. Shall the Land-Captain, sir, usurp your right?
Yours, that try thousand dangers to his one,
Rocks, shelves, gulfs, quicksands, hundred, hundred horrors,
That make[m] the landmen tremble when they're told,
Besides the enemy's encounter?

S.-Cap. Peace,

[1] *Chambers*] i. e. small pieces of ordnance.
[m] *make*] Old ed. "makes."

Purser, no more; I'm vex'd, I'm kindled.—You,
Land-Captain, quick deliver.
L.-Cap. Proud salt-rover,
Thou hast the salutation of a thief.
S.-Cap. Deliver, or I'll thunder thee a-pieces,
Make night within this hour, e'en at high noon,
Belch'd from the cannon: dar'st expostulate
With me? my fury? what's thy merit, land-worm,
That mine not centuples?
Thy lazy marches and safe-footed battles
Are but like dangerous dreams to my encounters;
Why, every minute the deep gapes for me,
Beside the fiery throats of the loud fight;
When we go to't and our fell ordnance play,
'Tis like the figure of a latter day:
Let me but give the word, night begins now,
Thy breath and prize both beaten from thy body:
How dar'st thou be so slow? not yet? then ——
L.-Cap. Hold! [*Gives the orb to Sea-Captain.*
Dec. I knew 'twould come at last. [*Aside.*
S.-Cap. For this resign,
Part thou shalt have still, but the greatest mine;
Only to us belongs the golden sway;
Th' Indies load us, thou liv'st but by thy pay.
Dec. And shall your purser help you?
S.-Cap. No, in sooth, sir:
Coward and cozener, how many sea-battles
Hast thou compounded to be cabled up?
Yet, when the fights were ended, who so ready
To cast sick soldiers and dismember'd wretches
Over-board instantly, crying, Away
With things without arms! 'tis an ugly sight;
When, troth, thine own should have been off by
right;
But thou lay'st safe within a wall of hemp,
Telling the guns, and numbering 'em with farting.

Leave me, and speedily; I'll have thee ramm'd
Into a culverin else, and thy rear[m] flesh
Shot all into poach'd eggs.

DEC. I will not leave yet:
Destruction plays in me such pleasant strains,
That I would purchase it with any pains.

[*Aside, and exit.*

S.-CAP. The motion's worthy: I will join with thee,
Both to defend and enrich majesty.

SIM. Hoyday! I can see nothing now for ships;
Hark a' the mariners!

The Third Song.

Hey, the world's ours, we have got the time by chance;
Let us then carouse and sing, for the very house doth skip and dance
That we do now live in:
We have the merriest lives,
We have the fruitfull'st wives
Of all men;
We never yet came home,
But the first hour we come
We find them all with child agen.[n]

[*A shout within: enter two Mariners with pipe and can, dancing severally by turns for joy the world is come into their hands; then exeunt.*

SIM. What a crew of mad rascals are these! they're ready at every can to fall into the haddocks' mouths: the world begins to love lap now.

[m] *rear*] i. e. raw.

[n] *agen*] The old spelling of *again*—required here for the rhyme.

Enter a Flamen, with DECEIT *like a* ——.°

FLAM. Peace and the brightness of a holy love
Reflect their beauties on you!

S.-CAP. Who is this?

L.-CAP. A reverend shape!

S.-CAP. Some scholar.

L.-CAP. A divine one!

S.-CAP. He may be what he will for me, fellow-captain,
For I've seen no church these five-and-twenty years,—
I mean, as people ought to see it, inwardly.

FLAM. I have a virtuous sorrow for you, sir,
And 'tis my special duty to weep for you;
For to enjoy one world as you do there,
And be forgetful of another, sir—
O, of a better millions of degrees!—
It is a frailty and infirmity
That many tears must go for,—all too little.
What is't to be the lord of many battles,
And suffer to be overrun within you?
Abroad to conquer, and be slaves at home?
Remember there's a battle to be fought,
Which will undo you if it be not thought;
And you must leave that world, leave it betimes,
That reformation may weep off the crimes:
There's no indulgent hand the world should hold,
But a strict grasp, for making sin so bold;
We should be careless of it, and not fond;
Of things so held there is the best command.

S.-CAP. Grave sir, I give thy words their deserv'd honour,
And to thy sacred charge freely resign
All that my fortune and the age made mine.
[*Gives the orb to Flamen.*

° *a* ——] So old ed.

Sim. If the world be not good now, 'twill ne'er
be good,
There's no hope on't.
Dec. I have my wishes here. [*Aside.*]—My sanc-
tified patron,
I'll first fill all the chests i' the vestry; then
There is a secret vault for great men's legacies.
Flam. Art not confounded yet, struck blind or
crippled,
For thy abusive thought, thou horrid hypocrite?
Are these the fruits of thy long orisons,
Three hours together; of thy nine lectures weekly,
Thy swooning at the hearing of an oath,
Scarce to be fetch'd again? Away, depart,
Thou white-fac'd devil, author of heresy,
Schisms, factions, controversies! now I know thee
To be Deceit itself, wrought in by simony,
To blow corruption upon sacred virtue.
Dec. I made myself sure here: church fail me
too!
I thought it mere impossible, by all reason,
Since there's so large a bridge to walk upon
'Twixt negligence and superstition:
Where could one better piece up a full vice?
One service lazy, t'other over-nice;
There had been 'twixt ['em] room enough for me;
I will take root, or run through each degree.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Sim. Whoop, here's an alteration! by this hand, the ships are all turned to steeples, and the bells ring for joy, as if they would shake down the pinnacles. How? the masons are at work yonder, the free-masons; I swear it's a free time for them: hah! there's one building of a chapel of ease; O, he's loath to take the pains to go to church: why, will he have it in's house, when the proverb says, The

devil's at home? These great rich men must take their ease i' their inn:[p] they'll walk you a long mile or two to get a stomach for their victuals, but not a piece of a furlong to get an appetite to their prayers. [*Flourish.*

Re-enter King with a Lawyer, and DECEIT *as a pettifogger.*

LAW. No more, the case is clear.

SIM. 'Slid, who have we here?

LAW. He that pleads for the world must fall to his business

Roundly.—Most gracious and illustrious prince,
Thus stands the case,—the world in Greek is *cosmos*,
In Latin *mundus*, in law-French *la monde;*
We leave the Greek, and come to the law-French,
Or glide upon the Latin; all's one business:
Then *unde mundus?* shall we come to that?
Nonne derivatur a munditia?
The word cleanness, *mundus quasi mundus*, clean;
And what can cleanse or mundify the world
Better than law, the clearer of all cases,
The sovereign pill, or potion, that expels
All poisonous, rotten, and infectious wrongs
From the vex'd bosom of the commonwealth?
There's a familiar phrase implies thus much—
I'll put you to your purgation,—that is,
The law shall cleanse you. Can the sick world then,
Tost up and down from time to time, repose itself
In a physician's hand better improv'd?
Upon my life and reputation,
In all the courts I come at, be assur'd
I'll make it clean.

[p] *i' their inn*] i. e. in their own house: concerning this proverbial expression, see notes on Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* (*First Part*), act iii. sc. 3.

Sim. Yes, clean away, I warrant you;
We shall ne'er see't again.
Law. I grant my pills are bitter, ay, and costly,
But their effects are rare, divine, and wholesome;
There's an *Excommunicato capiendo*,
Capias post K, and an *Ne exeat regno:*
I grant there's bitter egrimony[p] in 'em,
And antimony—I put money in all still,
And it works preciously: who ejects injuries,
Makes 'em belch forth in vomit, but the law?
Who clears the widow's case, and after gets her,
If she be wealthy, but the advocate?
Then, to conclude,
If you'll have *mundus a mundo* clean, firm,
Give him to me, I'll scour him every term.
Flam. I part with't gladly, take't into thy trust,
[*Gives the orb to Lawyer.*
So will it thrive as thy intent is just.
Dec. Pity your trampler,[q] sir, your poor solicitor.
Law. Thee? infamy to our profession,
Which, without wrong to truth, next the divine one,
Is the most grave and honourable function
That gives a kingdom blest: but thou, the poison,
Disease that grows close to the heart of law,
And mak'st rash censurers think the sound part perish'd;
Thou foul eclipse, that, interposing equity,
As the dark earth the moon, mak'st the world judge
That blackness and corruption have possess'd
The silver shine of justice, when 'tis only
The smoke ascending from thy poisonous ways,
Cozenage, demurs, and fifteen-term delays:
Yet hold thee, take the muck on't, that's thine own,

[p] *egrimony*] Used here with a quibble; an old form of (the herb) *agrimony*, and also—sorrow. (Lat. *ægrimonia.*)
[q] *trampler*] See note, vol. ii. p. 18.

The devil and all; but the fair fame and honour
Of righteous actions, good men's prayers and wishes,
Which is that glorious portion of the world
The noble lawyer strives for,—that thy bribery,
Thy double-handed gripe, shall never reach to:
With fat and filthy gain thy lust may feast,
But poor men's curses beat thee from the rest.

DEC. I'll feed upon the muck on't, that awhile
Shall satisfy my longings; wealth is known
The absolute step to all promotion.

KING. Let this be call'd the sphere of harmony,
In which, being met, let's all move mutually.

LAW. } Fair love is i' the motion, kingly
FLAM., *&c.* } love!

[*In this last dance, as an ease to memory, all the former removes come close together; the* DEVIL *entering, aims with* DECEIT *at the world; but the world remaining now in the Lawyer's possession, he, expressing his reverend and noble acknowledgment to the absolute power of majesty, resigns it loyally to its royal government; Majesty to Valour, Valour to Law again, Law to Religion, Religion to Sovereignty, where it firmly and fairly settles, the Law confounding* DECEIT, *and the Church the* DEVIL.

FLAM. Times suffer changes, and the world has been
Vex'd with removes; but when his glorious peace
Firmly and fairly settles, here's his place,
Truth his defence, and majesty his grace.—
We all acknowledge it belongs to you.

LAW. }
S.-CAP., *&c.* } Only to you, sir.

[*They all deliver the orb up to the King.*

FLAM. *Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis,*
Which shews,

That if the world form itself by the king,
'Tis fit the former should command the thing.

DEC. This is no place for us.

DEVIL. Depart, away!
I thought all these had been corrupted evils,
No court of virtues, but a guard of devils.

[*Exeunt* DECEIT *and the* DEVIL.

KING. How blest am I in subjects! here are those
That make all kingdoms happy,—worthy Soldier,
Fair Churchman, and thou, uncorrupted Lawyer,
Virtue's great miracle, that hast redeem'd
All justice from her ignominious name.

SIM. You forget me, sir.

KING. What, Simplicity!
Who thinks of virtue cannot forget thee.

SIM. Ay, marry, my masters, now it looks like a brave world indeed: how civilly[q] those fair ladies go yonder! by this hand, they are neither trimmed, nor trussed, nor poniarded;[r] wonderment! O, yonder's a knot of fine, sharp-needle-bearded gallants,[s] but that they wear stammel[t] cloaks, methinks, instead of scarlet: 'slid, what's he that carries out two custards now under the porter's long nose? O, he leaves a bottle of wine i' the lodge, and all's pacified; cry mercy.

KING. Continue but thus watchful o'er yourselves,

[q] *civilly*] i. e. soberly, plainly drest: compare vol. iv. p. *505*, and note.

[r] *poniarded*] Poniards, or, as they were generally called, knives, were formerly, says Gifford, "worn at all times by every woman in England:" see note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 221.

[s] *needle-bearded gallants*] Taylor, the water-poet, in a passage concerning the "strange and variable cut" of beards, mentions "Some sharpe Steletto fashion, dagger like." *Superbiæ Flagellum*, p. 34—*Workes*, 1630.

[t] *stammel*] i. e. a kind of red, coarser and cheaper than scarlet.

That the great cunning enemies, Deceit,
And his too-mighty lord, beguile you not,
And ye're the precious ornaments of state,
The glories of the world, fellows to virtues,
Masters of honest and well-purchas'd fortunes,
And I am fortunate in your partnership;
But if you ever make your hearts the houses
Of falsehood and corruption, ugliness itself
Will be a beauty to you, and less pointed at:
Spots in deformèd faces are scarce noted,
Fair cheeks are stain'd if ne'er so little blotted.

LAW. } Ever the constant servants to great
FLAM., *&c.* } virtue!

KING. Her love inhabit you!

[*Exeunt all except* JUPITER, PALLAS, *Soldier, and Scholar.*

JUP. Now, sons of vexation,
Envy, and discontent, what blame lay you
Upon these times now? which does merit most
To be condemn'd, your dulness or the age?
If now you thrive not, Mercury shall proclaim
You're undeservers, and cry down your fame.
Be poor still, scholar, and thou, wretch despis'd,
If in this glorious time thou canst not prosper,
Upon whose breast noble employments sit,
By honour's hand in golden letters writ;
Nay, where the prince[t] of nobleness himself
Proves our Minerva's valiant'st, hopefull'st son,
And early in his spring puts armour on,
Unite your worths, and make of two one brother,
And be each one perfection to the other;
Scholar and soldier must both shut in one,
That makes the absolute and complete man:
So, now into the world; which, if hereafter

[t] *the prince*] i. e. Charles.

You ever tax of foul, ingrateful crimes,
Your dulness I must punish, not the times.

Sol. }
Scho. } Honour to mighty Jupiter!

[Jupiter *and* Pallas *ascend.*

Sol. The world
Is in a good hand now, if it hold, brother.

Scho. I hope, for many ages.

Sol. Fare thee well, then;
I'll over yonder[t] to the most glorious wars
That e'er fam'd Christian kingdom.

Scho. And I'll settle
Here, in a land of a most glorious peace
That ever made joy fruitful, where the head
Of him that rules, to learning's fair renown,
Is doubly deckt with laurel[u] and a crown,
And both most worthily.

Sol. Give me thy hand,
Prosperity keep with thee!

Scho. And the glory
Of noble actions bring white hairs upon thee!
Present our wish with reverence to this place,
For here't must be confirm'd, or 't has no grace.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[t] *I'll over yonder*, &c.] He means to the Palatinate: great enthusiasm was felt in the cause of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. Some passages, perhaps, were inserted here subsequently to the original production of the Masque: see note, p. 167.

[u] *deckt with laurel*] James was accustomed to receive such incense.

> "There he beholds a high and glorious Throne,
> Where sits a King by Laurell Garlands knowne,
> Like bright Apollo in the Muses quires."
>
> Sir J. Beaumont's *Bosworth-field*, p. 5, ed. 1629.

See also B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. viii. p. 154, and Gifford's note.

EPILOGUE.

Gentlemen,

We must confess that we have vented ware
Not always vendable: masques are more rare
Than plays are common; at most but twice a-year
In their most glorious shapes do they appear;
Which, if you please accept, we'll keep in store
Our debted loves, and thus entreat you more;
Invert the proverb now, and suffer not
That which is seldom seen be soon forgot.

PART OF THE ENTERTAINMENT TO KING JAMES, &c.

The Magnificent Entertainment: Giuen to King James, Queene Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, vpon the day of his Maiesties Tryumphant Passage (from the Tower) through his Honourable Citie (and Chamber) of London, being the 15. *of March.* 1603. *As well by the English as by the Strangers: With the speeches and Songes, deliuered in the seuerall Pageants.*
Mart. Templa Deis, mores populis dedit, otia ferro,
Astra suis, Cælo sydera, serta Joui.
Tho. Dekker.
Imprinted at London by T. C. for Tho. Man the yonger. 1604. 4to.

Of this pageant (which is reprinted in Nichols's *Prog. of King James*, vol. i. p. 337,) Middleton wrote only the speech of Zeal (see p. 210); but in order to make that speech intelligible, I have given a portion of the prose description which precedes it.

PART OF THE

ENTERTAINMENT TO KING JAMES,

&c.

Our next arch of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleet Street, into which, as into the long and beauteous gallery of the city, his Majesty being entered, afar off—as if it had been some swelling promontory, or rather, some enchanted castle guarded by ten thousand harmless spirits—did his eye encounter another tower of pleasure

Presenting itself,

Fourscore and ten foot in height, and fifty in breadth; the gate twenty foot in the perpendicular line, and fourteen in the ground line: the two posterns were answerable to these that are set down before: over the posterns, viz. up in proportionable measures, two turrets with battlements on the tops. The middest of the building was laid open to the world, and great reason it should be so, for the Globe of the world was there seen to move, being filled with all the degrees and states that are in the land; and these were the mechanical and dead limbs of this carved body. As touching those that had the use of motion in it, and for a mind durst have spoken, but that there was no stuff fit for their mouths,

The principal and worthiest was Astræa (Justice), sitting aloft, as being newly descended from

heaven, gloriously attired, all her garments being thickly strewed with stars; a crown of stars on her head, a silver veil covering her eyes. Having told you that her name was Justice, I hope you will not put me to describe what properties[a] she held in her hands, sithence[b] every painted cloth[c] can inform you.

Directly under her, in a cant[d] by herself, was Arete (Virtue), enthroned, her garments white, her head crowned; and under her, Fortuna, her foot treading on the Globe that moved beneath her, intimating that his Majesty's fortune was above the world, but his virtues above his fortune.

Invidia,

Envy, unhandsomely attired all in black, her hair of the same colour, filleted about with snakes, stood in a dark and obscure place by herself, near unto Virtue, but making shew of a fearfulness to approach her and the light, yet still and anon casting her eyes sometimes to the one side beneath, where, on several greeces,[e] sat the Four Cardinal Virtues,

Viz. { Justitia, Fortitudo, Temperantia, Prudentia, } In habiliments fitting to their natures;

and sometimes throwing a distorted and repining countenance to the other opposite seat, on which his Majesty's Four Kingdoms were advanced,

[a] *properties*] i. e. ensigns proper to her character—a theatrical term: see note, vol. ii. p. 308.

[b] *sithence*] i. e. since.

[c] *painted cloth*] See note, vol. iii. p. 97.

[d] *cant*] i. e. niche.

[e] *greeces*] i. e. steps.

Viz. { England, Scotland, France, Ireland,

all of them in rich robes and mantles; crowns on their heads, and sceptres with penciled[f] scutcheons in their hands, lined with the coats of the particular kingdoms. For very madness that she beheld these glorious objects, she stood feeding on the heads of adders.

The Four Elements, in proper shapes,[g] artificially and aptly expressing their qualities, upon the approach of his Majesty went round in a proportionable and even circle, touching that cantle[h] of the Globe (which was open) to the full view of his Majesty: which being done, they bestowed themselves in such comely order, and stood so as if the eronie[i] had been held up on the tops of their fingers.

Upon distinct ascensions, neatly raised within the hollow womb of the Globe, were placed all the states of the land, from the nobleman to the ploughman, among whom there was not one word to be heard, for you must imagine, as Virgil saith,

Egl. iv. } *Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo,*
Astræa. } *Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,*

that it was now the golden world, in which there were few parts.

[f] *penciled*] i. e. (not — having *pensils*, small flags, but) painted; so in an earlier passage of this pageant: "They helde in their handes *pensild* Shieldes; vpon the first was drawne a Rose," &c.

[g] *shapes*] i. e. dresses — a theatrical use of the word.

[h] *cantle*] i. e. part.

[i] *eronie*] Qy. "ourany"?

All the tongues that went in this place was the tongue of Zeal, whose personage was put on by W. Bourne, one of the servants to the young Prince;

And thus went his Speech.

The populous globe of this our English isle
Seem'd to move backward at the funeral pile
Of her dead female majesty; all states,
From nobles down to spirits of meaner fates,
Mov'd opposite to nature and to peace,
As if these men had been th' Antipodes:
But see the virtue of a regal eye,
Th' attractive wonder of man's majesty!
Our Globe is drawn in a right line agen,[j]
And now appear new faces and new men.
The Elements, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire,
Which ever clipt[k] a natural desire
To combat each with other, being at first
Created enemies to fight their worst,
See, at the peaceful presence of their King,
How quietly they mov'd without their sting!
Earth not devouring, Fire not defacing,
Water not drowning, and the Air not chasing,
But propping the quaint fabric that here stands,
Without the violence of their wrathful hands.
Mirror of times, lo, where thy Fortune sits,
Above the world and all our human wits,
But thy high Virtue above that! what pen,
Or art, or brain, can reach thy virtue then?
At whose immortal brightness and true light
Envy's infectious eyes have lost their sight;
Her snakes, not daring to shoot forth their stings
'Gainst such a glorious object, down she flings

[j] *agen*] See note, p. 192.
[k] *clipt*] i. e. embraced—cherished.

Their forks of venom into her own maw,
Whilst her rank teeth the glittering poisons chaw;
For 'tis the property of Envy's blood
To dry away at every kingdom's good,
Especially when she had eyes to view
These four main virtues figur'd all in you,—
Justice in causes, Fortitude 'gainst foes,
Temperance in spleen, and Prudence in all those:
And then so rich an empire, whose fair breast
Contains four kingdoms, by your entrance blest;
By Brute divided, but by you alone
All are again united and made one;
Whose fruitful glories shine so far and even,
They touch not only earth, but they kiss heaven,
From whence Astræa is descended hither,
Who with our last queen's spirit fled up thither,
Foreknowing on the earth she could not rest,
Till you had lock'd her in your rightful breast:
And therefore all estates, whose proper arts
Live by the breath of majesty, had hearts
Burning in holy zeal's immaculate fires,
With quenchless ardours and unstain'd desires,
To see what they now see, your powerful grace
Reflecting joys on every subject's face;
These painted flames and yellow burning stripes
Upon this robe, being but as shows and types
Of that great zeal: and therefore, in the name
Of this glad city, whither no prince e'er came
More lov'd, more long'd for, lowly I entreat,
You'd be to her as gracious as you're great:
So with reverberate shouts our Globe shall ring,
The music's close being thus — God save our King!

If there be any glory to be won by writing

these lines, I do freely bestow it, as his due, on Tho. Middleton, in whose brain they were begotten, though they were delivered here: *quæ nos non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*

THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH,

AND

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW RIVER.

The Triumphs of Truth. A Solemnity vnparalleld for Cost, Art, and Magnificence, at the Confirmation and Establishment of that Worthy and true Nobly-minded Gentleman, Sir Thomas Middleton, Knight; in the Honorable Office of his Maiesties Lieuetenant, the Lord Maior of the thrice Famous Citty of London. Taking Beginning at his Lord-ships going, and proceeding after his Returne from receiuing the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the Morrow next after Simon and Iudes day, October 29. 1613. *All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots; Morning, Noone, and Night-Triumphes. Directed, Written, and redeem'd into Forme, from the Ignorance of some former times, and their Common Writer, By Thomas Middleton. Shewing also his Lordships Entertainement vpon Michaelmas day last, being the day of his Election, at that most Famous and Admired Worke of the Running Streame, from Amwell-Head into the Cesterne at Islington, being the sole Cost, Industry and Inuention of the Worthy Mr. Hugh Middleton of London, Goldsmith. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes.* 1613. 4to.

Of this pageant there is an earlier edition by the same printer and with the same date, but wanting the Entertainment at the New River Head.

The Triumphs of Truth, &c., is reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of K. James*, vol. ii. p. 679.

To the great expectation of virtue and goodness, and most worthy of all those costs and honours which the noble Fellowship and Society of Grocers, and general love of the whole City, in full-heaped bounties bestow upon him, the truly generous and judicious Sir Thomas Middleton, *Knight, Lord Mayor of the honourable City of London.*

As often as we shall fix our thoughts upon the Almighty Providence, so often they return to our capacities laden with admiration, either from the divine works of his mercy or those incomprehensible of his justice: but here to instance only his omnipotent mercy, it being the health and preservation of all his works; and first, not only in raising, but also in preserving your lordship from many great and incident dangers, especially in foreign countries, in the time of your youth and travels; and now, with safety, love, and triumph, to establish you in this year's honour, crowning the perfection of your days, and the gravity of your life, with power, respect, and reverence: next, in that myself, though unworthy, being of one name with your lordship, notwithstanding all oppositions of malice, ignorance, and envy, should thus happily live, protected by part of that mercy — as if one fate did prosperously cleave to one name — now to do service to your fame and worthiness, and my

pen only to be employed in these bounteous and honourable triumphs, being but shadows to those eternal glories that stand ready for deservers; to which I commend the deserts of your justice, remaining ever,

To your Lordship,

In the best of my observance,

Thomas Middleton.

THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH.

SEARCH all chronicles, histories, records, in what language or letter soever; let the inquisitive man waste the dear treasures of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only in this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is the Lord Mayor of the city of London. This being, then, infallible—like the mistress of our triumphs—and not to be denied of any, how careful ought those gentlemen to be, to whose discretion and judgment the weight and charge of such a business is entirely referred and committed by the whole Society, to have all things correspondent to that generous and noble freeness of cost and liberality; the streams of art to equal those of bounty; a knowledge that may take the true height of such an honourable solemnity,—the miserable want of both which, in the impudent common writer, hath often forced from me much pity and sorrow; and it would heartily grieve any understanding spirit to behold, many times, so glorious a fire in bounty and goodness offering to match itself with freezing Art, sitting in darkness, with the candle out, looking like the picture of Black Monday.[a]

[a] *Black Monday*] "Middleton here alludes to Anthony Munday, his rival City Poet, who had composed the Pageants

But, to speak truth, which many beside myself can affirm upon knowledge, a care that hath been seldom equalled, and not easily imitated, hath been faithfully shewn in the whole course of this business, both by the wardens and committees, men of much understanding, industry, and carefulness, little weighing the greatness of expense, so the cost

of 1605 and 1611, and perhaps others of which no copies are known to exist. Though he this year (and the last, when Dekker was employed) lost the office of author, he did not lose that of supplying the apparell, &c., which was his business as a draper, and to which office only Middleton seems to have considered him competent [see p. 245]. This virulent attack, however, appears to have experienced no greater attention than such violence deserved, since Munday was employed in the three following years." NICHOLS. — The inscription on Anthony's tomb declares that he was a "citizen and *draper:*" but I am not sure that he furnished "the apparell and porters" for *The Triumphs of Truth* in the latter capacity; rather, perhaps, in consequence of being keeper of the *properties* of the pageants. In the remarks prefixed to Munday's *Downfall of the Earl of Huntington* (Suppl. vol. to Dodsley's *Old Plays*), I am surprised to find Mr. Collier doubting if Middleton alludes to him here; and I can only suppose that when Mr. C. wrote those remarks, his recollection of the present passage was somewhat imperfect.

The play just mentioned is evidence that Munday's powers were far from contemptible. The ill will which the dramatists appear to have borne towards him was, perhaps, called forth by the extravagant encomium of Meres, who, in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, had chosen to term him "our best plotter," fol. 283. With respect to the comedy called *The Case is altered*, in which he is ridiculed under the name of Antonio Balladino, there has been a question among critics, whether it is the work of Ben Jonson. Gifford pronounced it to be an early production of that poet; and he, I am confident, would not have changed his opinion even if he had lived to see the copy, without any author's name on the title-page, which some years ago was added to the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

might purchase perfection, so fervent hath been their desire to excel in that, which is a learned and virtuous ambition, and so unfeignedly pure the loves and affections of the whole Company to his lordship. If any shall imagine that I set fairer colours upon their deserts than they upon themselves, let them but read and conceive, and their own understandings will light them to the acknowledgment of their errors. First, they may here behold love and bounty opening with the morning, earlier than some of former years, ready, at the first appearing of his lordship, to give his ear a taste of the day's succeeding glory; and thus the form of it presents itself:—

At Soper-Lane end a senate-house erected, upon which musicians sit playing; and more to quicken time, a sweet voice married to these words:

The Song.

Mother of many honourable sons,
Think not the glass too slowly runs
That in Time's hand is set,
Because thy worthy son appears not yet:
Lady, be pleas'd, the hour grows on,
Thy joy will be complete anon;
Thou shalt behold
The man enroll'd
In honour's books, whom virtue raises;
Love-circled round,
His triumphs crown'd
With all good wishes, prayers, and praises.

What greater comfort to a mother's heart,
Than to behold her son's desert

Go hand in hand with love,
Respect, and honour, blessings from above?
It is of power all griefs to kill,
And with a flood of joy to fill
Thy aged eyes,
To see him rise
With glory deck'd, where expectation,
Grace, truth, and fame,
Met in his name,
Attend[a] *his honour's confirmation.*[b]

After this sweet air hath liberally spent itself, at the first appearing of the Lord Mayor from Guildhall in the morning, a trumpet placed upon that scaffold sounds forth his welcome; then, after a strain or two of music, a grave feminine shape presents itself from behind a silk curtain, representing London, attired like a reverend mother, a long white hair naturally flowing on either side of her; on her head a model of steeples and turrets; her habit crimson silk, near to the honourable garment of the city; her left hand holding a key of gold: who, after a comely grace, equally mixed with comfort and reverence, sends from her lips this motherly salutation:

The speech of LONDON.

Honour and joy salute thee! I am rais'd
In comfort and in love to see thee, glad
And happy in thy blessings; nor esteem

[a] *Attend*] Old eds. "Attends."
[b] *What greater*, &c.
. . . *his honour's confirmation*] This second stanza is not reprinted by Nichols. The old ed. omits it in this place, but gives it afterwards with the musical notes of the song.

My words the less 'cause I a woman speak,
A woman's counsel is not always weak.
I am thy mother; at that name I know
Thy heart does reverence to me, as becomes
A son of honour, in whose soul burn[c] clear
The sacred lights of divine fear and knowledge;
I know that, at this instant, all the works
Of motherly love in me, shewn to thy youth,
When it was soft and helpless, are summ'd up
In thy most grateful mind: thou well remember'st
All my dear pains and care; with what affection
I cherish['d] thee in my bosom, watchful still
Over thy ways;
Set wholesome and religious laws before
The footsteps of thy youth; shew'd thee the way
That led thee to the glory of this day,—
To which, with tears of the most fruitful joy
That ever mother shed, I welcome thee:
O, I could be content to take my part
Out of felicity only in weeping,
Thy presence and this day are[d] so dear to me!
Look on my age, my honourable son,
And then begin to think upon thy office;
See how on each side of me hang the cares
Which I bestow'd on thee, in silver hairs;
And now the faith, the love, the zealous fires
With which I cheer'd thy youth, my age requires.
The duty of a mother I have shewn,
Through all the rites of pure affection,
In care, in government, in wealth, in honour,
Brought thee to what thou art, thou'st all from me;
Then what thou shouldst be I expect from thee.

[c] *burn*] Old eds. "burnes."
[d] *are*] Old eds. "is."

Now to thy charge, thy government, thy cares,
Thy mother in her age submits her years:
And though — to my abundant grief I speak it,
Which now o'erflows my joy — some sons I have
Thankless, unkind, and disobedient,
Rewarding all my bounties with neglect,
And will of purpose wilfully retire
Themselves from doing grace and service to me,
When they've got all they can, or hope for, from me,—
The thankfulness in which thy life doth move
Did ever promise fairer fruits of love,
And now they shew themselves; yet they have all
My blessing with them, so the world shall see
'Tis their unkindness, no defect in me.
But go thou forward, my thrice-honour'd son
In ways of goodness; glory is best won
When merit brings it home; disdain all titles
Purchas'd with coin, of honour take thou hold
By thy desert, let others buy't with gold;
Fix thy most serious thought upon the weight
Thou goest to undergo, 'tis the just government
Of this fam'd city,—me, whom nations call
Their brightest eye; then with great care and fear
Ought I to be o'erseen, to be kept clear:
Spots[c] in deformèd faces are scarce noted,
Fair cheeks are stain'd if ne'er so little blotted.
See'st thou this key of gold? it shews thy charge:
This place is the king's chamber; all pollution,
Sin, and uncleanness, must be lock'd out here,
And be kept sweet with sanctity, faith, and fear:
I see grace take effect,—heaven's joy upon her!
'Tis rare when virtue opes the gate to honour.

[c] *Spots*, &c.] We have had this couplet before, p. 199.

My blessing be upon thee, son and lord,
And on my sons all, that obey my word!

Then making her honour, as before, the Waits of the city there in service, his Lordship, and the worthy Company, are led forward toward the water-side, where you shall find the river[c] decked in the richest glory to receive him; upon whose crystal bosom stand[d] five islands, artfully garnished with all manner of Indian fruit-trees, drugs, spiceries, and the like; the middle island with a fair castle especially beautified.

But making haste to return to the city again, where triumph waits in more splendour and magnificence, the first then that attends to receive his Lordship off the water at Baynard's-Castle, is Truth's Angel on horseback, his raiment of white silk powdered with stars of gold; on his head a crown of gold, a trumpeter before him on horseback, and Zeal, the champion of Truth, in a garment of flame-coloured silk, with a bright hair on his head, from

[c] *the river*, &c.] "Sir Thomas Middleton, grocer, and mayor in 1613," says Herbert, in his *History of the Twelve Great Livery Companies of London*, "was nearly the first who attempted an emblematical and scenic representation of his company, in a water spectacle, consisting (in imitation of the pageant mentioned to have been exhibited by Sir John Wells to Henry VI.*) of 'five islands, artfully garnished with all manner of Indian fruit trees, drugges, spiceries, and the like; the middle island having a faire castle especially beautified:' the latter probably allusive to the newly-established East India Company's forts, and whose adventures had contributed so much to enlarge the sphere of the grocers' trade." vol. i. p. 200.

[d] *stand*] Old eds. "stands."

* See Herbert's work, vol. i. pp. 93, 4.

which shoot fire-beams, following close after him, mounted alike, his right hand holding a flaming scourge, intimating thereby that as he is the manifester of Truth, he is likewise the chastiser of Ignorance and Error.

The salutation of the ANGEL.

I have within mine eye my blessèd charge:
Hail, friend of Truth! safety and joy attend[e] thee;
I am Truth's Angel, by my mistress sent
To guard and guide thee. When thou took'st thy oath
I stood on thy right hand, though to thy eye
In visible form I did not then appear;
Ask but thy soul, 'twill tell thee I stood near;
And 'twas a time to take care of thee then,
At such a marriage, before heaven and men,
Thy faith being wed to honour; close behind thee
Stood Error's minister, that still sought to blind thee,
And wrap his subtle mists about thy oath,
To hide it from the nakedness of Troth,
Which is Truth's purest glory; but my light,
Still as it shone, expell'd her blackest spite;
His mists fled by, yet all I could devise
Could hardly keep them from some people's eyes,
But thine they flew from: thy care's but begun,
Wake on, the victory is not half yet won;
Thou wilt be still assaulted, thou shalt meet
With many dangers that in voice seem sweet,
And ways most pleasant to a worldling's eye;
My mistress has but one, but that leads high.
To yon triumphant city follow me,
Keep thou to Truth, eternity keeps to thee.

[e] *attend*] Old eds. "attends."

ZEAL.

On boldly, man of honour! thou shalt win;
I am Truth's champion, Zeal, the scourge of sin.

The trumpet then sounding, the Angel and Zeal rank themselves just before his Lordship, and conduct him to Paul's-Chain, where, in the south yard, Error in a chariot with his infernal ministers attends to assault him, his garment of ash-colour silk, his head rolled in a cloud, over which stands an owl, a mole on one shoulder, a bat on the other, all symbols of blind ignorance and darkness, mists hanging at his eyes. Close before him rides Envy, his champion, eating of a human heart, mounted on a rhinoceros, attired in red silk, suitable to the bloodiness of her manners; her left pap bare, where a snake fastens; her arms half naked; holding in her right hand a dart tincted in blood.

The greeting of ERROR.

Art come? O welcome, my triumphant lord,
My glory's sweetheart! how many millions
Of happy wishes hath my love told out
For this desirèd minute! I was dead
Till I enjoy'd thy presence, I saw nothing,
A blindness thicker than idolatry
Clove to my eyeballs; now I'm all of light,
Of fire, of joy, pleasure runs nimbly through me;
Let's join together both in state and triumph,
And down with beggarly and friendless Virtue,
That hath so long impoverish'd this fair city;
My beasts shall trample on her naked breast,
Under my chariot-wheels her bones lie prest,
She ne'er shall rise again. Great power this day

Is given into thy hand; make use on't, lord,
And let thy will and appetite sway the sword;
Down with them all now whom thy heart envies,
Let not thy conscience come into thine eyes
This twelvemonth, if thou lov'st revenge or gain;
I'll teach thee to cast mists to blind the plain
And simple eye of man; he shall not know't,
Nor see thy wrath when 'tis upon his throat;
All shall be carried with such art and wit,
That what thy lust acts shall be counted fit:
Then for attendants that may best observe thee,
I'll pick out sergeants of my band to serve thee;
Here's Gluttony and Sloth, two precious slaves,
Will tell thee more than a whole herd of knaves;
The worth of every office to a hair,
And who bids most, and how the markets are,
Let them alone to smell; and, for a need,
They'll bring thee in bribes for measure and light bread;
Keep thy eye winking and thy hand wide ope,
Then thou shalt know what wealth is, and the scope
Of rich authority; ho, 'tis sweet and dear!
Make use of time then, thou'st but one poor year,
And that will quickly slide, then be not nice:
Both power and profit cleave[e] to my advice;
And what's he locks his ear from those sweet charms,
Or runs not to meet gain with wide-stretch'd arms?
There is a poor, thin, threadbare thing call'd Truth,
I give thee warning of her; if she speak,
Stop both thine ears close; most professions break
That ever dealt with her; an unlucky thing,
She's almost sworn to nothing: I can bring

[e] *cleave*] Old eds. "cleaues."

A thousand of our parish, besides queans,
That ne'er knew what Truth meant, nor ever means;
Some I could cull out here, e'en in this throng,
If I would shew my children, and how strong
I were in faction. 'Las, poor simple stray!
She's all her lifetime finding out one way;
Sh'as but one foolish way, straight on, right forward,
And yet she makes a toil on't, and goes on
With care and fear, forsooth, when I can run
Over a hundred with delight and pleasure,
Back-ways and by-ways, and fetch in my treasure
After the wishes of my heart, by shifts,
Deceits, and slights:[d] and I'll give thee those gifts;
I'll shew thee all my corners yet untold,
The very nooks where beldams hide their gold,
In hollow walls and chimneys, where the sun
Never yet shone, nor Truth came ever near:
This of thy life I'll make the golden year;
Follow me then.

ENVY.

Learn now to scorn thy inferiors, those[e] most love thee,
And wish to eat their hearts that sit above thee.

Zeal, stirred up with divine indignation at the impudence of these hell-hounds, both forces their retirement, and makes way for the chariot wherein Truth his mistress sits, in a close garment of white satin, which makes her appear thin and naked, figuring thereby her simplicity and nearness of heart to those that embrace her; a robe of white silk cast over it, filled with the eyes of eagles, shewing her deep insight and height of wisdom; over her thrice-sanctified head a milk-white dove,

[d] *slights*] i. e. artifices.

[e] *most*] Old eds. "must."

and on each shoulder one, the sacred emblems of purity, meekness, and innocency; under her feet serpents, in that she treads down all subtlety and fraud; her forehead empaled with a diadem of stars, the witness of her eternal descent; on her breast a pure round crystal, shewing the brightness of her thoughts and actions; a sun in her right hand, than which nothing is truer; a fan, filled all with stars, in her left, with which she parts darkness, and strikes away the vapours of ignorance. If you hearken to Zeal, her champion, after his holy anger is past against Error and his crew, he will give it you in better terms, or at least more smoothly and pleasingly.

The speech of ZEAL.

Bold furies, back! or with this scourge of fire,
Whence sparkles out religious chaste desire,
I'll whip you down to darkness: this a place
Worthy my mistress; her eternal grace
Be the full object to feast all these eyes,
But thine the first—he that feeds here is wise:
Nor by the naked plainness of her weeds
Judge thou her worth, no burnish'd gloss Truth needs;
That crown of stars shews her descent from heaven;
That robe of white, fill'd all with eagles' eyes,
Her piercing sight through hidden mysteries;
Those milk-white doves her spotless innocence;
Those serpents at her feet her victory shews
Over deceit and guile, her rankest foes;
And by that crystal mirror at her breast
The clearness of her conscience is exprest;
And shewing that her deeds all darkness shun,
Her right hand holds Truth's symbol, the bright sun;

A fan of stars she in her other twists,
With which she chaseth away Error's mists:
And now she makes to thee her so even grace,
For to her rich and poor look with one face.

The words of TRUTH.

Man, rais'd by faith and love, upon whose head
Honour sits fresh, let not thy heart be led,
In ignorant ways of insolence and pride,
From her that to this day hath been thy guide;
I never shew'd thee yet more paths than one,
And thou hast found sufficient that alone
To bring thee hither; then go forward still,
And having most power, first subject thy will;
Give the first fruits of justice to thyself,—
Then dost thou wisely govern, though that elf
Of sin and darkness, still opposing me,
Counsels thy appetite to master thee.
But call to mind what brought thee to this day,—
Was falsehood, cruelty, or revenge the way?
Thy lust or pleasures? people's curse or hate?
These were no ways could raise thee to this state,
The ignorant must acknowledge; if, then, from me,
Which no ill dare deny or sin control,
Forsake me not, that can advance thy soul:
I see a blessed yielding in thy eye;
Thou'rt mine; lead on, thy name shall never die.

These words ended, they all set forward, this chariot of Truth and her celestial handmaids, the Graces and Virtues, taking place next before his lordship; Zeal and the Angel before that, the chariot of Error following as near as it can get; all passing on till they come into Paul's-Churchyard, where stand ready the five islands, those dumb

glories that I spake of before upon the water: upon the heighth of these five islands sit five persons, representing the Five Senses,[d]—*Visus*, *Auditus*, *Tactus*, *Gustus*, *Olfactus*, or, Seeing, Hearing, Touching, Tasting, Smelling; at their feet their proper emblems, — *aquila*, *cervus*, *araneus*, *simia*, *canis*, an eagle, a hart, a spider, an ape, a dog.

No sooner can your eyes take leave of these, but they may suddenly espy a strange ship making toward, and that which may raise greater astonishment, it having neither sailor nor pilot, only upon a white silk streamer these two words set in letters of gold, *Veritate gubernor*,—I am steered by Truth. The persons that are contained within this little vessel are only four; a king of the Moors, his queen, and two attendants, of their own colour; the rest of their followers people of the castle that stands in the middle island, of which company two or three on the top appear[e] to sight. This king seeming much astonied at the many eyes of such a multitude, utters his thoughts in these words:

The speech of that KING.

I see amazement set upon the faces
Of these white people, wonderings and strange gazes;
Is it at me? does my complexion draw
So many Christian eyes, that never saw

[d] *the Five Senses*] "The Senses were personated at the King's Entry into London in 1603, and are represented in the engraving of the Arch erected at Soper-Lane end, in Harrison's Arches. Jordan introduced them again in the Lord Mayor's Pageant of 1681 (see *Gent. Mag.* vol. xcv. i. 131), at the same time assuring the Grocers' Company in his prefatory address, 'that in these Triumphs there is nothing designed, written, said, or sung, that ever was presented in any show till this present day!'" NICHOLS.

[e] *appear*] Old eds. "appeares."

A king so black before? no, now I see
Their entire object, they're all meant to thee,
Grave city-governor, my queen and I
Well honour'd with the glances that [pass] by.
I must confess, many wild thoughts may rise,
Opinions, common murmurs, and fix'd eyes,
At my so strange arrival in a land
Where true religion and her temple stand;
I being a Moor, then, in opinion's lightness,
As far from sanctity as my face from whiteness.
But I forgive the judgings of th' unwise,
Whose censures ever quicken in their eyes,
Only begot of outward form and show;
And I think meet to let such censurers know,
However darkness dwells upon my face,
Truth in my soul sets up the light of grace;
And though, in days of error, I did run
To give all adoration to the sun,
The moon, and stars, nay, creatures base and poor,
Now only their Creator I adore.
My queen and people all, at one time won
By the religious conversation
Of English merchants, factors, travellers,
Whose Truth did with our spirits hold commèrce,
As their affairs with us; following their path,
We all were brought to the true Christian faith:
Such benefit in good example dwells,
It oft hath power to convert infidels;
Nor could our desires rest till we were led
Unto this place, where those good spirits were bred;
And see how we arriv'd in blessed time
To do that mistress service, in the prime
Of these her spotless triumphs, and t' attend
That honourable man, her late-sworn friend.
If any wonder at the safe arrive
Of this small vessel, which all weathers drive

According to their rages, where appears
Nor mariner nor pilot, arm'd 'gainst fears,
Know this came hither from man's guidance free,
Only by Truth steer'd, as our souls must be:
And see where one of her fair temples stands!
Do reverence, Moors, bow low, and kiss your hands:
Behold, our queen.

QUEEN.

Her goodnesses are such,
We cannot honour her and her house too much.

All in the ship and those in the castle bowing their bodies to the temple of Saint Paul; but Error smiling, betwixt scorn and anger, to see such a devout humility take hold of that complexion, breaks into these:

ERROR.

What, have my sweet-fac'd devils forsook me too?
Nay, then, my charms will have enough to do.

But Time, sitting by the frame of Truth his daughter's chariot, attired agreeable to his condition, with his hour-glass, wings, and scythe, knowing best himself when it is fittest to speak, goes forward in this manner:

This Time hath brought t' effect, for on thy day
Nothing but Truth and Virtue shall display
Their virgin ensigns; Infidelity,
Barbarism, and Guile, shall in deep darkness lie.
O, I could ever stand still thus and gaze!
Never turn glass again; wish no more days,
So this might ever last; pity the light
Of this rich glory must be cas'd in night!

But Time must on; I go, 'tis so decreed,
To bless my daughter Truth and all her seed
With joys immortal, triumphs never ending;
And as her hand lifts me, to thy ascending
May it be always ready, worthy son!
To hasten which my hours shall quickly run.
See'st thou yon place?[e] thither I'll weekly bring thee,
Where Truth's celestial harmony thou shalt hear;
To which, I charge thee, bend a serious ear.—
Lead on, Time's swift attendants!

Then the five islands pass along into Cheapside, the ship next after them; the chariot of Truth still before his lordship, and that of Error still chased before it; where their eyes meet with another more subtle object, planting itself close by the Little Conduit, which may bear this character,—the true form and fashion of a mount triumphant, but the beauty and glory thereof overspread with a thick, sulphurous darkness, it being a fog or mist, raised from Error, enviously to blemish that place which bears the title of London's Triumphant Mount, the chief grace and lustre of the whole triumph. At the four corners sit four monsters, Error's disciples, on whom hangs part of the mist for their clothing, holding in their hands little thick clubs, coloured like their garments; the names of these four monsters, Barbarism, Ignorance, Impudence, Falsehood; who, at the near approaching of Truth's chariot, are seen a little to tremble, whilst her deity gives life to these words:

[e] *yon place*] "Saint Paul's Cross." *Marg. Note.*

TRUTH.

What's here? the mist of Error? dare his spite
Stain this Triumphant Mount, where our delight
Hath been divinely fix'd so many ages?
Dare darkness now breathe forth her insolent rages,
And hang in poisonous vapours o'er the place
From whence we receiv'd love, and return'd grace?
I see if Truth a while but turn her eyes,
Thick are the mists that o'er fair cities rise:
We did expect to receive welcome here
From no deform'd shapes, but divine and clear;
Instead of monsters that this place attends,
To meet with goodness and her glorious friends;
Nor can they so forget me to be far.
I know there stands no other envious bar
But that foul cloud to darken this bright day,
Which with this fan of stars I'll chase away.—
Vanish, infectious fog, that I may see
This city's grace, that takes her light from me!

At this her powerful command the [mists][f] vanish [and] give way; [the] cloud suddenly rises and changes into a bright-spreading canopy, stuck thick with stars, and beams of gold shooting forth round about it, the mount appearing then most rich in beauty and glory, the four monsters falling flat at the foot of the hill: that grave, feminine shape, figuring London, sitting in greatest honour: next above her, in the most eminent place, sits Religion, the model of a fair temple on her head and a burning lamp in her hand, the proper emblems of her sanctity, watchfulness, and zeal; on her right hand sits Liberality, her head circled with a wreath of gold,

[f] [*mists*] This and the other words in brackets were supplied by Nichols.

in her hand a cornucopia, or horn of abundance, out of which rusheth a seeming flood of gold, but no way flowing to prodigality; for, as the sea is governed by the moon, so is that wealthy river by her eye, for bounty must be led by judgment; and hence is artfully derived the only difference between prodigality and bounty,—the one deals her gifts with open eyes, the other blindfold: on her left side sits Perfect Love, his proper seat being nearest the heart, wearing upon his head a wreath of white and red roses mingled together, the ancient witness of peace, love, and union, wherein consists the happiness of this land, his right hand holding a sphere, where, in a circle of gold, is contained all the Twelve Companies' arms, and therefore called The Sphere of true Brotherhood, or *Annulus Amoris*, the Ring of Love: upon his left hand stand two billing turtles, expressing thereby the happy condition of mutual love and society: on either side of this mount are displayed the charitable and religious works of London—especially the worthy Company of Grocers—in giving maintenance to scholars, soldiers, widows, orphans, and the like, where are placed one of each number: and on the two heights sit Knowledge and Modesty, Knowledge wearing a crown of stars, in her hand a perspective glass, betokening both her high judgment and deep insight: the brow of Modesty circled with a wreath all of red roses, expressing her bashfulness and blushings, in her hand a crimson banner filled with silver stars, figuring the white purity of her shamefastness; her cheeks not red with shame or guilt, but with virgin fear and honour. At the back of this Triumphant Mount, Chastity, Fame, Simplicity, Meekness, have their seats; Chastity wearing on her head a garland of white roses, in

her hand a white silk banner filled with stars of gold, expressing the eternity of her unspotted pureness: Fame next under her, on her head a crown of silver, and a silver trumpet in her hand, shewing both her brightness and shrillness: Simplicity with a milk-white dove upon her head; and Meekness with a garland of mingled flowers, in her hand a white silk banner with a red cross, a lamb at her feet, by which both their conditions are sufficiently expressed. The mount thus made glorious by the power of Truth, and the mist expelled, London thus speaks:

LONDON.

Thick scales of darkness, in a moment's space,
Are fell from both mine eyes; I see the face
Of all my friends about me now most clearly,
Religion's sisters, whom I honour dearly.
O, I behold the work! it comes from thee,
Illustrious patroness, thou that mad'st me see
In days of blindest ignorance; when this light
Was e'en extinguish'd, thou redeem'st my sight.
Then to thy charge, with reverence, I commend
That worthy son of mine, thy virtuous friend,
Whom, on my love and blessing, I require
To observe thee faithfully, and his desire
To imitate thy will, and there lie bounded;
For power's a dangerous sea, which must be sounded
With truth and justice, or man soon runs on
'Gainst rocks and shelves of dissolution.
Then, that thou may'st the difference ever know
'Twixt Truth and Error, a few words shall shew:
The many ways that to blind Error slide
Are in the entrance broad, hell-mouth is wide;
But when man enters far, he finds it then
Close, dark, and strait, for hell returns no men:

But the one sacred way which Truth directs,
Only at entrance man's affection checks,
And is there strict alone; to which place throngs
All world's afflictions, calumnies, and wrongs;
But having past those, then thou find'st a way
In breadth whole heaven, in length eternal day;
Then, following Truth, she brings thee to that way:
But first observe what works she here requires,
Religion, knowledge, sanctity, chaste desires;
Then charity, which bounty must express
To scholars, soldiers, widows, fatherless:
These have been still my works, they must be thine;
Honour and action must together shine,
Or the best part's eclips'd: behold but this,
Thy very crest shews bounty, here 'tis put;
Thou giv'st the open hand, keep it not shut,
But to the needy or deserving spirit
Let it spread wide, and heaven enrols that merit.
Do these, and prove my hopeful, worthy son;
Yet nothing's spoke but needfully must be done:
And so lead forward.

At which words the whole Triumph moves, in his richest glory, toward the cross in Cheap; at which place Error, full of wrath and malice to see his mist so chased away, falls into this fury:

ERROR.

Heart of all the fiends in hell!
Could her beggarly power expel
Such a thick and poisonous mist
Which I set Envy's snakes to twist?
Up, monsters! was her feeble frown
Of force to strike my officers down?
Barbarism, Impudence, Lies, Ignorance,
All your hell-bred heads advance,

And once again with rotten darkness shroud
This Mount Triumphant: drop down, sulphurous cloud!

At which the mist falls again and hangs over all the beauty of the mount, not a person of glory seen, only the four monsters gather courage again and take their seats, advancing their clubs above their heads; which no sooner perceived, but Truth in her chariot, making near to the place, willing still to rescue her friends and servants from the powers of Ignorance and Darkness, makes use of these words:

TRUTH.

Dare yet the works of ugliness appear
'Gainst this day's brightness, and see us so near?
How bold is sin and hell, that yet it dare
Rise against us! but know, perdition's heir,
'Tis idle to contend against our power:
Vanish again, foul mist, from honour's bower!

Then the cloud dispersing itself again, and all the mount appearing glorious, it passeth so on to the Standard,[g] about which place, by elaborate action from Error, it falls again, and goes so darkened till it comes to St. Laurence-Lane end, where, by the former words by Truth uttered being again chased away, London thus gratefully requites her goodness:

LONDON.

Eternity's bright sister, by whose light
Error's infectious works still fly my sight,
Receive thy servant's thanks.—Now, Perfect Love,
Whose right hand holds a sphere wherein do move

[g] *the Standard*] See note, vol. i. p. 438.

Twelve blest Societies, whose belov'd increase
Styles it the Ring of Brotherhood, Faith, and Peace,
From thy harmonious lips let them all taste
The golden counsel that makes health long last.

Perfect Love then standing up, holding in his right hand a sphere, on the other two billing turtles, gives these words:

PERFECT LOVE.

First, then, I banish from this feast of joy
All excess, epicurism, both which destroy
The healths of soul and body; no such guest
Ought to be welcome to this reverend feast,
Where Truth is mistress; who's admitted here
Must come for virtue's love more than for cheer.
These two white turtles may example give
How perfect joy and brotherhood should live;
And they from whom grave order is expected,
Of rude excess must never be detected:
This is the counsel which that lady calls
Golden advice, for by it no man falls:
He that desires days healthful, sound, and blest,
Let moderate judgment serve him at his feast:
And so lead on; may perfect brotherhood shine
Still in [this] sphere, and honour still in thine!

This speech so ended, his lordship and the Companies pass on to Guildhall; and at their returning back, these triumphs attend to bring his lordship toward Saint Paul's church, there to perform those yearly ceremonial rites which ancient and grave order hath determined; Error by the way still busy and in action to draw darkness often upon that Mount of Triumph, which by Truth is as often

dispersed: then all returning homewards, full of beauty and brightness, this mount and the chariot of Truth both placed near to the entrance of his lordship's gate near Leadenhall, London, the lady of that mount, first gives utterance to these words:

LONDON.

Before the day sprang from the morning's womb
I rose, my care was earlier than the light,
Nor would it rest till I now brought thee home,
Marrying to one joy both thy day and night;
Nor can we call this night, if our eyes count
The glorious beams that dance about this mount;
Sure, did not custom guide 'em, men would say
Two noons were seen together in one day,
The splendour is so piercing: Triumph seems
As if it sparkled, and to men's esteems
Threw forth his thanks, wrapt up in golden flames,
As if he would give light to read their names,
That were at cost this day to make him shine,
And be as free in thanks as they in coin.
But see, Time checks me, and his scythe stands ready
To cut all off; no state on earth is steady;
Therefore, grave son, the time that is to come
Bestow on Truth; and so thou'rt welcome home.

Time, standing up in Truth's chariot, seeming to make an offer with his scythe to cut off the glories of the day, growing near now to the season of rest and sleep, his daughter Truth thus meekly stays his hand:

TRUTH.

Father, desist a while, till I send forth
A few words to our friend, that man of worth.—

The power that heaven, love, and the city's choice,
Have all conferr'd on thee, with mutual voice,
As it is great, reverend, and honourable,
Meet it with equal goodness, strive t' excel
Thy former self; as thy command exceeds
Thy last year's state, so let new acts old deeds;
And as great men in riches and in birth—
Heightening their bloods and joining earth to earth—
Bestow their best hours and most serious cares
In choosing out fit matches for their heirs,
So never give thou over day or hour,
Till with a virtue thou hast match'd this power;
For what is greatness if not join'd with grace?
Like one of high blood that hath married base.
Who seeks authority with an ignorant eye,
Is like a man seeks out his enemy;
For where[g] before his follies were not spread,
Or his corruptions, then they're clearly read
E'en by the eyes of all men; 'tis so pure
A crystal of itself, it will endure
No poison of oppression, bribes, hir'd law,
But 'twill appear soon in some crack or flaw:
Howe'er men soothe their hopes with popular breath,
If not in life, they'll find that crack in death.
I was not made to fawn or stroke sin smooth;
Be wise and hear me, then, that cannot soothe:
I've set thee high now, be so in example,
Made thee a pinnacle in honour's temple,
Fixing ten thousand eyes upon thy brow;
There is no hiding of thy actions now,
They must abide the light, and imitate me,
Or be thrown down to fire where errors be.
Nor only with these words thy ear I feed,
But give those part that shall in time succeed,

[g] *where*] i. e. whereas.

To thee in present, and to them to come,
That Truth may bring you all with honour home
To these your gates, and to those, after these,
Of which your own good actions keep the keys.
Then, as the loves of thy Society
Have[h] flow'd in bounties on this day and thee,
Counting all cost too little for true art,
Doubling rewards there where they found desert,
In thankfulness, justice, and virtuous care,
Perfect their hopes,—those thy requitals are;
With fatherly respect embrace 'em all,
Faith in thy heart and Plenty in thy hall,
Love in thy walks, but Justice in thy state,
Zeal in thy chamber, Bounty at thy gate:
And so to thee and these a blessèd night;—
To thee, fair City, peace, my grace and light!

Trumpets sounding triumphantly, Zeal, the champion of Truth, on horseback, his head circled with strange fires, appears to his mistress, and thus speaks:

See yonder, lady, Error's chariot stands,
Braving the power of your incens'd commands,
Embolden'd by the privilege of Night
And her black faction; yet, to crown his spite,
Which I'll confound, I burn in divine wrath.

TRUTH.

Strike, then; I give thee leave to shoot it forth.

ZEAL.

Then here's to the destruction of that seat;
There's nothing seen of thee but fire shall eat.

[h] *Have*] Old eds. "Hath."

At which a flame shoots from the head of Zeal, which, fastening upon that chariot of Error, sets it on fire, and all the beasts that are joined to it.

The firework being made by master Humphrey Nichols, a man excellent in his art; and the whole work and body of the Triumph, with all the proper beauties of the workmanship, most artfully and faithfully performed by John Grinkin; and those furnished with apparel and porters[i] by Anthony Munday, gentleman.

This proud seat of Error lying now only glowing in embers—being a figure or type of his lordship's justice on all wicked offenders in the time of his government—I now conclude, holding it a more learned discretion to cease of myself than to have Time cut me off rudely: and now let him strike at his pleasure.

[i] *apparel and porters*, &c.] See note, p. 220.

The manner of his Lordship's Entertainment on Michaelmas day last, being the day of his honourable Election, together with the worthy SIR JOHN SWINNERTON, *Knight, then Lord Mayor, the learned and judicious* SIR HENRY MONTAGUE, *Knight, master Recorder, and many of the Right Worshipful the Aldermen of the City of London, at that most famous and admired work of the Running Stream, from Amwell Head into the Cistern near Islington; being the sole invention, cost, and industry of that worthy master* HUGH MIDDLETON, *of London, Goldsmith, for the general good of the City.*

PERFECTION, which is the crown of all invention, swelling now high with happy welcome to all the glad well-wishers of her admired maturity, the father and master of this famous work, expressing thereby both his thankfulness to heaven and his zeal to the city of London, in true joy of heart to see his time, travails, and expenses so successively greeted, this gives entertainment to that honourable assembly:—

At their first appearing, the warlike music of drums and trumpets liberally beats the air, sounds as proper as in battle, for there is no labour that man undertakes but hath a war within itself, and perfection makes the conquest; and no few or mean onsets of malice, calumnies, and slanders, hath this resolved gentleman borne off, before his labours were invested with victory, as in this following speech to those honourable auditors then placed upon the mount is more at large related.

A troop of labourers, to the number of threescore or upwards, all in green caps alike, bearing in their hands the symbols of their several employments

in so great a business, with drums before them, marching twice or thrice about the cistern, orderly present themselves before the mount, and after their obeisance,

The Speech.[j]

Long have we labour'd, long desir'd and pray'd
For this great work's perfection, and by th' aid
Of heaven and good men's wishes 'tis at length
Happily conquer'd, by cost, art, and strength:
After five years' dear expense in days,
Travail, and pains, beside the infinite ways
Of malice, envy, false suggestions,
Able to daunt the spirit of mighty ones
In wealth and courage, this, a work so rare,
Only by one man's industry, cost, and care,
Is brought to blest effect, so much withstood,
His only aim the city's general good;
And where[k] before many unjust complaints,
Enviously seated, have[l] oft caus'd restraints,
Stops, and great crosses, to our master's charge
And the work's hindrance, favour now at large
Spreads itself open to him, and commends
To admiration both his pains and ends,
The king's most gracious love: perfection draws
Favour from princes, and from all applause.
Then, worthy magistrates, to whose content,
Next to the state, all this great care was bent,
And for the public good, which grace requires,
Your loves and furtherance chiefly he desires,

[j] *The Speech*] "Anthony Munday, who in his edition of Stow's *Survey*, published in 1618, has given another version of the present story, and printed 'the Speech according as it was delivered to mee,' says it was spoken by 'one man in behalf of all the rest;' who, of course, was either some hired actor, or, very probably, [?] Thomas Middleton himself." NICHOLS.

[k] *where*] i. e. whereas.

[l] *have*] Old ed. "hath."

To cherish these proceedings, which may give
Courage to some that may hereafter live,
To practise deeds of goodness and of fame,
And gladly light their actions by his name.
Clerk of the work, reach me the book, to shew
How many arts from such a labour flow.

These lines following are read in the clerk's book:

First, here's the overseer, this tried man
An ancient soldier and an artisan;
The clerk; next him the mathematician;
The master of the timber-work takes place
Next after these; the measurer in like case;
Bricklayer and enginer;[m] and after those
The borer and the paviour; then it shews
The labourers next; keeper of Amwell-head;
The walkers last: so all their names are read;
Yet these but parcels of six hundred more
That at one time have been employ'd before;
Yet these in sight and all the rest will say,
That all the week they had their royal pay.

The Speech goes on.

Now for the fruits then: flow forth, precious spring,
So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
Comfort to all that love thee; loudly sing,
And with thy crystal murmur struck together,
Bid all thy true well-wishers welcome hither!

At which words the flood-gate opens, the stream let into the cistern, drums and trumpets giving it triumphant welcomes; and, for the close of this their honourable entertainment, a peal of chambers.[n]

[m] *enginer*] An old and common form of—engineer.
[n] *chambers*] See note, p. 190.

CIVITATIS AMOR,

&c.

Civitatis Amor. The Citie's Loue. An entertainement by water, at Chelsey and White-hall. At the ioyfull receiuing of that Illustrious Hope of Great Britaine, the High and Mighty Charles, To bee created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornewall, Earle of Chester, &c. Together with the Ample Order and Solemnity of his Highnesse creation, as it was celebrated in his Maiesties Palace of Whitehall, on Monday, the fourth of Nouember. 1616. *As also the Ceremonies of that Ancient and Honourable Order of the Knights of the Bath; And all the Triumphs showne in honour of his Royall Creation. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes-head-Pallace.* 1616. 4to.

Reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of King James*, vol. iii. p. 208.

CIVITATIS AMOR.

The ample Order and Solemnity of Prince Charles his Creation.

His Majesty, as well to shew the bounty of his affection towards his royal son, as to settle in the hearts of his loving subjects a lively impression of his kingly care for continuance of the happy and peaceable government of this land in his issue and posterity, having determined to invest his princely Highness with those titles and solemnities [with] which the former princes of this realm have usually been adorned; it seemed fittest—both in regard of his Highness' years, shewing the rare proofs of promising heroical virtues, and also that it would be a gladness most grateful and acceptable to the commonwealth—to have the solemnities thereof royally performed: to the effecting of which, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London, with the several Companies, honourably furnished and appointed, and marshalled in fair and comely order —both by the care and industry of master Nicholas Leate, citizen and merchant of London, and one of the chief captains for the city; as also by the well-observed and deserving pains of master Thomas Sparro, water-baily, made, for that day, marshal for the water-triumphs — were ready attending, with a great train and costly entertainment, to receive his Highness at Chelsea, their barges richly deckt with banners, streamers, and ensigns, and sundry sorts of loud-sounding instruments aptly

placed amongst them. And for his Grace's first entertainment, which was near Chelsea, a personage figuring London, sitting upon a sea-unicorn, with six Tritons sounding before her, accompanied both with Neptune and the two rivers Thamesis and Dee, at his first appearing speaks as followeth.

[THE CITY'S[a] LOVE.

The Entertainment by Water at Chelsea and Whitehall.

AT CHELSEA.

A personage figuring London, sitting upon a sea-unicorn, with six Tritons sounding before her, accompanied thither with Neptune, and the two rivers Thamesis and Dee, at the first appearing of the Prince speaks as followeth :]

LONDON.

Neptune, since thou hast been at all this pains,
Not only with thy Tritons to supply me,
But art thyself come from thy utmost mains
To feast upon that joy that's now so nigh me,
To make our loves the better understood,
Silence thy watery subject, this small flood.

Neptune gives action toward Thamesis, and speaks :

NEPTUNE.

By the timely ebbs and flows,
That make thee famous to all those

[a] [*The City's*, &c.] What I have here placed between brackets is superfluous : Nichols omits it.

That must observe thy precious tides
That issue from our wealthy sides,
Not a murmur, not a sound,
That may this lady's voice confound! —
And, Tritons, who by our commanding power
Attend upon the glory of this hour,
To do it service and the city grace,
Be silent till we wave our silver mace.

LONDON.

And you, our honour'd sons, whose loyalty,
Service, and zeal, shall be express'd of me,
Let not your loving, over-greedy noise
Beguile you of the sweetness of your joys.
My wish has took effect, for ne'er was known
A greater joy and a more silent one.

Then turning to the Prince, [she] thus speaks:

Treasure of hope, and jewel of mankind,
Richer no kingdom's peace did ever see,
Adorn'd in titles, but much more in mind,
The loves of many thousands speak in me,
Who from that blessing of our peaceful store,
Thy royal father, hast receiv'd most free
Honours, that woo'd thy virtues long before,
And ere thy time were capable of thee;
Thou whose most early goodness, fix'd in youth,
Does promise comfort to the length of time;
As we on earth measure heaven's works by truth,
And things which natural reason cannot climb,
So when we look into the virtuous aim
Of thy divine addiction, we may deem,
By rules of grace and principles of fame,
What worth will be, now in so high esteem,
And so betimes pursu'd; which thought upon,
Never more cause this land had to rejoice;

But chiefly I, the city, that has known
More of this good than any, and more choice.
What a fair glorious peace, for many years,
Has sung her sweet calms to the hearts of men,
Enrich'd our homes, extinguish'd foreign fears,
And at this hour begins her hymns agen![b]
Live long and happy, glory of our days!
And thy sweet time mark'd with all fair presages,
Since heaven is pleas'd in thy blest life to raise
The hope of these, and joy of after ages.—
Sound, Tritons; lift our loves up with his fame,
Proclaim'd as far as honour has a name!

NEPTUNE.

Sound on!

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT WHITEHALL.

This personage, figuring London, with the six Tritons sounding before, Neptune, and the two rivers, being arrived at Whitehall, where attend the Prince's landing the figures of two sacred deities, Hope and Peace, thus speaks:

LONDON.

Hope, now behold the fulness of thy good,
Which thy sick comforts have expected long;—
And thou, sweet Peace, the harmony of this flood,
Look up, and see the glory of thy song.

Hope, leaning her breast upon a silver anchor, attended with four virgins all in white, having silver oars in their hands, thus answers:

[b] *agen*] See note, p. 192.

HOPE.

Fair and most famous city, thou hast wak'd me
From the sad slumber of disconsolate fear,
Which at the music of thy voice forsak'd me,
And now begin to see my comforts clear;
Now has my anchor her firm hold agen,
And in my blest and calm security
The expectations of all faithful men
Have their full fruits, being satisfied in me.
This is the place that I'll cast anchor in,
This, honour's haven, the king's royal court;
Here will I fasten all my joys agen,
Where all deservers and deserts resort:
And may I never change this happy shore
Till all be chang'd, never to alter more!

Then Peace, sitting on a dolphin, with her sacred quire, sings this song following:

The song of PEACE.

Welcome, O welcome, spring of joy and peace!
Born to be honour'd and to give increase
To those that wait upon thy graces;
Behold the many thousand faces
That make this amorous flood
Look like a moving wood,
Usurping all her crystal spaces;
'Mongst which THE CITY'S LOVE *is first,*
Whose expectation's sacred thirst
Nothing truly could allay
But such a prince and such a day.
Welcome, O welcome! all fair joys attend thee!
Glory of life, to safety we commend thee!

THO. MIDDLETON.[c]

[c] *Tho. Middleton*] The occurrence of this signature here seems to indicate that the following portion of the tract was not the composition of Middleton.

[The Prince[d] landed at the common stairs at Whitehall, the nobility and his officers preceding. In the Hall he was received by the Duke of Lennox, lord steward of the household, the controller and officers of the household; in the Great Chamber by the Lord Chamberlain, and Viscount Fenton, captain of the guard. He proceeded no further than to the door of the Presence.]

PRINCE CHARLES HIS CREATION.

The day's Triumph ended, to the great honour of the city and content of his Highness, who, out of the goodness of his love, gave the Lord Mayor and Aldermen many thanks, on Monday following, the lords and peers of the realm being all assembled at Whitehall, his Highness then proceeded in this manner to his creation:

First went [the Prince's Gentlemen, according to their degrees; his learned Counsel; the drums;] the trumpets; then the Heralds and Officers of Arms, in their rich coats; [the Earl Marshal with his vierge;[e] the Lord Chamberlain with his white staff]; next followed the Knights of the Bath, being six-and-twenty in number, apparelled in long robes of purple satin, lined with white taffeta; then Sir William Segar, knight, alias garter principal king of arms, bearing the letters patents; the Earl of

[d] *The Prince*, &c.] "Camden's MS. volume, in Harl. MSS. 5176, whence other extracts are given between crotchets in the following pages." NICHOLS.

[e] *vierge*] i. e. rod.

Sussex the purple robes; the train borne by the Earl of Huntington, the sword by the Earl of Rutland, the ring by the Earl of Derby, the rod by the Earl of Shrewsbury, the cap and coronet by the Duke of Lennox lord steward. His princely Highness, supported by the Earls of Suffolk and Nottingham, came bareheaded, [followed by the principal Gentlemen of his chamber], and so entered the great hall, where the King was set in his royal throne, and the whole state of the realm in their order.

The Prince made low obeisance to his Majesty three times; and after the third time, when he was come near to the King, he kneeled down on a rich pillow or cushion, whilst Sir Ralph Winwood, principal secretary, read his letters patents: then his Majesty, at the reading of the words of investment, put the robes upon him, and girded on the sword; invested him with the rod and ring, and set the cap and coronet on his head. [When the patent was fully read, it was delivered to the King, who delivered it to the Prince, kissing him once or twice. At the putting on of the mantle, and delivering of the patent, the trumpets and drums sounded.]

With which ceremony the creation being accomplished, the King arose, and went up to dinner; but the Prince, with his lords, dined in the hall, and was served with great state and magnificence, accompanied at his table with divers great lords, as the Earl of Suffolk, lord treasurer; the Earl of Arundel, lord marshal; the Earl of Nottingham, lord admiral; the Duke of Lennox, lord steward; the Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain; the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, [Huntington], Rutland, and Sussex; the Prince sitting in a chair at the upper

end, and the rest in distance about four yards from him, one over against another, in their degrees; all which were those that were employed in several offices of honour about his royal creation. [The Earl of Southampton acted as cup-bearer, the Earl of Dorset as carver, the Lord Compton as sewer,[e] and doctor Sinhowse, the Prince's chaplain, said grace.] At another table, in the same room, on the left hand of the Prince, sat the Knights of the Bath, all on one side, and had likewise great service and attendance. [After some music, the song of forty parts was sung by the gentlemen of the chapel and others, sitting upon degrees over the screen at the north end of the Hall; which was sung again by the King's commandment, who stood as a spectator in the room over the stairs ascending to the Great Chamber.] About the midst of dinner, Sir William Segar, knight, alias garter principal king of arms, with the rest of the King's Heralds and Pursuivants of Arms, approached the Prince's table, and with a loud and audible voice proclaimed the King's style in Latin, French, and English, thrice; and the Prince's, in like manner, twice: then the trumpets sounding, the second course came in; and dinner done, that day's solemnity ceased.

At night, to crown it with more heroical honour, forty worthy gentlemen of the noble societies of Inns of Court,[f] being ten of each house, every one

[e] *sewer*] Whose office was to set on and remove the dishes, taste them, &c.: see Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 7, and Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

[f] *Inns of Court*] "At the Middle Temple the charges incurred on this occasion were defrayed by a contribution of thirty shillings from each Bencher; every Student of seven years' standing fifteen shillings; and all other Gentlemen in Commons ten shillings apiece. Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, p. 150." NICHOLS.

appointed, in way of honourable combat, to break three staves, three swords, and exchange ten blows a-piece—whose names, for their worthiness, I commend to fame—began thus each to encounter other: and not to wrong the sacred antiquity of any of the houses, their names are here set down in the same order as they were presented to his Majesty; viz. of the

Middle Temple—Master Strowd, Master Izord.
Gray's Inn—Master Courthop, Master Calton.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Skinner, Master Windham.
Inner Temple—Master Crow, Master Vernon.
Middle Temple—Master Argent, Master Glascock.
Gray's Inn—Master Wadding, Master St. John.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Griffin, Master Fletcher.
Inner Temple—Master Parsons, Master Brocke.[f]
Middle Temple—Master Bentley, senior, Master Peere.[g]
Gray's Inn—Master Selwyn, Master Paston.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Selwyn, Master Clinch.
Inner Temple—Master Chetwood, Master Smalman.
Middle Temple—Master Bentley, junior, Master Bridges.
Gray's Inn—Master Covert, Master Fulkes.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Jones, Master Googe.
Inner Temple—Master Wilde, Master Chave.
Middle Temple—Master Wansted, Master Goodyeere.
Gray's Inn—Master Burton, Master Bennet.
Lincoln's Inn—Master Hitchcock, Master Neville.
Inner Temple—Master Littleton,[h] Master Trever.

[During the fifth of November, the anniversary

[f] *Brocke*] Properly *Brooke*, according to Nichols.
[g] *Peere*] Properly *Beare*, according to Nichols.
[h] *Master Littleton*] "The great Sir Edward Littleton." Nichols.

of the Gunpowder Treason, the festivities were suspended. On that day Bishop Andrews preached before the King at Whitehall, on Psalm[g] xxvii. 3; and his Majesty knighted Sir William Segar, garter king at arms.]

On Wednesday, the sixth day of November, to give greater lustre and honour to this triumph and solemnity, in the presence of the King, Queen, Prince, and Lords, fourteen right honourable and noble personages, whose names hereafter follow, graced this day's magnificence with running at the ring;[h] viz.

The Duké of Lennox, lord steward.
Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain.
Earl of Rutland.
Earl of Dorset.
Earl of Montgomery.
Viscount Villiers.
Lord Clifford.
Lord Walden.
Lord Mordaunt.
Sir Thomas Howard.
Sir Robert Rich.
Sir Gilbert Gerrard.
Sir William Cavendish.
Sir Henry Rich.

Having thus briefly described the manner of his Highness' creation, with the honourable service shewn to the solemnity both by the lords and gentlemen of the Inns of Court, I should have set a period, but that the Knights of the Bath, being a principal part and ornament of this sacred triumph,

[g] *on Psalm*, &c.] "The Discourse is in the Bishop's 'xcvi. Sermons,' the eighth on the occasion." NICHOLS,—who inserted the above bracketed passage.

[h] *running at the ring*] See note, vol. i. p. 390.

I cannot pass them over without some remembrance: therefore thus much out of the Note of Directions from some of the principal officers of arms, and some observation of credit concerning the order and ceremonies of the knighthood:—

The lords and other that were to receive the honourable order of the Bath repaired on Saturday, the second of November, to the Parliament House at Westminster, and there in the afternoon heard evening prayer, observing no other ceremony at that time, but only the heralds going before them, in their ordinary habits, from thence to King Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster, there to begin their warfare, as if they would employ their service for God especially; from whence, after service ended, they returned into the chamber they were to sup in. Their supper was prepared all at one table, and all sate upon one side of the same, every man having an escutcheon of his arms placed over his head, and certain of the King's officers being appointed to attend them. In this manner, having taken their repast, several beds were made ready for their lodging in another room hard by, after the same manner, all on one side; their beds were pallets with coverings, testers, or canopies of red say,[i] but they used no curtains.

The Knights in the meanwhile were withdrawn into the bathing-chamber, which was the next room to that which they supped in; where for each of them was provided a several bathing-tub, which was lined both within and without with white linen,

[i] *say*] Is commonly explained—"a thin sort of silk,"—"a species of silk, or rather satin."—Malone (note on Shakespeare's *Henry Sixth, Part Second*, act iv. sc. 7,) remarks, "it appears from Minsheu's *Dict.*, 1617, that *say* was a kind of serge." Cotgrave has "*Seyette*, serge, or sey."

and covered with red say; wherein, after they have said their prayers and commended themselves to God, they bathe themselves, that thereby they might be put in mind to be pure in body and soul from thenceforth; and after the bath, they betook themselves to their rest.

Early the next morning they were awakened with music, and at their uprising invested in their hermits' habits, which was a gown of gray cloth, girded close, and a hood of the same, and a linen coif underneath, and an handkercher hanging at his girdle, cloth stockings soled with leather, but no shoes; and thus apparelled, their esquires governors, with the heralds wearing the coats of arms, and sundry sorts of wind instruments before them, they proceed from their lodging, the meanest in order foremost, as the night before, until they came to the chapel, where, after service ended, their oath was ministered unto them by the Earl of Arundel, lord marshal, and the Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain, in a solemn and ceremonious manner, all of them standing forth before their stalls, and at their coming out making low reverence towards the altar, by which the commissioners sate: then were they brought up by the heralds by two at once, the chiefest first, and so the rest, till all successively had received their oath,[k] which in effect

[k] *their oath*] "Of 'this ancient exhortation or well-wishing, which,' says Camden, 'is commonly called, but improperly, an oathe,' see some curious particulars in vol. ii. p. 337 [of *Prog. of King James*]. It was read, continues Camden, first to the Lord Maltravers, by the Earl of Arundel his father, in the character of Earl Marshal, and then to the other Knights either by the Earl or by the Lord Chamberlain, who then went with the Dean to read the same to the Lord Percy, who had been forced to withdraw himself from indisposition." NICHOLS.

was this: That above all things they should seek the honour of God, and maintenance of true religion; love their sovereign; serve their country; help maidens, widows, and orphans; and, to the utmost of their power, cause equity and justice to be observed.

This day, whilst they were yet in the chapel, wine and sweetmeats were brought them, and they departed to their chamber to be disrobed of their hermits' weeds, and were revested in robes of crimson taffeta, implying they should be martial men, the robes lined with white sarcenet, in token of sincerity, having white hats on their heads with white feathers, white boots on their legs, and white gloves tied unto the strings of their mantles; all which performed, they mount on horseback, the saddle of black leather, the arson[1] white, stirrup-leathers black gilt, the pectoral[m] of black leather, with a cross paty[n] of silver thereon, and without a crupper, the bridle likewise black, with a cross paty on the forehead or frontlet; each knight between his two esquires well apparelled, his footmen attending, and his page riding before him, carrying his sword, with the hilts upward, in a white leather belt without buckles or studs, and his spurs hanging thereon. In this order ranked, every man according to his degree—the best or chiefest first—they rode fair and softly towards the court, the trumpets sounding, and the heralds all the way riding before them. Being come to the King's hall, the Marshal meets them, who is to have their horses, or else 100*s.* in money, for his fee: then, conducted by the heralds and others appointed for that purpose,

[1] *arson*] i. e. saddle-bow.
[m] *pectoral*] i. e. breast-piece.
[n] *paty*] Properly, patée.

his Majesty sitting under his cloth of estate, gave to them their knighthood in this manner:

First, the principal lord that is to receive the order comes, led by his two esquires, and his page before him bearing his sword and spurs, and kneeleth down before his Majesty; the Lord Chamberlain takes the sword of the page and delivers it to the King, who puts the belt over the neck of the knight, aslope his breast, placing the sword under his left arm; the second nobleman of the chief about the King puts on his spurs, the right spur first; and so is the ceremony performed. In this sort Lord Maltravers, son and heir to the Earl of Arundel, lord marshal, which was the principal of this number, being first created, the rest were all consequently knighted alike. And when the solemnity thereof was fully finished, they all returned in order as they came, saving some small difference, in that the youngest or meanest knight went now foremost, and their pages behind them.

Coming back to the Parliament House, their dinner was ready prepared, in the same room and after the fashion as their supper was the night before; but being set, they were not to taste of any thing that stood before them, but, with a modest carriage and graceful abstinence, to refrain; divers kinds of sweet music sounding the while; and after a convenient time of sitting, to arise and withdraw themselves, leaving the table so furnished to their esquires and pages.

About five of the clock in the afternoon they rode again to court, to hear service in the King's chapel, keeping the same order they did at their return from thence in the morning, every knight riding between his two esquires, and his page following him. At their entrance into the chapel, the

heralds conducting them, they make a solemn reverence, the youngest knight beginning, the rest orderly ensuing; and so one after another take their standing before their stalls, where all being placed, the eldest knight maketh a second reverence, which is followed to the youngest; and then all ascend into their stalls, and take their accustomed places. Service then beginneth, and is very solemnly celebrated with singing of divers anthems to the organs; and when the time of their offertory is come, the youngest knights are summoned forth of their stalls by the heralds, doing reverence first within their stalls, and again after they are descended, which is likewise imitated by all the rest; and being all thus come forth, standing before their stalls as at first, the two eldest knights, with their swords in their hands, are brought up by the heralds to the altar, where they offer their swords, and the dean receives them, of whom they presently redeem them with an angel[p] in gold, and then come down to their former places, whilst two other are led up in like manner. The ceremony performed and service ended, they depart again in such order as they came, with accustomed reverence. At the chapel-door, as they came forth, they were encountered by the King's master cook, who stood there with his white apron and sleeves, and a chopping-knife in his hand, and challenged their spurs, which were likewise redeemed with a noble[q] in money, threatening them, nevertheless, that if they proved not true and loyal to the King, his lord and master, it must be his office to hew them from their heels.

[p] *angel*] See note, p. 20.
[q] *noble*] A gold coin worth 6*s.* 8*d.*

On Monday morning they all met together nigh at the court, where, in a private room appointed for them, they were clothed in long robes of purple satin, with hoods of the same, all lined and edged about with white taffeta; and thus apparelled, they gave their attendance upon the Prince at his creation, and dined that day in his presence, at a side-board, as is already declared.

The Names of such Lords and Gentlemen as were made Knights of the Bath, in honour of his Highness' Creation.

James Lord Maltravers, son and heir to the Earl of Arundel.

Algernon Lord Percy, son and heir to the Earl [of] Northumberland.

James Lord Wriothesley, son to the Earl of Southampton.

Edward [Theophilus] Lord Clinton, son to the Earl of Lincoln.

Edward Lord Beauchamp, grandchild to the Earl of Hertford.

[George] Lord Berkeley.

[John] Lord Mordaunt.

Sir Alexander Erskine, son to the Viscount Fenton.

Sir Henry Howard, second son to the Earl of Arundel.

Sir Robert Howard, fourth [fifth] son to the Earl of Suffolk.

Sir Edward Sackville, brother to the Earl of Dorset.

Sir William Howard, fifth [sixth] son to the Earl of Suffolk.

Sir Edward Howard, sixth [seventh] son to the Earl of Suffolk.

Sir Montague Bertie,[q] eldest son to the Lord Willoughby of Eresby.
[Sir William Stourton, son to the Lord Stourton.]
Sir Henry Parker, son to the Lord Mounteagle.
Sir Dudley North, eldest son to the Lord North.
Sir Spencer Compton, son and heir to Lord Compton.
Sir William Spencer, son to the Lord Spencer.
[Sir William Seymour, brother to the Lord Beauchamp.]
Sir Rowland St. John, third son to the Lord St. John.
Sir John Cavendish, second son to the Lord Cavendish.
Sir Thomas Neville, grandchild to the Lord Abergavenny.
Sir John Roper, grandchild to the Lord Tenham.
Sir John North, brother to the Lord North.
Sir Henry Carey, son to Sir Robert Carey.

And for an honourable conclusion of the King's royal grace and bounty shewn to this solemnity, his Majesty created Thomas Lord Ellesmere, lord chancellor of England, Viscount Brackley; the Lord Knolles, Viscount Wallingford; Sir Philip Stanhope, Lord Stanhope of Shelford in Nottinghamshire: these being created[r] on Thursday the

[q] *Bertie*] Old ed. "Bartue."

[r] *these being created*, &c.] This concluding sentence is omitted by Nichols, who, instead of it, gives the following from Camden's MS. volume in Harl. MSS. 5176:

"On the 7th of November about five of the clock in the afternoon, they mett in the Counsell-chamber, where they and the Lords appoynted to carry their ornaments and the assistants putt on their roabes, the Earles and Viscounts their surcotes of crimson velvett with close sleeves, having short flappes hanging upon their shoulders, then their hoods and after-

seventh of November, the Lord Chancellor Viscount Brackley being led out of the council-chamber into the privy gallery by the Earl of Montgomery and Viscount Villiers.

ward their mantles and roabes, fastned upon the shoulder and pucking out the capuchio to hang over behinde, with their cappes of estate and coronetts, or rather circuletts for the Viscounts. They passed from thence over the Tarras [Terrace] into the Privie Gallery, the Heralds, Kings of Armes, Garter carying the Patent, the Lord Compton in his Parliament roabes, carying the Mantle, the Lord Wentworth the Capp of estate and Circulet, the Lord Chancellour Lord Ellesmere in his surcote and hood with his sword by his syde in a usuall hatt, assisted by the Earle of Montgomery and Viscount Villers, with their cappes of estat on. At the Gallory-dore, the Lord Chamberlaine mett them, and placing himself after the Kings of Armes, presented them to the King, who satt there with the Queen and the Prince. Garter presented the Patent to the Lord Chamberlaine, he to the King; the King delivered the same to Sir Ralph Winwood the Secretary, who [read the same]; at the words *fecimus et creavimus* the Roabes were delivered to the King, who delivered the same to the Assistants, who invested him therwith, and the like with the Capp of estate and the Circulett theruppon, and then the Earles Assistants putt on their cappes of estate. When the Patent was fully read, and he thus created Viscount Brackley, the trumpetts and drummes standing without sounded.

"Then was brought in the Lord Knolles, the Lord Carew carying the Mantle, the Lord Davers the Capp of Estate, assisted by the Earle of Suffolk Lord Treasurer and Viscount Lisle, and in like manner created Viscount Wallingford.

"Afterward Sir Philipp Stanhop was brought in his surcote of scarlett, the Lord Denny carying his Roabe, the Lord Compton and the Lord Norris assisting him, and was created Lord Stanhop of Shelford. Then they retourned that way they came to the Counsell-chamber, first, Viscount Brackley, then Viscount Wallingford and the Lord Stanhop, in such order as they went, the trumpetts and drummes sounding."

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

LOVE AND ANTIQUITY.

The Trivmphs of Loue and Antiquity. An Honourable Solemnitie performed through the Citie, at the confirmation and establishment of the Right Honourable Sir William Cockayn, Knight, in the office of his Maiesties Lieutenant, the Lord Maior of the Famous Citie of London: Taking beginning in the morning at his Lordships going, and perfecting it selfe after his returne from receiuing the oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow after Symon and Judes Day, October 29. 1619. *By Tho: Middleton. Gent. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes.* 1619. 4to.

Reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of King James*, vol. iii. p. 570.

To the honour of him to whom the noble Fraternity of Skinners, his worthy brothers, have dedicated their loves in costly Triumphs, the Right Honourable Sir William Cockaine, *Knight, Lord Mayor of this renowned City, and Lord General of his Military Forces.*

Love, triumph, honour, all the glorious graces
This day holds in her gift; fix'd eyes and faces
Apply themselves in joy all to your look;
In duty, then, my service and the book,

At your Lordship's command,

Tho. Middleton.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

LOVE AND ANTIQUITY.

If foreign nations have been struck with admiration at the form, state, and splendour of some yearly triumphs, wherein Art[a] hath been but weakly imitated and most beggarly worded, there is fair hope that things where invention flourishes, clear Art and her graceful proprieties should receive favour and encouragement from the content of the spectator, which, next to the service of his honour and honourable Society, is the principal reward it looks for; and not despairing of that common favour—which is often cast upon the undeserver, through the distress and misery of judgment—this takes delight to present itself.

And first, to begin early with the love of the city to his lordship, let me draw your attentions to his honour's entertainment upon the water, where Expectation, big with the joy of the day, but beholding[b] to free love for language and expression, thus salutes the great master of the day and triumph.

[a] *wherein Art*, &c.] Alluding to the pageants of Munday: see note, p. 219.

[b] *beholding*] See note, p. 36.

The speech to entertain his lordship upon the water.

Honour and joy double their blessings on thee!
I, the day's love, the city's general love,
Salute thee in the sweetness of content;
All that behold me worthily may see
How full mine eye stands of the joy of thee;
The more, because I may with confidence say
Desert and love will be well match'd to-day;
And herein the great'st pity will appear,
This match can last no longer than a year;
Yet let not that discourage thy good ways,
Men's loves will last to crown thy end of days;
If those should fail, which cannot easily die,
Thy good works wed thee to eternity.
Let not the shortness, then, of time dismay
The largeness of thy worth, gain every day;
So, many years thou gain'st that some have lost;
For they that think their care is at great cost,
If they do any good in time so small,
They make their year but a poor day in all;
For, as a learnèd man will comprehend,
In compass of his hour, doctrine so sound,
Which give another a whole year to mend,
He shall not equal upon any ground;
So the judicious, when he comes to bear
This powerful office, struck with divine fear,
Collects his spirits, redeems his hours with care,
Thinks of his charge and oath, what ties they are;
And with a virtuous resolution then
Works more good in one year than some in ten:
Nor is this spoken any to detract,
But all t' encourage to put truth in act.
Methinks I see oppression hang the head,
Falsehood and injury with their guilt struck dead,

At this triumphant hour; ill causes hide
Their leprous faces, daring not t' abide
The brightness of this day; and in mine ear
Methinks the Graces' silver chimes I hear.
Good wishes are at work now in each heart,
Throughout this sphere of brotherhood play their part;
Chiefly thy noble own fraternity,
As near in heart as they're in place to thee,
The ensigns of whose love bounty displays,
Yet esteems all their cost short of thy praise.
There will appear elected sons of war,
Which this fair city boasts of, for their care,
Strength, and experience, set in truth of heart,
All great and glorious masters in that art
Which gives to man his dignity, name, and seal,
Prepar'd to speak love in a noble peal,
Knowing two triumphs must on this day dwell,
For magistrate one, and one for coronel:[a]
Return lord-general, that's the name of state
The soldier gives thee, peace the magistrate.
On then, great hope! here that good care begins,
Which now earth's love and heaven's hereafter wins.

At his lordship's return from Westminster, those worthy gentlemen whose loves and worths were prepared before in the conclusion of the former speech by water, are now all ready to salute their lord-general with a noble volley at his lordship's landing; and in the best and most commendable form, answerable to the nobleness of their free love and service, take their march before his lordship, who, being so honourably conducted, meets the first Triumph by land waiting his lordship's most

[a] *coronel*] Frequently used for (and the Spanish of) colonel.

wished arrival in Paul's-Churchyard, near Paul's-Chain, which is a Wilderness, most gracefully and artfully furnished with divers kind of beasts bearing fur, proper to the fraternity; the presenter the musical Orpheus, great master both in poesy and harmony, who by his excellent music drew after him wild beasts, woods, and mountains; over his head an artificial cock, often made to crow and flutter with his wings. This Orpheus, at the approach of his lordship, gives life to these words:

The speech delivered by Orpheus.

Great lord, example is the crystal glass
By which wise magistracy sets his face,
Fits all his actions to their comeliest dress,
For there he sees honour and seemliness:
'Tis not like flattering glasses, those false books
Made to set age back in great courtiers' looks;
Like clocks on revelling nights, that ne'er go right,
Because the sports may yield more full delight,
But when they break off, then they find it late,
The time and truth appear:[b] such is their state
Whose death by flatteries is set back awhile,
But meets 'em in the midst of their safe smile;
Such horrors those forgetful things attend,
That only mind their ends, but not their end.
Leave them to their false trust, list thou to me;
Thy power is great, so let thy virtues be,
Thy care, thy watchfulness, which are but things
Remember'd to thy praise; from thence it springs,
And not from fear of any want in thee,
For in this truth I may be comely free,—
Never was man advanc'd yet waited on
With a more noble expectation:

[b] *appear*] Old ed. "appeares."

That's a great work to perfect; and as those
That have in art a mastery can oppose
All comers, and come off with learnèd fame,
Yet think not scorn still of a scholar's name,
A title which they had in ignorant youth,—
So he that deals in such a weight of truth
As th' execution of a magistrate's place,
Though never so exact in form and grace,
Both from his own worth and man's free applause,
Yet may be call'd a labourer in the cause,
And be thought good to be so, in true care
The labour being so glorious, just, and fair.
Behold, then, in a rough example here,
The rude and thorny ways thy care must clear;
Such are the vices in a city sprung,
As are yon thickets that grow close and strong;
Such is oppression, cozenage, bribes, false hires,
As are yon catching and entangling briers;
Such is gout-justice, that's delay in right,
Demurs in suits that are as clear as light;
Just such a wilderness is a commonwealth
That is undrest, unprun'd, wild in her health;
And the rude multitude the beasts a' the wood,
That know no laws, but only will and blood;
And yet, by fair example, musical grace,
Harmonious government of the man in place,
Of fair integrity and wisdom fram'd,
They stand as mine do, ravish'd, charm'd, and tam'd:
Every wise magistrate that governs thus,
May well be call'd a powerful Orpheus.
Behold yon bird of state, the vigilant cock,
The morning's herald and the ploughman's clock,
At whose shrill crow the very lion trembles,
The sturdiest prey-taker that here assembles;
How fitly does it match your name and power,
Fix'd in that name now by this glorious hour,

At your just voice to shake the bold'st offence
And sturdiest sin that e'er had residence
In secure man, yet, with an equal eye,
Matching grave justice with fair clemency!
It being the property he chiefly shews,
To give wing-warning still before he crows,
To crow before he strike; by his clapt wing
To stir himself up first, which needful thing
Is every man's first duty; by his crow,
A gentle call or warning, which should flow
From every magistrate; before he extend
The stroke of justice, he should reprehend
And try the virtue of a powerful word,
If that prevail not, then the spur, the sword.
See, herein honours to his majesty
Are not forgotten, when I turn and see
The several countries, in those faces plain,
All owing fealty to one sovereign;
The noble English, the fair-thriving Scot,
Plain-hearted Welsh, the Frenchman bold and hot,
The civilly instructed Irishman,
And that kind savage the Virginian,
All lovingly assembled, e'en by fate,
This thy day's honour to congratulate.
On, then; and as your service fills this place,
So through the city do his lordship grace.

At which words this part of Triumph moves onward, and meets the full body of the show in the other Paul's-Churchyard; then dispersing itself according to the ordering of the speeches following, one part, which is the Sanctuary of Fame, plants itself near the Little Conduit in Cheap; another, which hath the title of the Parliament of Honour, at St. Laurence-Lane end. Upon the battlements of that beauteous sanctuary, adorned with six-and-

twenty bright-burning lamps, having allusion to the six-and-twenty aldermen—they being, for their justice, government, and example, the lights of the city—a grave personage, crowned with the title and inscription of Example, breathes forth these sounds:

EXAMPLE.

From that rough wilderness, which did late present
The perplex'd state and cares of government,
Which every painful magistrate must meet,
Here the reward stands for thee,—a chief seat
In Fame's fair Sanctuary, where some of old,
Crown'd with their troubles, now are here enroll'd
In memory's sacred sweetness to all ages;
And so much the world's voice of thee presages.
And these that sit for many, with their graces
Fresh as the buds of roses, though they sleep,
In thy Society had once high places,
Which in their good works they for ever keep;
Life call'd 'em in their time honour's fair stars,
Large benefactors, and sweet governors.
If here were not sufficient grace for merit,
Next object, I presume, will raise thy spirit.

In this masterpiece of art, Fame's illustrious Sanctuary, the memory of those worthies shine[s] gloriously that have been both lord mayors of this city and noble benefactors and brothers of this worthy fraternity; to wit, Sir Henry Barton, Sir William Gregory, Sir Stephen Jennings, Sir Thomas Mirfen, Sir Andrew Judd, Sir Wolstone Dixie, Sir Stephen Slany, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and now the right honourable Sir William Cockaine.

That Sir Henry Barton, an honour to memory, was the first that, for the safety of travellers and

strangers by night through the city, caused lights to be hung out from Allhollontide[b] to Candlemas; therefore, in this Sanctuary of Fame, where the beauty of good actions shine[s], he is most properly and worthily recorded.

His lordship by this time gracefully conducted toward that Parliament of Honour, near St. Laurence-Lane end, Antiquity, from its eminence, thus gloriously salutes him:

ANTIQUITY, *in the Parliament of Honour.*

Grave city-governor, so much honour do me,
Vouchsafe thy presence and thy patience to me,
And I'll reward that virtue with a story,
That shall to thy fraternity add glory;
Then to thy worth no mean part will arise,
That art ordain'd chief for that glorious prize.
'Tis I that keep all the records of fame,
Mother of truths, Antiquity my name;
No year, month, day, or hour, that brings in place
Good works and noble, for the city's grace,
But I record, that after-times may see
What former were, and how they ought to be
Fruitful and thankful, in fair actions flowing,
To meet heaven's blessings, to which much is owing.
For instance, let all grateful eyes be plac'd
Upon this mount of royalty, by kings grac'd,
Queens, prince, dukes, nobles, more by numbering gain'd
Than can be in this narrow sphere contain'd;
Seven kings, five queens, only one prince alone,
Eight dukes, two earls, Plantagenets twenty-one;
All these of this fraternity made free,
Brothers and sisters of this Company:

[b] *Allhollontide*] A corruption of All-hallows-tide.

And see with what propriety the Fates
Have to this noble brotherhood knit such states;[b]
For what society the whole city brings
Can with such ornaments adorn their kings,—
Their only robes of state, when they consent
To ride most glorious to high parliament?
And mark in this their royal intent still;
For when it pleas'd the goodness of their will
To put the richest robes of their loves on
To the whole city, the most ever came
To this Society, which records here prove,
Adorning their adorners with their love;
Which was a kingly equity.
Be careful then, great lord, to bring forth deeds
To match that honour that from hence proceeds.

At the close of which speech the whole Triumph takes leave of his lordship for that time; and, till after the feast at Guildhall, rests from service. His lordship, accompanied with many noble personages; the honourable fellowship of ancient magistrates and aldermen of this city; the two new sheriffs, the one of his own fraternity (the complete Brotherhood of Skinners), the right worshipful master sheriff Dean, a very bountiful and worthy citizen; not forgetting the noble pains and loves of the heroic captains of the city, and gentlemen of the Artillery-garden,[c] making, with two glorious ranks, a manly and majestic passage for their lord-general, his lordship, thorough Guildhall-yard; and afterward their loves to his lordship resounding in a second noble volley.

Now, that all the honours before mentioned in that

[b] *states*] See note, p. 177.
[c] *Artillery-garden*] See note, vol. iv. p. 424.

Parliament, or Mount of Royalty, may arrive at a clear and perfect manifestation, to prevent[d] the over-curious and inquisitive spirit, the names and times of those kings, queens, prince, dukes, and nobles, free of the honourable Fraternity of Skinners in London, shall here receive their proper illustrations.

Anno 1329. King Edward the Third, Plantagenet, by whom, in the first of his reign, this worthy Society of Skinners was incorporate, he their first royal founder and brother: queen Philip his wife, younger daughter of William Earl of Henault, the first royal sister; so gloriously virtuous that she is a rich ornament to memory; she both founded and endowed Queen's College in Oxford, to the continuing estate of which I myself wish all happiness; this queen at her death desired three courtesies, some of which are rare in these days; first, that her debts might be paid to the merchants; secondly, that her gifts to the church might be performed; thirdly, that the king, when he died, would at Westminster be interred with her.

Anno 1357. Edward Plantagenet, surnamed the Black Prince, son to Edward the Third, Prince of Wales, Duke of Guienne, Aquitaine, and Cornwall, Earl Palatine of Chester. In the battle of Poictiers in France, he, with 8000 English against 60,000 French, got the victory; took the king, Philip his son, seventeen earls, with divers other noble personages, prisoners.

King Richard the Second, Plantagenet. This king being the third royal brother of this honourable Company, and at that time the Society con-

[d] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

sisting of two brotherhoods of Corpus Christi, the one at St. Mary Spittle, the other at St. Mary Bethlem without Bishopsgate, in the eighteenth of his reign granted them to make their two brotherhoods one, by the name of the Fraternity of Corpus Christi of Skinners, which worthy title shines at this day gloriously amongst 'em; and toward the end of this king's reign, 1396, a great feast was celebrated in Westminster Hall, where the lord mayor of this city sate as guest.

Anno 1381. Queen Anne, his wife, daughter to the Emperor Charles the Fourth, and sister to [the] Emperor Wenceslaus, whose modesty then may make this age blush now, she being the first that taught women to ride sideling on horseback; but who it was that taught 'em to ride straddling, there is no records so immodest that can shew me, only the impudent time and the open profession. This fair precedent of womanhood died at Sheen, now Richmond; for grief whereof King Richard her lord abandoned and defaced that goodly house.

Anno 1399. King Henry the Fourth, Plantagenet, surnamed Bolingbroke, a fourth royal brother. In his time the famous Guildhall in London was erected, where the honourable courts of the city are kept, and this bounteous feast yearly celebrated. In the twelfth year of his reign the river of Thames flowed thrice in one day.

Queen Joan, or Jane, Duchess of Bretagne, late wife to John Duke of Bretagne, and daughter to the King of Navarre, another princely sister.

Anno 1412. King Henry the Fifth, Plantagenet, Prince of Wales, proclaimed Mayor and Regent of France: he won that famous victory on the French at the battle of Agincourt.

Queen Catherine, his wife, daughter to Charles the Sixth, King of France.

King Henry the Sixth, Plantagenet, of the house of Lancaster.

King Edward the Fourth, Plantagenet, of the house of York. This king feasted the lord mayor, Richard Chawry, and the aldermen his brethren, with certain commoners, in Waltham Forest: after dinner rode a-hunting with the king, who gave him plenty of venison, and sent to the lady mayoress and her sisters the aldermen's wives, two harts, six bucks, and a tun of wine, to make merry; and this noble feast was kept at Drapers' Hall.

Anno 1463. Queen Elizabeth Grey, his wife, daughter to Richard Woodville, Earl Rivers, and to the Duchess of Bedford; she was mother to the Lord Grey of Ruthin, that in his time was Marquis Dorset.

King Richard the Third, brother to Edward the Fourth, Duke of Gloucester, and of the house of York.

Lionel Plantagenet, third son to the third Edward, Duke of Clarence and Earl of Ulster: Philip his daughter and heir married Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, from whom the house of York descends.

Henry Plantagenet, grandchild to Edmond Crouchback, second son to Henry the Third.

Richard Plantagenet, father of Edward the Fourth, Duke of York and Albemarle, Earl of Cambridge, Rutland, March, Clare, and Ulster.

Thomas Plantagenet, second son of Henry the Fourth.

John Plantagenet, third son of Henry the Fourth; so noble a soldier, and so great a terror to the French, that when Charles the Eighth was moved

to deface his monument—being buried in Rouen—the king thus answered,—"Pray, let him rest in peace being dead, of whom we were all afraid when he lived."

Humfrey Plantagenet, fourth son of Henry the Fourth.

John Holland, Duke of Exeter.

George Plantagenet, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Edmond Plantagenet, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, called the Great Earl of Warwick.

John Cornwall Knight, Baron Fanhope.

The royal sum.

Seven kings, five queens, one prince, seven dukes, one earl; twenty-one Plantagenets.

Seven kings, five queens, one prince, eight dukes, two earls, one lord; twenty-four Skinners.

The feast ended at Guildhall, his lordship, as yearly custom invites it, goes, accompanied with the Triumph before him, towards St. Paul's, to perform the noble and reverend ceremonies which divine antiquity religiously ordained, and are[c] no less than faithfully observed. Holy service and ceremonies accomplished, his lordship returns by torchlight to his own house, the whole Triumph placed in comely and decent order before him; the Wilderness; the Sanctuary of Fame, adorned with lights; the Parliament of Honour; and the Triumphant Chariot of Love, with his graceful con-

[c] *are*] Old ed. "is."

comitants, the chariot drawn with two luzerns.[d] Near to the entrance of his lordship's gate, Love, prepared with his welcome, thus salutes him:

LOVE.

I was the first, grave lord, that welcom'd thee
To this day's honour, and I spake it free,
Just as in every heart I found it plac'd,
And 'tis my turn again now to speak last;
For love is circular, like the bright sun,
And takes delight to end where it begun,
Though indeed never ending in true will,
But rather may be said beginning still,
As all great works are of celestial birth,
Of which love is the chief in heaven and earth.
To what blest state then are thy fortunes come,
Since that both brought thee forth and brings thee home?
Now, as in common course, which clears things best,
There's no free gift but looks for thanks at least;
A love so bountiful, so free, so good,
From the whole city, from thy brotherhood—
That name I ought a while to dwell upon—
Expect some fair requital from the man
They've all so largely honour'd: what's desir'd?
That which in conscience ought to be requir'd;
O, thank 'em in thy justice, in thy care,
Zeal to right wrongs, works that are clear and fair,
And will become thy soul, whence virtue springs,
As those rich ornaments thy brother-kings.

[d] *luzerns*] Generally said to be Russian animals valued for their fur; but, I apprehend, Middleton used the word in the sense of lynxes. "A Luzarne. *Loup cervier*," says Cotgrave, who explains the French term, "a kind of white Wolfe," or "the spotted Linx, or Ounce, or a kind therof." See, too, Minsheu in vv. *Luzarne* and *Furre*.

And since we cannot separate love and care—
For where care is, a love must needs be there,
And care where love is, 'tis the man and wife,
Through every estate that's fix'd in life—
You are by this the city's bridegroom prov'd,
And she stands wedded to her best belov'd:
Then be, according to your morning vows,
A careful husband to a loving spouse;
And heaven give you great joy,—both it and thee,
And to all those that shall match after ye!

The names of those beasts bearing fur, and now in use with the bountiful Society of Skinners, the most of which presented in the Wilderness, where ORPHEUS *predominates.*

Ermine, foine, sables, martin, badger, bear,
Luzern, budge, otter, hipponesse, and hare,
Lamb, wolf, fox, leopard, minx, stot, miniver,
Racoon, moashy, wolverin, caliber,
Squirrel, mole, cat, musk, civet, wild and tame,
Cony, white, yellow, black, must have a name,
The ounce, rowsgray, ginnet, pampilion;
Of birds the vulture, bitter, estridge,[e] swan:
Some worn for ornament, and some for health,
All to the Skinners' art bring fame and wealth.

The service being thus faithfully performed, both to his lordship's honour and to the credit and content of his most generously bountiful Society, the season commends all to silence; yet not without a little leave taken to reward art with the comely dues that belong unto it, which hath been so richly expressed in the body of the Triumph with all the

[e] *bitter, estridge*] i. e. bittern, ostrich.

proper beauties of workmanship, that the city may, without injury to judgment, call it the masterpiece of her triumphs; the credit of which workmanship I must justly lay upon the deserts of master Garret Crismas[f] and master Robert Norman, joined-partners in the performance.

[f] *Crismas*] Or *Christmas*.—"At the end of this [pageant,—Heywood's *Londini Artium et Scientiarum Scaturigo*, &c. 1632] is a panegyric on Maister Gerard Christmas, for bringing the pageants and figures to such great perfection both in symmetry and substance, being before but unshapen monsters, made only of slight wicker and paper. This man designed Aldersgate, and carved the equestrian statue of James I. there, and the old piece of Northumberland house." *Biog. Dram.*, vol. iii. p. 118.

THE SUN IN ARIES.

The Sunne in Aries. A Noble Solemnity Performed through the Citie, at the sole cost and charges of the Honourable and ancient Fraternity of Drapers, At the confirmation and establishment of their most Worthy Brother the Right Honourable, Edward Barkham, in the high Office of his Maiesties Lieutenant, the lord Maior of the famous Citie of London. Taking beginning at his Lordships going, and perfecting it selfe after his returne from receiuing the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow after Simon [*and*] *Jvdes day, being the* 29. *of October.* 1621. *By Tho. Middleton, Gent. At London: Printed by Ed. All-de, for H. G.* 1621. 4to.

Reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of King James*, vol. iv. p. 724.

To the honour of him to whom the noble Fraternity of Drapers, his worthy brothers, have dedicated their loves in costly Triumphs, the Right Honourable Edward Barkham, *Lord Mayor of this renowned City.*

Your Honour being the centre where the lines
Of this day's glorious circle meets and joins,
Love, joy, cost, triumph, all by you made blest,
There does my service too desire to rest,

At your Lordship's command,

Tho. Middleton.

THE SUN IN ARIES.

Pisces being the last of the signs and the wane of the Sun's glory, how fitly and desiredly now the Sun enters into Aries, for the comfort and refreshing of the creatures, and may be properly called the spring-time of right and justice, observed by the shepherd's calendar in the mountain, to prove a happy year for poor men's causes, widows' and orphans' comforts; so much to make good the Sun's entrance into that noble sign; I doubt not but the beams of his justice will make good themselves.

And first to begin with the worthy love of his honourable Society to his lordship, after his honour's return from Westminster, having received some service upon the water. The first Triumph by land attends his lordship's most wished arrival in Paul's-Churchyard, which is a chariot most artfully framed and adorned, bearing the title of the Chariot of Honour; in which chariot many worthies are placed that have got trophies of honour by their labours and deserts; such as Jason, whose illustration of honour is the golden fleece; Hercules with his *ne plus ultra* upon pilasters of silver; a fair globe for conquering Alexander; a gilt laurel for triumphant Cæsar, &c. Jason, at the approach of his lordship, being the personage most proper, by his manifestation, for the Society's honour, lends a voice to these following words:

The speech presented by JASON.

Be favourable, Fates, and a fair sky
Smile on this expedition! Phœbus' eye,
Look cheerfully! the bark is under sail
For a year's voyage, and a blessèd gale
Be ever with it! 'tis for justice bound,
A coast that's not by every compass found,
And goes for honour, life's most precious trading;
May it return with most illustrious lading!
A thing both wish'd and hop'd for. I am he,
To all adventurous voyages a free
And bountiful well-wisher, by my name
Hight[a] Jason, first adventurer for fame,
Which now rewards my danger, and o'ertops
The memory of all peril or her stops;
Assisted by the noble hopes of Greece,
'Twas I from Colchis fetch'd the golden fleece;
And one of the first brothers on record
Of honour got by danger. So, great lord,
There is no voyage set forth to renown,
That does not sometimes meet with skies that frown,
With gusts of envy, billows of despite,
Which makes the purchase, once achiev'd, more bright.
State is a sea; he must be wise indeed
That sounds its depth, or can the quicksands heed;
And honour is so nice and rare a prize,
'Tis watch'd by dragons, venomous enemies;
Then no small care belongs to't: but as I,
With my assisting Argonauts, did try
The utmost of adventure, and with bold
And constant courage brought the fleece of gold,
Whose illustration decks my memory
Through all posterities, naming but me,—

[a] *Hight*] i. e. called.

So, man of merit, never faint or fear;
Thou hast th' assistance of grave senators here,
Thy worthy brethren, some of which have past
All dangerous gulfs, and in their bright fames plac'd,
They can instruct and guide thee, and each one
That must adventure, and are coming on
To this great expedition; they will be
Cheerful and forward to encourage thee;
And blessings fall in a most infinite sum
Both on those past, thyself, and those to come!

Passing from this, and more to encourage the labour of the magistrate, he is now conducted to the master Triumph, called the Tower of Virtue, which for the strength, safety, and perpetuity, bears the name of the Brazen Tower; of which Integrity keeps the keys, virtue being indeed as a brazen wall to a city or commonwealth; and to illustrate the prosperity it brings to a kingdom, the top turrets or pinnacles of this Brazen Tower shine bright like gold; and upon the gilded battlements thereof stand six knights, three in silvered and three in gilt armour, as Virtue's standard-bearers or champions, holding six little streamers or silver bannerets, in each of which are displayed the arms of a noble brother and benefactor, Fame sounding forth their praises to the world, for the encouragement of after-ages, and Antiquity, the register of Fame, containing in her golden legend their names and titles; as that of Sir Henry Fitz-Alwin, draper, lord mayor four-and-twenty years together; Sir John Norman, the first that was rowed in barge to Westminster with silver oars, at his own cost and charges; Sir Francis Drake, the son of Fame, who in two years and ten months did cast a girdle about the world; the unparalleled Sir Simon Eyre, who built Leaden-

hall at his own cost, a store-house for the poor, both in the upper lofts and lower; the generous and memorable Sir Richard Champion and Sir John Milborne, two bountiful benefactors; Sir Richard Hardell, in the seat of magistracy six years together; Sir John Poultney, four years, which Sir John founded a college in the parish of St. Lawrence Poultney, by Candlewick Street; John Hinde, a re-edifier of the parish church of St. Swithin by London Stone; Sir Richard Pipe, who being free of the Leather-sellers, was also from them translated to the ancient and honourable Society of Drapers; and many whose names, for brevity's cause, I must omit, and hasten to the honour and service of the time present. From the tower, Fame, a personage properly adorned, thus salutes the great master of the day and triumph:

The salutation of FAME.

Welcome to Virtue's fortress, strong and clear!
Thou art not only safe but glorious here;
It is a tower of brightness: such is Truth,
Whose strength and grace feel[a] a perpetual youth;
The walls are brass, the pyramids fine gold,
Which shews 'tis Safety's and Prosperity's hold;
Clear Conscience is lieutenant; Providence there,
Watchfulness, Wisdom, Constancy, Zeal, Care,
Are the six warders keep the watch-tower sure,
That nothing enters but what's just and pure;
For which effect, both to affright and shame
All slothful bloods that blush to look on Fame,
An ensign of good actions each displays,
That worthy works may justly own their praise;

[a] *feel*] Old ed. "feels."

And which is clearliest to be understood,
Thine shines amidst thy glorious brotherhood,
Circled with arms of honour by those past,
As now with love's arms by the present grac'd;
And how thy word[b] does thy true worth display,
Fortunæ mater Diligentia,
Fair Fortune's mother, all may read and see,
Is Diligence, endeavouring industry.
See here the glory of illustrious acts,
All of thy own fraternity, whose tracts
'Tis comely to pursue, all thy life's race,
Taking their virtues as thou hold'st their place;
Some, college-founders, temple-beautifiers,
Whose blest souls sing now in celestial quires;
Erecters some of granaries for the poor,
Though now converted to some rich men's store,—
The more the age's misery! some so rare
For this fam'd city's government and care,
They kept the seat four years, with a fair name;
Some, six; but one, the miracle of fame,
Which no society or time can match,
Twenty-four years complete; he was Truth's watch,
He went so right and even, and the hand
Of that fair motion bribe could ne'er make stand;
And as men set their watches by the sun,
Set justice but by that which he has done,
And keep it even; so, from men to men,
No magistrate need stir the work agen:[c]
It lights into a noble hand to-day,
And has past many—many more it may.

By this Tower of Virtue—his lordship being gracefully conducted toward the new Standard—one in a cloudy, ruinous habit, leaning upon the

[b] *word*] i. e. motto.

[c] *agen*] See note, p. 192.

turret, at a trumpet's sounding suddenly starts and wakes, and, in amazement, throws off his unseemly garments.

What noise is this wakes me from ruin's womb?
Hah! bless me, Time, how brave am I become!
Fame fix'd upon my head! beneath me, round,
The figures of illustrious princes, crown'd
As well for goodness as for state by birth,
Which makes 'em true heirs both to heaven and earth!
Just six in number, and all blessèd names,
Two Henrys, Edward, Mary, Eliza, James,
That joy of honest hearts; and there behold
His honour'd substitute, whom worth makes bold
To undergo the weight of this degree,
Virtue's fair edifice, rais'd up like me:
Why, here's the city's goodness, shewn in either,
To raise[d] two worthy buildings both together;
For when they made that lord's election free,
I guess that time their charge did perfect me;
Nay, note the city's bounty in both still;
When they restore a ruin, 'tis their will
To be so noble in their cost and care,
All blemish is forgot when they repair;
For what has been re-edified a' late,
But lifts its head up in more glorious state;
'Tis grown a principle, ruins built agen
'Come better'd both in monuments and men;
The instance is apparent. On then, lord;
E'en at thy entrance thou'dst a great man's word,
The noblest testimony of fair worth
That ever lord had, when he first stood forth

[d] *To raise*, &c.] "The rhymster[!] here seems to allude to a repair the New Standard had undergone, and perhaps also to the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral." NICHOLS. Compare vol. iv. p. 421.

Presented by the city: lose not then
A praise so dear, bestow'd not on all men;
Strive to preserve this famous city's peace,
Begun by yon first king, which does increase
Now by the last; from Henry that join'd Roses,
To James that unites kingdoms, who encloses
All in the arms of love, malic'd of none;
Our hearts find that, when neighbouring kingdoms groan;
Which in the magistrate's duty may well move
A zealous care, in all a thankful love.

After this, for the full close of the forenoon's Triumph, near St. Laurence-Lane stands a mountain, artfully raised and replenished with fine woolly creatures; Phœbus on the top, shining in a full glory, being circled with the Twelve Celestial Signs. Aries, placed near the principal rays, the proper sign for illustration, thus greets his lordship:

Bright thoughts, joy, and alacrity of heart
Bless thy great undertakings! 'tis the part
And property of Phœbus with his rays
To cheer and to illumine good men's ways;
Eagle-ey'd actions, that dare behold
His sparkling globe depart tried all like gold;
'Tis bribery and injustice, deeds of night,
That fly the sunbeam, which makes good works bright;
Thine look upon't undazzled; as one beam
Faces another, as we match a gem
With her refulgent fellow, from thy worth
Example sparkles as a star shoots forth.
This Mount, the type of eminence and place,
Resembles magistracy's seat and grace;

The Sun the magistrate himself implies;
These woolly creatures, all that part which lies
Under his charge and office; not unfit,
Since kings and rulers are, in holy writ,
With shepherds parallel'd, nay, from shepherds rear'd,
And people and the flock as oft coher'd.
Now, as it is the bounty of the sun
To spread his splendours and make gladness run
Over the drooping creatures, it ought so
To be his proper virtue, that does owe
To justice his life's flame, shot from above,
To cheer oppressèd right with looks of love;
Which nothing doubted, Truth's reward light on you,
The beams of all clear comforts shine upon you!

The great feast ended, the whole state of the Triumph attends upon his lordship, both to Paul's and homeward; and near the entrance of his lordship's house, two parts of the Triumph stand ready planted, viz. the Brazen Tower and the triple-crowned Fountain of Justice, this fountain being adorned with the lively figures of all those graces and virtues which belong to the faithful discharging of so high an office; as Justice, Sincerity, Meekness, Wisdom, Providence, Equality, Industry, Truth, Peace, Patience, Hope, Harmony, all illustrated by proper emblems and expressions; as, Justice by a sword; Sincerity by a lamb; Meekness by a dove; Wisdom by a serpent; Providence by an eagle; Equality by a silvered balance; Industry by a golden ball, on which stands a Cupid, intimating that industry brings both wealth and love; Truth with a fan of stars, with which she chases away Error; Peace with a branch of laurel; Patience

a sprig of palm; Hope by a silvered anchor; Harmony by a swan; each at night holding a bright-burning taper in her hand, as a manifestation of purity. His lordship being in sight, and drawing near to his entrance, Fame, from the Brazen Tower, closes up the Triumph — his lordship's honourable welcome, with the noble demonstration of his worthy fraternity's affection — in this concluding speech:

FAME.

I cannot better the comparison
Of thy fair brotherhood's love than to the sun
After a great eclipse; for as the sphere
Of that celestial motion shines more clear
After the interposing part is spent,
Than to the eye before the darkness went
Over the bright orb; so their love is shewn
With a content past expectation,
A care that has been comely, and a cost
That has been decent, cheerful, which is most,
Fit for the service of so great a state,
So fam'd a city, and a magistrate
So worthy of it; all has been bestow'd
Upon thy triumph, which has clearly shew'd
The loves of thy fraternity as great
For thy first welcome to thy honour'd seat;
And happily is cost requited then,
When men grace triumphs more than triumphs men:
Diamonds will shine though set in lead; true worth
Stands always in least need of setting forth.
What makes less noise than merit? or less show
Than virtue? 'tis the undeservers owe
All to vain-glory and to rumour still,
Building their praises on the vulgar will;

All their good is without 'em, not their own;
When wise men to their virtues are best known.
Behold yon Fountain with the tripled crown,
And through a cloud the sunbeam piercing down;
So is the worthy magistrate made up;
The triple crown is Charity, Faith, and Hope,
Those three celestial sisters; the cloud too,
That's Care, and yet you see the beam strikes through;
A care discharg'd with honour it presages,
And may it so continue to all ages!
It is thy brotherhood's arms; how well it fits
Both thee and all that for Truth's honour sits!
The time of rest draws near; triumph must cease;
Joy to thy heart—to all a blessèd peace!

For the frame-work of the whole Triumph, with all the proper beauties of workmanship, the credit of that justly appertains to the deserts of master Garret Crismas,[e] a man excellent in his art, and faithful in his performances.

[e] *Crismas*] See note, p. 290.

THE TRIUMPHS OF INTEGRITY.

The Trivmphs of Integrity. A Noble Solemnity, performed through the City, at the sole Cost and Charges of the Honorable Fraternity of Drapers, at the Confirmation and Establishment of their most worthy Brother, the Right Honorable, Martin Lvmley, in the high Office of his Maiesties Lieutenant, Lord Maior and Chancellor of the famous City of London. Taking beginning at his Lordships going, and perfecting it selfe after His Returne from receiuing the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the Morrow after Simon and Judes Day, being the 29. *of October.* 1623. *By Tho. Middleton Gent. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, dwelling in Foster-Lane.* 1623. 4to.

To the honour of him to whom the noble Fraternity of Drapers, his worthy brothers, have consecrated their loves in costly Triumphs, the Right Honourable Martin Lumley, *Lord Mayor of this renowned City.*

Thy descent worthy, fortune's early grace,
Sprung of an ancient and most generous race,
Match'd with a virtuous lady, justly may
Challenge the honour of so great a day.

Faithfully devoted to the worthiness of you both,

Tho. Middleton.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF INTEGRITY;

OR,

A NOBLE SOLEMNITY THROUGH THE CITY.

Of all solemnities by which the happy inauguration of a subject is celebrated, I find none that transcends the state and magnificence of that pomp prepared to receive his Majesty's great substitute into his honourable charge, the city of London, dignified by the title of the King's Chamber Royal; which, that it may now appear no less heightened with brotherly affection, cost, art, or invention, than some other preceding triumphs — by which of late times the city's honour hath been more faithfully illustrated — this takes its fit occasion to present itself.

And first to specify the love of his noble fraternity, after his lordship's return from Westminster, having received some service upon the water by a proper and significant masterpiece of triumph called the Imperial Canopy, being the ancient arms of the Company, an invention neither old nor enforced, the same glorious and apt property,[a] accompanied

[a] *property*] i. e. article for the pageant — a theatrical term: see note, vol. ii. p. 308.

with four other triumphal pegmes,[b] are, in their convenient stages, planted to honour his lordship's progress through the city: the first for the land, attending his most wished arrival in Paul's-Churchyard, which bears the inscription of a Mount Royal, on which mount are placed certain kings and great commanders, which ancient history produces, that were originally sprung from shepherds and humble beginnings: only the number of six presented; some with crowns, some with gilt laurels, holding in their hands silver sheep-hooks; viz. Viriat, a prime commander of the Portugals — renowned amongst the historians, especially the Romans — who, in battles of fourteen years' continuance, purchased many great and honourable victories; Arsaces, king of the Parthians, who ordained the first kingdom that ever was amongst them, and in the reverence of this king's name and memory all others his successors were called Arsacides after his name, as the Roman emperors took the name of Cæsar for the love of great Cæsar Augustus; also Marcus Julius Lucinus; Bohemia's Primislaus; the emperor Pertinax; the great victor Tamburlain, conqueror of Syria, Armenia, Babylon, Mesopotamia, Scythia, Albania, &c. Many honourable worthies more I could produce, by their deserts ennobling their mean originals; but for the better expression of the purpose in hand, a speaker lends a voice to these following words:

The speech in the Mount Royal.

They that with glory-inflam'd hearts desire
To see great worth deservingly aspire,
Let 'em draw near and fix a serious eye
On this triumphant Mount of Royalty;

[b] *pegmes*] i. e. machines, erections: see Facciolati, Lex. in v. *pegma*.

Here they shall find fair Virtue, and her name,
From low, obscure beginnings, rais'd to fame,
Like light struck out of darkness: the mean wombs
No more eclipse brave merit than rich tombs
Make the soul happy; 'tis the life and dying
Crowns both with honour's sacred satisfying;
And 'tis the noblest splendour upon earth
For man to add a glory to his birth,
All his life's race with honour'd acts commix'd,
Than to be nobly born, and there stand fix'd,
As if 'twere competent virtue for whole life
To be begot a lord: 'tis virtuous strife
That makes the complete Christian, not high place,
As true submission is the state of grace:
The path to bliss lies in the humblest field;
Who ever rise[b] to heaven that never kneel'd?
Although the roof hath supernatural height,
Yet there's no flesh can thither go upright.
All this is instanc'd only to commend
The low condition whence these kings descend.
I spare the prince of prophets[c] in this file,
And preserve him for a far holier style,
Who, being king anointed, did not scorn
To be a shepherd after: these were born
Shepherds, and rise to kings; took their ascending
From the strong hand of Virtue, never ending
Where she begins to raise, until she place
Her love-sick servants equal with her grace:
And by this day's great honour it appears
Sh'as much prevail'd amongst the reverend years
Of these grave senators; chief of the rest,
Her favour hath reflected most and best
Upon that son whom we of honour call;
And may't successively reflect on all!

[b] *rise*] i. e. rose.
[c] *prince of prophets*] "David." Marg. note in old ed.

From this Mount Royal, beautified with the glory of deserving aspirers, descend we to the modern use of this ancient and honourable mystery, and there we shall find the whole livery of this most renowned and famous city, as upon this day, at all solemn meetings furnished by it: it clothes the honourable senators in their highest and richest wearings, all courts of justice, magistrates, and judges of the land.

By this time his lordship and the worthy Company being gracefully conducted toward the Little Conduit in Cheap, there another part of the Triumph waits his honour's happy approach, being a chariot artfully framed and properly garnished; and on the conspicuous part thereof is placed the register of all heroic acts and worthy men, bearing the title of Sacred Memory, who, for the greater fame of this honourable fraternity, presents the never-dying names of many memorable and remarkable worthies of this ancient Society, such as were the famous for state and government: Sir Henry Fitz-Alwin, Knight, who held the seat of magistracy in this city twenty-four years together; he sits figured under the person of Government: Sir John Norman, the first lord mayor rowed in barge to Westminster with silver oars at his own cost and charges, under the person of Honour: the valiant Sir Francis Drake, that rich ornament to memory, who in two years and ten months' space did cast a girdle about the world, under the person of Victory: Sir Simon Eyre, who at his own cost built Leadenhall, a granary for the poor, under the figure of Charity: Sir Richard Champion and Sir John Milborne, under the person of Munificence or Bounty: Sir Richard Hardell and Sir John Poultney, the one in the seat of magistracy six years, the other four years to-

gether, under the figures of Justice and Piety, that Sir John being a college-founder in the parish of St. Laurence Poultney, by Candlewick Street; *et sic de ceteris:* this Chariot drawn by two pelleted lions, being the proper supporters of the Company's arms; those two upon the lions presenting Power and Honour, the one in a little streamer or banneret bearing the Lord Mayor's arms, the other the Company's.

The speech in the Chariot.

I am all Memory, and methinks I see
Into the farthest time, act, quality,
As clear as if 'twere now begun agen,[d]
The natures, dispositions, and the men:
I find to goodness they all bent their powers,
Which very name makes blushing times of ours;
They heap'd up virtues long before they were old,
This age sits laughing upon heaps of gold;
We by great buildings strive to raise our names,
But they more truly wise built up their fames,
Erected fair examples, large and high,
Patterns for us to build our honours by:
For instance only, Memory relates
The noblest of all city-magistrates,
Famous Fitz-Alwin; naming him alone,
I sum up twenty-four lord mayors in one,
For he, by free election and consent,
Fill'd all those years with virtuous government:
Custom and time requiring now but one,
How ought that year to be well dwelt upon!
It should appear an abstract of that worth
Which former times in many years brought forth:
Through all the life of man this is the year
Which many wish and never can come near;

[d] *agen*] See note, p. 192.

Think, and give thanks; to whom this year does come,
The greatest subject's made in Christendom:
This is the year for whom some long prepar'd,
And others have their glorious fortune shar'd;
But serious in thanksgiving; 'tis a year
To which all virtues, like the people here,
Should throng and cleave together, for the place
Is a fit match for the whole stock of grace;
And as men gather wealth 'gainst the year comes,
So should they gather goodness with their sums;
For 'tis not shows, pomp, nor a house of state
Curiously deck'd, that makes a magistrate;
'Tis his fair, noble soul, his wisdom, care,
His upright justness to the oath he sware,
Gives him complete: when such a man to me
Spreads his arms open, there my palace be!
He's both an honour to the day so grac'd,
And to his brotherhood's love, that sees him plac'd;
And in his fair deportment there revives
The ancient fame of all his brothers' lives.

After this, for the full close of the forenoon's triumph, near St. Laurence-Lane his lordship receives an entertainment from an unparalleled masterpiece of art, called the Crystal Sanctuary, styled by the name of the Temple of Integrity, where her immaculate self, with all her glorious and sanctimonious concomitants, sit, transparently seen through the crystal; and more to express the invention and the art of the engineer, as also for motion, variety, and the content of the spectators, this Crystal Temple is made to open in many parts, at fit and convenient times, and upon occasion of the speech: the columns or pillars of this Crystal Sanctuary are gold, the battlements silver, the whole fabric for

the night-triumph adorned and beautified with many lights, dispersing their glorious radiances on all sides thorough the crystal.

The speech from the Sanctuary.

Have you a mind, thick multitude, to see
A virtue near concerns magistracy,
Here on my temple throw your greedy eyes,
See me, and learn to know me, then you're wise;
Look and look through me, I no favour crave,
Nor keep I hid the goodness you should have;
'Tis all transparent what I think or do,
And with one look your eye may pierce me through;
There's no disguise or hypocritic veil,
Us'd by adulterous beauty set to sale,
Spread o'er my actions for respect or fear,
Only a crystal, which approves[e] me clear.
Would you desire my name? Integrity,
One that is ever what she seems to be;
So manifest, perspicuous, plain, and clear,
You may e'en see my thoughts as they sit here;
I think upon fair Equity and Truth,
And there they sit crown'd with eternal youth;
I fix my cogitations upon love,
Peace, meekness, and those thoughts come from above:
The temple of an upright magistrate
Is my fair sanctuary, throne, and state;[f]
And as I dare Detraction's evill'st eye,
Sore at the sight of goodness, to espy
Into my ways and actions, which lie ope
To every censure, arm'd with a strong hope,—
So of your part ought nothing to be done,
But what the envious eye might look upon:

[e] *approves*] i. e. proves. [f] *state*] See note, p. 182.

As thou art eminent, so must thy acts
Be all tralucent,[g] and leave worthy tracts
For future times to find, thy very breast
Transparent, like this place wherein I rest.
Vain doubtings! all thy days have been so clear,
Never came nobler hope to fill a year.

At the close of this speech this crystal Temple of Integrity, with all her celestial concomitants and the other parts of Triumph, take leave of his lordship for that time, and rest from service till the great feast be ended; after which the whole body of the Triumph attends upon his honour, both towards Saint Paul's and homeward, his lordship accompanied with the grave and honourable senators of the city, amongst whom the two worthy consuls, his lordship's grave assistants for the year, the worshipful and generous master Ralph Freeman and master Thomas Moulson, sheriffs and aldermen, ought not to pass of my respect unremembered, whose bounty and nobleness will prove best their own expressors.

Near the entrance of Wood Street, that part of Triumph being planted to which the concluding speech hath chiefly reference, and the rest about the Cross, I thought fit in this place to give this its full illustration, it being an invention both glorious and proper to the Company, bearing the name of the thrice-royal Canopy of State, being the honoured arms of this fraternity, the three Imperial Crowns cast into the form and bigness of a triumphal pageant, with cloud and sunbeams, those beams, by enginous[h] art, made often to mount and spread like a golden and glorious canopy over the deified persons

[g] *tralucent*] i. e. translucent.

[h] *enginous*] i. e. inventive: see Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 281.

that are placed under it, which are eight in number, figuring the eight Beatitudes; to improve which[i] conceit, *Beati pacifici*, being the king's word or motto, is set in fair great letters near the uppermost of the three crowns; and as in all great edifices or buildings the king's arms is especially remembered, as a[n] honour to the building and builder, in the frontispiece, so is it comely and requisite in these matters of Triumph, framed for the inauguration of his great substitute, the lord mayor of London, that some remembrance of honour should reflect upon his majesty, by whose peaceful government, under heaven, we enjoy the solemnity.

The speech, having reference to this Imperial Canopy, being the Drapers' arms.

The blessedness, peace, honour, and renown,
This kingdom does enjoy, under the crown
Worn by that royal peace-maker our king,
So oft preserv'd from dangers menacing,
Makes this arms, glorious in itself, outgo
All that antiquity could ever shew;
And thy fraternity hath striv'd t' appear
In all their course worthy the arms they bear;
Thrice have they crown'd their goodness this one day,
With love, with care, with cost; by which they may,
By their deserts, most justly these arms claim,
Got once by worth, now trebly held by fame.
Shall I bring honour to a larger field,
And shew what royal business these arms yield?
First, the Three Crowns afford[j] a divine scope,
Set for the graces, Charity, Faith, and Hope,
Which three the only safe combiners be
Of kingdoms, crowns, and every company;

[i] *which*] Old ed. "with." [j] *afford*] Old ed. "affords."

Likewise, with just propriety they may stand
For those three kingdoms, sway'd by the meek hand
Of blest James, England, Scotland, Ireland:
The Cloud that swells beneath 'em may imply
Some envious mist cast forth by heresy,
Which, through his happy reign and heaven's blest will,
The sunbeams of the Gospel strike[j] through still;
More to assure it to succeeding men,
We have the crown of Britain's hope agen,[k]
Illustrious Charles our prince, which all will say
Adds the chief joy and honour to this day;
And as three crowns, three fruits of brotherhood,
By which all love's worth may be understood,
To threefold honour make[l] the royal suit,
In the king, prince, and the king's substitute;
By th' eight Beatitudes ye understand
The fulness of all blessings to this land,
More chiefly to this city, whose safe peace
Good angels guard, and good men's prayers increase!
May all succeeding honour'd brothers be
With as much love brought home as thine bring[m] thee!

For all the proper adornments of art and workmanship in so short a time, so gracefully setting forth the body of so magnificent a Triumph, the praise comes, as a just due, to the exquisite deservings of master Garret Crismas,[n] whose faithful performances still take the upper hand of his promises.

[j] *strike*] Old ed. "strikes."
[k] *agen*] See note, p. 192.—An allusion to the return of Charles from Spain.
[l] *make*] Old ed. "makes."
[m] *bring*] Old ed. "brings."
[n] *Crismas*] See note, p. 290.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HEALTH AND PROSPERITY.

The Trivmphs of Health and Prosperity. A noble Solemnity performed through the City, at the sole Cost and Charges of the Honorable Fraternity of Drapers, at the Inauguration of their most Worthy Brother, the Right Honorable, Cuthbert Hacket, Lord Major of the Famous City of London. By Tho. Middleton Gent. Imprinted at London by Nicholas Okes, dwelling in Foster lane. MDCXXVI. 4to.

To the honour of him to whom the noble Fraternity of Drapers, his worthy brothers, have consecrated their loves in magnificent Triumphs, the Right Honourable CUTHBERT HACKET, *Lord Mayor of the City of London.*

The city's choice, thy Company's free love,
This day's unlook'd-for Triumph, all three prove
The happiness of thy life to be most great;
Add to these justice, and thou art complete.

At your Lordship's command,

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HEALTH AND PROSPERITY.

If you should search all chronicles, histories, records, in what language or letter soever; if the inquisitive man should waste the dear treasure of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only with this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is his Majesty's great substitute into his honourable charge, the city of London, bearing the inscription of the Chamber Royal; which, that it may now appear to the world no less illustrated with brotherly affection than former triumphal times have been partakers of, this takes delight to present itself.

And first to enter the worthy love of his honourable Society for his lordship's return from Westminster, having received some service by water, by the triumphant Chariot of Honour, the first that attends his lordship's most wished arrival bears the title of the Beautiful Hill or Fragrant Garden, with flowery banks, near to which lambs and sheep are a-grazing. This platform, so cast into a hill, is adorned and garnished with all variety of odori-

ferous flowers; on the top, arched with an artificial and curious rainbow, which both shews the antiquity of colours, the diversity and nobleness, and how much the more glorious and highly to be esteemed, they being presented in that blessed covenant of mercy, the bow in the clouds; the work itself encompassed with all various fruits, and bears the name of the most pleasant garden of England, the noble city of London, the flowers intimating the sweet odours of their virtue and goodnesses, and the fruits of their works of justice and charity, which have been both honourable brothers and bounteous benefactors of this ancient fraternity, who are presented in a device following under the types and figures of their virtues in their life-time, which made them famous then and memorable for ever. And since we are yet amongst the woolly creatures, that graze on the beauty of this beautiful platform, come we to the modern use of this noble mystery of ancient drapery, and we shall find the whole livery of this renowned and famous city furnished by it; it clothes the honourable senators in their highest and chiefest wearing, all courts of justice, magistrates, and judges of the land. But for the better expression of the purpose in hand, a speaker gives life to these following words:

The speech in the Hill where the rainbow appears.

A cloud of grief hath shower'd upon the face
Of this sad city, and usurp'd the place
Of joy and cheerfulness, wearing the form
Of a long black eclipse in a rough storm;
With showers[a] of tears this garden was o'erflown,
Till mercy was, like the blest rainbow, shewn:

[a] *showers*] Old ed. "flowers."

Behold what figure now the city bears!
Like gems unvalued,[b] her best joys she wears,
Glad as a faithful handmaid to obey,
And wait upon the honour of this day,
Fix'd in the king's great substitute: delight,
Triumph, and pomp, had almost lost their right:
The garden springs again; the violet-beds,
The lofty flowers, bear up their fragrant heads;
Fruit overlade their trees, barns crack with store;
And yet how much the heavens wept before,
Threatening a second mourning! Who so dull,
But must acknowledge mercy was at full
In these two mighty blessings? what's requir'd?
That which in conscience ought to be desir'd;
Care and uprightness in the magistrate's place,
And in all men obedience, truth, and grace.

After this, awaits his lordship's approach a masterpiece of triumph, called the Sanctuary of Prosperity; on the top arch of which hangs the Golden Fleece; which raises the worthy memory of that most famous and renowned brother of this Company, Sir Francis Drake, who in two years and ten months did encompass the whole world, deserving an eminent remembrance in this Sanctuary, who never returned to his country without the golden fleece of honour and victory: the four fair Corinthian columns or pillars imply the four principal virtues, Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, the especial upholders of kingdoms, cities, and honourable societies.

The speech in the Sanctuary upon the Fleece.

If Jason, with the noble hopes of Greece,
Who did from Colchis fetch the golden fleece,

[b] *unvalued*] i. e. invaluable. Old ed. "vnvaleed."

Deserve a story of immortal fame,
That both the Asias celebrate his name;
What honour, celebration, and renown,
In virtue's right, ought justly to be shewn
To the fair memory of Sir Francis Drake,
England's true Jason, who did boldly make
So many rare adventures, which were held
For worth unmatch'd, danger unparallel'd;
Never returning to his country's eye
Without the golden fleece of victory!
The world's a sea, and every magistrate
Takes a year's voyage when he takes this state:
Nor on these seas are there less dangers found
Than those on which the bold adventurer's bound;
For rocks, gulfs, quicksands, here is malice, spite,
Envy, detraction of all noble right;
Vessels of honour those do threaten more
Than any ruin between sea and shore.
Sail, then, by the compass of a virtuous name,
And, spite of spites, thou bring'st the fleece of fame.

Passing from this, and more to encourage the noble endeavours of the magistrate, his lordship and the worthy Company are[c] gracefully conducted towards the Chariot of Honour. On the most eminent seat thereof is Government illustrated, it being the proper virtue by which we raise the noble memory of Sir Henry Fitz-Alwin, who held the seat of magistracy in this city twenty-four years together, a most renowned brother of this Company: in like manner, the worthy Sir John Norman, [that] first rowed in barge to Westminster with silver oars, under the person of Munificence: Sir Simon Eyre, that built Leadenhall, a granary for the poor, under the type of Piety; *et sic de ceteris:* this

[c] *are*] Old ed. "is."

Chariot drawn by two golden-pelleted lions, being the proper supporters of the Company's arms; those two that have their seats upon the lions presenting Power and Honour, the one in a little streamer or banneret bearing the arms of the present lord mayor, the other of the late, the truly generous and worthy Sir Allen Cotton, Knight, a bounteous and a noble housekeeper, one that hath spent the year of his magistracy to the great honour of the city, and by the sweetness of his disposition, and the uprightness of his justice and government, hath raised up a fair lasting memory to himself and his posterity for ever; at whose happy inauguration, though triumph was not then in season — Death's pageants[c] being only advanced upon the shoulders of men — his noble deservings were not thereby any way eclipsed:

Est virtus sibi marmor, et integritate triumphat.

The speech of Government.

With just propriety does this city stand,
As fix'd by fate, i' the middle of the land;
It has, as in the body, the heart's place,
Fit for her works of piety and grace;
The head her sovereign, unto whom she sends
All duties that just service comprehends;
The eyes may be compar'd, at wisdom's rate,
To the illustrious councillors of state,
Set in that orb of royalty, to give light
To noble actions, stars of truth and right;
The lips the reverend clergy, judges, all
That pronounce laws divine or temporal;
The arms to the defensive part of men:
So I descend unto the heart agen,[d]

[c] *Death's pageants*, &c.] King James having died in 1625.
[d] *agen*] See note p. 192.

The place where now you are; witness the love
True brotherhood's cost and triumph, all which move
In this most grave solemnity; and in this
The city's general love abstracted is:
And as the heart, in its meridian seat,
Is styl'd the fountain of the body's heat,
The first thing receives life, the last that dies,
Those properties experience well applies
To this most loyal city, that hath been
In former ages, as in these times, seen
The fountain of affection, duty, zeal,
And taught all cities through the commonweal;
The first that receives quickening life and spirit
From the king's grace, which still she strives t' inherit,
And, like the heart, will be the last that dies
In any duty toward good supplies.
What can express affection's nobler fruit,
Both to the king, and you his substitute?

At the close of this speech, this Chariot of Honour and Sanctuary of Prosperity, with all her graceful concomitants, and the two other parts of Triumph, take leave of his lordship for that time, and rest from service till the great feast at Guildhall be ended; after which the whole fabric of the Triumph attends upon his honour both towards St. Paul's and homeward, his lordship accompanied with the grave and honourable senators of the city, amongst whom the two worthy shrieves, his lordship's grave assistants for the year, the worshipful and generous master Richard Fen and master Edward Brumfield, ought not to pass of my respect unremembered, whose bounty and nobleness for

the year will no doubt give the best expression to their own worthiness. Between the Cross and the entrance of Wood Street, that part of Triumph being planted—being the Fragrant Garden of England with the Rainbow—to which the concluding speech hath chiefly reference, there takes its farewell of his lordship, accompanied with the Fountain of Virtue, being the fourth part of the Triumph.

The last speech.

Mercy's fair object, the celestial bow,
As in the morning it began to shew,
It closes up this great triumphal day,
And by example shews the year the way,
Which if power worthily and rightly spend,
It must with mercy both begin and end.
It is a year that crowns the life of man,
Brings him to peace with honour, and what can
Be more desir'd? 'tis virtue's harvest-time,
When gravity and judgment's in their prime:
To speak more happily, 'tis a time given
To treasure up good actions fit for heaven.
To a brotherhood of honour thou art fixt,
That has stood long fair in just virtue's eye;
For within twelve years' space thou art the sixt
That has been lord mayor of this Company.
This is no usual grace: being now the last,
Close the work nobly up, that what is past,
And known to be good in the former five,
May in thy present care be kept alive:
Then is thy brotherhood for their love and cost
Requited amply, but thy own soul most.
Health and a happy peace fill all thy days!
When thy year ends, may then begin thy praise!

For the fabric or structure of the whole Triùmph, in so short a time so gracefully performed, the commendation of that the industry of master Garret Crismas[d] may justly challenge; a man not only excellent in his art, but faithful in his undertakings.

[d] *Crismas*] See note, p. 290.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

PARAPHRASED.

The Wisdome of Solomon Paraphrased. Written by Thomas Middleton. A Jove surgit opus. Printed at London by Valentine Sems, dwelling on Adling hil at the signe of the white Swanne. 1597. 4to.

To the Right Honourable and my very good Lord, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex and Ewe, Viscount of Hereford, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Bourchier, and Louvaine, Master of Her Majesty's Horse and Ordnance, Knight of the Honourable Order of the Garter, and one of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

The summer's harvest, right honourable, is long since reaped, and now it is sowing-time again: behold, I have scattered a few seeds upon the young ground of unskilfulness; if it bear fruit, my labour is well bestowed; but if it be barren, I shall have less joy to set more. The husbandman observes the courses of the moon, I the forces of your favour; he desireth sunshine, I cheerful countenance, which once obtained, my harvest of joy will soon be ripened. My seeds as yet lodge in the bosom of the earth, like infants upon the lap of a favourite, wanting the budding spring-time of their growth, not knowing the east of their glory, the west of their quietness, the south of their summer, the north of their winter; but if the beams of your aspects lighten the small moiety of a smaller implanting, I shall have an every-day harvest, a fruition of content, a branch of felicity.

Your Honour's addicted in all observance,

Thomas Middleton.

TO THE GENTLEMEN-READERS.

GENTLEMEN,—I give you the surveyance of my new-bought ground, and will only stand unto your verdicts. I fear me that the acres of my field pass the ankers of my seed; if wanting seed, then I hope it will not be too much seeded. This is my bare excuse; but, trust me, had my wit been sufficient to maintain the freedom of my will, then both should have been answerable to your wishes; yet, nevertheless, think of it as a willing, though not a fulfilling moiety. But what mean I? While I thus argue, Momus and Zoïlus, those two ravens, devour my seed, because I lack a scarecrow; indeed, so I may have less than I have, when such foul-gutted ravens swallow up my portion: if you gape for stuffing, hie you to dead carrion carcasses, and make them your ordinaries. I beseech you, gentlemen, let me have your aid; and as you have seen the first practice of my husbandry in sowing, so let me have your helping hands unto my reaping.

Yours, devoted in friendship,

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON PARAPHRASED.

Chap. I.

VER.

Wisdom, elixir of the purest life, 1
Hath taught her lesson to judicial views,
To those that judge a cause and end a strife,
Which sit[a] in judgment's seat and justice use;
A lesson worthy of divinest care,
Quintessence of a true divinest fear:

Unwilling that exordium should retain
Her life-infusing speech, doth thus begin:
You, quoth she, that give remedy or pain,
Love justice, for injustice is a sin;
Give unto God his due, his reverend style,
And rather use simplicity than guile.

For him that guides the radiant eye of day, 2
Sitting in his star-chamber of the sky,
The horizons and hemispheres obey,
And winds, the fillers of vacuity;
Much less should man tempt God, when all obey,
But rather be a guide, and lead the way.

For tempting argues but a sin's attempt,
Temptation is to sin associate;
So doing, thou from God art clean exempt,
Whose love is never plac'd in his love's hate:
He will be found not of a tempting mind,
But found of those which he doth faithful find.

[a] *sit*] Old ed. "sits."

Temptation rather separates from God, 3
  Converting goodness from the thing it was,
Heaping the indignation of his rod
  To bruise our bodies like a brittle glass;
For wicked thoughts have still a wicked end,
In making God our foe, which was our friend.

They muster up revenge, encamp our hate,
  Undoing what before they meant to do,
Stirring up anger and unlucky fate,
  Making the earth their friend, the heaven their foe:
But when heaven's guide makes manifest his power,
The earth their friends doth them like foes devour.

O foolish men, to war against your bliss! 4
  O hateful hearts, where wisdom never reign'd!
O wicked thoughts, which ever thought amiss!
  What have you reap'd? what pleasure have you gain'd?
A fruit in show, a pleasure to decay,
This have you got by keeping folly's way.

For wisdom's harvest is with folly nipt,
  And with the winter of your vice's frost,
Her fruit all scatter'd, her implanting ript,
  Her name decayèd, her fruition lost:
Nor can she prosper in a plot of vice,
Gaining no summer's warmth, but winter's ice.

Thou barren earth, where virtues never bud; 5
  The fruitless womb, where never fruits abide;
And thou dry-wither'd sap, which bears no good
  But the dishonour of thy proud heart's pride:
A seat of all deceit,—deceit deceiv'd,
Thy bliss a woe, thy woe of bliss bereav'd!

This place of night hath left no place for day,
Here never shines the sun of discipline,
But mischief clad in sable night's array,
Thought's apparition—evil angel's sign;
These reign enhousèd with their mother night,
To cloud the day of clearest wisdom's light.

O you that practise to be chief in sin, 6
Love's hate, hate's friend, friend's foe, foe's follower,
What do you gain? what merit do you win,
To be blaspheming vice's practiser?
Your gain is wisdom's everlasting hate,
Your merit grief, your grief your life's debate.

Thou canst not hide thy thought—God made thy thought,
Let this thy caveat be for thinking ill;
Thou know'st that Christ thy living freedom bought,
To live on earth according to his will:
God being thy creator, Christ thy bliss,
Why dost thou err? why dost thou do amiss?

He is both judge and witness of thy deeds, 7
He knows the volume which thy heart contains;
Christ skips thy faults, only thy virtue reads,
Redeeming thee from all thy vice's pains:
O happy crown of mortal man's content,
Sent for our joy, our joy in being sent!

Then sham'st thou not to err, to sin, to stray,
To come to composition with thy vice,
With new-purg'd feet to tread the oldest way,
Leading new sense unto thy old device?
Thy shame might flow in thy sin-flowing face,
Rather than ebb to make an ebb of grace.

For he which rules the orb of heaven and earth, 8
And the inequal course of every star,
Did know man's thoughts and secrets at his birth,
Whether inclin'd to peace or discord's jar:
He knows what man will be ere he be man,
And all his deeds in his life's living span.

Then 'tis impossible that earth can hide
Unrighteous actions from a righteous God,
For he can see their feet in sin that slide,
And those that lodge in righteousness' abode;
He will extend his mercy on the good,
His wrath on those in whom no virtues bud.

Many there be, that, after trespass done, 9
Will seek a covert for to hide their shame,
And range about the earth, thinking to shun
God's heavy wrath and meritorious[b] blame;
They, thinking to fly sin, run into sin,
And think to end when they do new begin.

God made the earth, the earth denies their suit,
Nor can they harbour in the centre's womb;
God knows their thoughts, although their tongues be mute,
And hears the sounds from forth their bodies' tomb:
Sounds? ah! no sounds, but man himself he hears,
Too true a voice of man's most falsest fears.

O see destruction hovering o'er thy head, 10
Mantling herself in wickedness' array!
Hoping to make thy body as her bed,
Thy vice her nutriment, thy soul her prey:
Thou hast forsaken him that was thy guide,
And see what follows to assuage thy pride!

[b] *meritorious*] i. e. merited.

Thy roaring vice's noise hath cloy'd his ears,
  Like foaming waves they have o'erwhelm'd thy joy;
Thy murmuring,[b] which thy whole body bears,
  Hath bred thy wail, thy wail thy life's annoy:
Unhappy thoughts, to make a soul's decay,
Unhappy soul, in suffering thoughts to sway!

Then sith[c] the height of man's felicity 11
  Is plung'd within the puddle of misdeeds,
And wades amongst discredit's infamy,
  Blasting the merit of his virtues' seeds;
Beware of murmuring,—the chiefest ill,
From whence all sin, all vice, all pains distil.

O heavy doom proceeding from a tongue,
  Heavy-light tongue—tongue to thy own decay,
In virtue weak, in wickedness too strong,
  To mischief prone, from goodness gone astray;
Hammer to forge misdeeds, to temper lies,
Selling thy life to death, thy soul to cries!

Must death needs pay the ransom of thy sin 12
  With the dead carcass of descending spirit?
Wilt thou of force be snarèd in his gin,
  And place thy error in destruction's merit?
Life, seek not for thy death; death comes unsought,
Buying the life which not long since was bought.

Death and destruction never need[d] a call,
  They are attendants on life's pilgrimage,
And life to them is as their playing ball,
  Grounded upon destruction's anchorage;
Seek not for that which unsought will betide,
Ne'er wants destruction a provoking guide.

[b] *murmuring*] Old ed. "murmurings."
[c] *sith*] i. e. since.
[d] *need*] Old ed. "needs."

Will you needs act your own destruction? 13
Will you needs harbour your own overthrow?
Or will you cause your own eversion,
Beginning with despair, ending with woe?
Then dye your hearts in tyranny's array,
To make acquittance of destruction's pay.

What do you meditate but on your death?
What do you practise but your living fall?
Who of you all have any virtue's breath,
But ready armèd at a mischief's call?
God is not pleasèd at your vices' savour,
But you best pleasèd when you lose his favour.

He made not death to be your conqueror, 14
But you to conquer over death and hell;
Nor you to be destruction's servitor,
Enhousèd there where majesty should dwell:
God made man to obey at his behest,
And man to be obey'd of every beast.

He made not death to be our labour's hire,
But we ourselves made death through our desert;
Here never was the kingdom of hell-fire,
Before the brand was kindled in man's heart:
Now man defieth God, all creatures man,
Vice flourisheth, and virtue lieth wan.

O fruitful tree, whose root is always green, 15
Whose blossoms ever bud, whose fruits increase,
Whose top celestial virtue's seat hath been,
Defended by the sovereignty of peace!
This tree is righteousness; O happy tree,
Immortalisèd by thine own decree!

O hateful plant, whose root is always dry,
Whose blossoms never bud, whose fruits decrease,
On whom sits the infernal deity,
To take possession of so foul a lease!
This plant is vice; O too unhappy plant,
Ever to die, and never fill death's want!

Accursèd in thy growth, dead in thy root,
Canker'd with sin, shaken with every wind,
Whose top doth nothing differ from the foot,
Mischief the sap, and wickedness the rind;
So the ungodly, like this wither'd tree,
Is slack in doing good, in ill too free.

Like this their wicked growth, too fast, too slow;
Too fast in sloth, too slow in virtue's haste;
They think their vice a friend when 'tis a foe,
In good, in wickedness, too slow, too fast:
And as this tree decays, so do they all,
Each one copartner of the other's fall.

CHAP. II.

Indeed they do presage what will betide,
With the misgiving verdict of misdeeds;
They know a fall will follow after pride,
And in so foul a heart grow[d] many weeds:
Our life is short, quoth they; no, 'tis too long,
Lengthen'd with evil thoughts and evil tongue.

A life must needs be short to them that dies,
For life once dead in sin doth weakly live;
These die in sin, and mask in death's disguise,
And never think that death new life can give;
They say, life dead can never live again:
O thoughts, O words, O deeds, fond,[e] foolish, vain!

[d] *grow*] Old ed. "growes." [e] *fond*] i. e. silly, idle.

Vild[e] life, to harbour where such death abodes, 2
Abodes worse than are thoughts, thoughts worse than words,
Words half as ill as deeds, deeds sorrow's odes,
Odes ill enchanters of too ill records!
Thoughts, words, and deeds, conjoinèd in one song
May cause an echo from destruction's tongue.

Quoth they, 'tis chance whether we live or die,
Born or abortive, be or never be;
We worship Fortune, she's our deity;
If she denies, no vital breath have we:
Here are we placèd in this orb of death,
This breath once gone, we never look for breath.

Between both life and death, both hope and fear, 3
Between our joy and grief, bliss and despair,
We here possess the fruit of what is here,
Born ever for to die, and die death's heir:
Our heritage is death annex'd to life,
Our portion death, our death an endless strife.

What is our life, but our life's tragedy,
Extinguish'd in a momentary time?
And life to murder life is cruelty,
Unripely withering in a flowery prime;
An[f] urn of ashes pleasing but the shows,
Once dry, the toiling spirit wandering goes.

Like as the traces of appearing clouds 4
Give[g] way when Titan re-salutes the sea,
With new-chang'd flames gilding the ocean's floods,
Kissing the cabinet where Thetis lay:
So fares our life, when death doth give the wound,
Our life is led by death, a captive bound.

[e] *Vild*] See note, p. 139. [f] *An*] Old ed. "And."
[g] *Give*] Old ed. "Giues."

When Sol bestrides his golden mountain's top,
  Lightening heaven's tapers with his living fire,
All gloomy powers have their diurnal stop,
  And never gain[1] the darkness they desire;
So perisheth our name when we are dead,
Ourselves ne'er call'd to mind, our deeds ne'er read.

What is the time we have? what be our days? 5
  No time, but shadow of what time should be,
Days in the place of hours, which never stays,
  Beguiling sight of that which sight should see:
As soon as they begin, they have their fine;
Ne'er wax, still wane, ne'er stay, but still decline.

Life may be call'd the shadow of effect,
  Because the cloud of death doth shadow it;
Nor can our life approaching death reject,
  They both in one for our election sit;
Death follows life in every degree,
But life to follow death you never see.

Come we, whose old decrepit age doth halt, 6
  Like limping winter, in our winter, sin;
Faulty we know we are—tush, what's a fault?
  A shadow'd vision of destruction's gin;
Our life begun with vice, so let it end,
It is a servile labour to amend.

We joy'd in sin, and let our joys renew;
  We joy'd in vice, and let our joys remain;
To present pleasures future hopes ensue,
  And joy once lost, let us fetch back again:
Although our age can lend no youthful pace,
Yet let our minds follow our youthful race.

[1] *gain*] Old ed. "gaines."

What though old age lies heavy on our back, 7
Anatomy of an age-crookèd clime,
Let mind perform that which our bodies lack,
And change old age into a youthful time:
Two heavy things are more than one can bear;
Black may the garments be, the body clear.

Decaying things be needful of repair—
Trees eaten out with years must needs decline;
Nature in time with foul doth cloud her fair,
Begirting youthful days with age's twine:
We live; and while we live, come let us joy;
To think of after-life, 'tis but a toy.

We know God made us in a living form, 8
But we'll unmake, and make ourselves again;
Unmake that which is made, like winter's storm,
Make unmade things to aggravate our pain:
God was our maker, and he made us good,
But our descent springs from another blood.

He made us for to live, we mean to die;
He made the heaven our seat, we make the earth;
Each fashion makes a contrariety,
God truest God, man falsest from his birth:
Quoth they, this earth shall be our chiefest heaven,
Our sin the anchor, and our vice the haven.

Let heaven in earth, and earth in heaven consist, 9
This earth is heaven, this heaven is earthly heaven;
Repugnant earth repugnant heaven resist,
We joy in earth, of other joys bereaven:
This is the paradise of our delight;
Here let us live, and die in heaven's spite.

Here let the monuments of wanton sports
Be seated in a wantonness' disguise;
Clos'd in the circuit of venereal forts,
To feed the long-starv'd sight of amour's eyes;
Be this the chronicle of our content,
How we did sport on earth, still sport was spent.

But in the glory of the brightest day, 10
Heaven's smoothest brow sometime is furrowèd,
And clouds usurp the clime in dim array,
Darkening the light which heaven had borrowèd;
So in this earthly heaven we daily see
That grief is placèd where delight should be.

Here live[k] the righteous, bane unto their lives,
O, sound from forth the hollow cave of woe!
Here live[k] age-crookèd fathers, widow'd wives—
Poor, and yet rich in fortune's overthrow:
Let them not live; let us increase their want,
Make barren their desire, augment their scant.

Our law is correspondent to our doom, 11
Our law to doom, is dooming law's offence;
Each one agreeth in the other's room,
To punish that which strives and wants defence:
This, cedar-like, doth make the shrub to bend,
When shrubs do[l] waste their force but to contend.

The weakest power is subject to obey;
The mushrooms humbly kiss the cedar's foot,
The cedar flourishes when they decay,
Because her strength is grounded on a root;
We are the cedars, they the mushrooms be,
Unabled shrubs unto an abled tree.

[k] *live*] Old ed. "liues." [l] *do*] Old ed. "doth."

Then sith[m] the weaker gives the stronger place, 12
The young the elder, and the foot the top,
The low the high, the hidden powers the face,
All beasts the lion, every spring his stop;
Let those which practise contrariety
Be join'd to us with inequality.

They say that we offend, we say they do;
Their blame is laid on us, our blame on them;
They strike, and we retort the strucken blow;
So in each garment there's a differing hem:
We end with contraries, as they begun,
Unequal sharing of what either won.

In this long conflict between tongue and tongue, 13
Tongue new beginning what one tongue did end,
Made this cold battle hot in either's wrong,
And kept no pausing limits to contend;
One tongue was echo to the other's sound,
Which breathèd accents between mouth and ground.

He which hath virtue's arms upon his shield, 14
Draws his descent from an eternal king:
He knows discretion can make folly yield,
Life conquer death, and vice a captive bring;
The other, tutor'd by his mother sin,
Respects not deeds nor words, but hopes to win.

The first, first essence of immortal life, 15
Reproves the heart of thought, the eye of sight,
The ear of hearing ill, the mind of strife,
The mouth of speech, the body of despite;
Heart thinks, eyes see, ears hear,[n] minds meditate,
Mouth utters both the soul and body's hate.

[m] *sith*] i. e. since.
[n] *see... hear*] Old ed. "sees... heares."

But nature, differing in each nature's kind,
Makes differing hearts, each heart a differing thought;
Some hath she made to see, some folly-blind,
Some famous, some obscure, some good, some naught:
So these, which differ[n] in each nature's reason,
Had nature's time when time was out of season.

Quoth they, he doth reprove our heart of thinking,
Our eyes of sight, our ears of hearing ill, 16
Our minds, our hearts, in meditation linking,
Our mouths in speaking of our body's will;
Because heart, sight, and mind do disagree,
He'd make heart, sight, and mind of their decree.

He says, our heart is blinded with our eyes,
Our eyes are blinded with our blinded heart,
Our bodies on both parts defilèd lies,
Our mouths the trumpets of our vices' smart;
Quoth he, God is my father, I his son,
His ways I take, your wicked ways I shun.

As meditated wrongs are deeper plac'd 17
Within the deep core[o] of a wrongèd mind,
So meditated words are[p] never past
Before their sounds a settled harbour find;
The wicked, answering to the latter words,
Begin[q] to speak as much as speech affords.

One tongue must answer, other tongues reply,
Beginning boasts require an ending fall;
Words lively spoke do sometimes wordless die,
If not, live echoes unto speeches call:
Let not the shadow smother up the deed,
The outward leaf differs from inward seed.

[n] *differ*] Old ed. "differeth." [o] *core*] Old ed. "crue."
[p] *are*] Old ed. "is." [q] *Begin*] Old ed. "Begins."

The shape and show of substance and effect 18
Do[o] shape the substance in the shadow's hue,
And shadow put in substance will neglect
The wonted shadow of not being true:
Let substance follow substance, show a show,
And let not substance for the shadow go.

He that could give such admonition,
Such vaunting words, such words confirming vaunts,
As if his tongue had mounted to ambition,
Or climb'd the turrets which vain-glory haunts,
Now let his father, if he be his son,
Undo the knot which his proud boasts have spun.

We are his enemies, his chain our hands, 19
Our words his fetters, and our heart his cave,
Our stern embracements are his servile bands;
Where is the helper now which he should have?
In prison like himself, not to be found,
He wanteth help himself to be unbound.

Then sith[p] thy father bears it patiently,
To suffer torments, grief, rebuke, and blame,
'Tis needful thou should'st bear equality,
To see if meekness harbour in thy name:
Help, father, for thy son in prison lies!
Help, son, or else thy helpless father dies!

Thus is the righteous God and righteous man 20
Drown'd in oblivion with this vice's reign;
God wanteth power (say they) of what we can,
The other would perform that which is vain;
Both faulty in one fault, and both alike
Must have the stroke which our law's judgments strike.

[o] *Do*] Old ed. "Doth." [p] *sith*] i. e. since.

He calls himself a son from heaven's descent;
What can earth's force avail 'gainst heaven's defence?
His life by immortality is lent;
Then how can punishment his wrath incense?
Though death herself in his arraignment deck,
He hath his life's preserver at a beck.

As doth the basilisk with poison'd sight 21
Blind every function of a mortal eye,
Disarm the body's powers of vital might,
Rob heart of thought, make living life to die,
So do[n] the wicked with their vice's look
Infect the spring of clearest virtue's brook.

This basilisk, mortality's chief foe,
And to the heart's long-knitted artery,
Doth sometime perish at her shadow's show,
Poisoning herself with her own poison'd eye:
Needs must the sting fall out with over-harming,
Needs must the tongue burn out in over-warming.

So fares it with the practisers of vice, 22
Laden with many venomous adders' stings,
Sometimes are blinded with their own device,
And tune[o] that song which their destruction sings;
Their mischief blindeth their mischievous eyes,
Like basilisks, which in their shadow dies.

They go, and yet they cannot see their feet,
Like blinded pilgrims in an unknown way,
Blind in perceiving things which be most meet,
But need nor sight nor guide to go astray:
Tell them of good, they cannot understand;
But tell them of a mischief, that's at hand.

[n] *do*] Old ed. "doth." [o] *tune*] Old ed. "tunes."

The basilisk was made to blind the sight, 23
The adder for to sting, the worm to creep,
The viper to devour, the dog to bite,
The nightingale to wake when others sleep;
Only man differs from his Maker's will,
Undoing what is good, and doing ill.

A godlike face he had, a heavenly hue, 24
Without corruption, image without spots;
But now is metamorphosèd anew,
Full of corruption, image full of blots;
Blotted by him that is the plot[o] of evil,
Undone, corrupted, vanquish'd by the devil.

Chap. III.

But every cloud cannot hide Phœbus' face, 1
Nor shut the casement of his living flame;
Nor is there every soul which wanteth grace,
Nor every heart seduc'd with mischief's name:
Life cannot live without corruption,
World cannot be without destruction.

Nor is the body all corrupt, or world
Bent wholly unto wickedness' assault;
The adder is not always seen uncurl'd,
Nor every soul found guilty in one fault;
Some good, some bad; but those whom virtues guard,
Heaven is their haven, comfort their reward.

Thrice-happy habitation of delight, 2
Thrice-happy step of immortality,
Thrice-happy souls to gain such heavenly sight,
Springing from heaven's perpetuity!
O peaceful place! but O thrice-peaceful souls,
Whom neither threats nor strife nor wars controls!

[o] *plot*] i. e. scheme, form,—pattern.

They are not like the wicked, for they live ; 3
Nor they like to the righteous, for they die ;
Each of their lives a differing nature give :
One thinks that life ends with mortality,
And that the righteous never live again,
But die as subjects to a grievous pain.

What labouring soul refuseth for to sweat, 4
Knowing his hire, his payment, his reward,
To suffer winter's cold and summer's heat,
Assurèd of his labour's due regard ?
The bee with summer's toil will lade her hive,
In winter's frost to keep herself alive.

And what divinest spirit would not toil,
And suffer many torments, many pains,
This world's destruction, heavy labour's foil,
When heaven is their hire, heaven's joy their gains ?
Who would not suffer torments for to die,
When death's reward is immortality ?

Pain is the entrance to eternal joy ; 5
Death endeth life, and death beginneth life,
Beginneth happy, endeth in annoy,
Begins immortal peace, ends mortal strife ;
Then, seeing death and pains bring joy and heaven,
What need we fear death's pain, when life is given ?

Say sickness, or infirmity's disease
(As many harms hang over mortal heads),
Should be his world's reward ; yet heaven hath ease,
A salve to cure, and quiet resting beds :
God maketh in earth's world lament our pleasure,
That in heaven's world delight might be our treasure.

Fair may the shadow be, the substance foul; 6
After the trial followeth the trust;
The clearest skin may have the foulest soul;
The purest gold will sooner take the rust;
The brook, though ne'er so clear, may take some soil;
The hart, though ne'er so strong, may take some foil.

Wouldst thou be counted just? make thyself just,
Or purify thy mire-bespotted heart;
For God doth try thy actions ere he trust,
Thy faith, thy deeds, thy words, and what thou art;
He will receive no mud for clearest springs,
Nor thy unrighteous words for righteous things.

As God is perfect God and perfect good, 7
So he accepteth none but perfect minds;
They ever prosper, flourish, live, and bud,
Like blessèd plants, far from destruction's winds;
Still bud, ne'er fade, still flourish, ne'er decay;
Still rise, ne'er fall, still spring, ne'er fade away.

Who would not covet to be such a plant,
Who would not wish to stand in such a ground,
Sith° it doth neither fruit nor blessing want,
Nor aught which in this plant might not be found?
They are the righteous which enjoy this earth,
The figure of an ever-bearing birth.

The small is always subject to the great, 8
The young to him which is of elder time,
The lowest place unto the highest seat,
And pale-fac'd Phœbe to bright Phœbus' clime;
Vice is not governor of virtue's place,
But blushes for to see so bright a face.

° *Sith*] i. e. Since.

Virtue is chief, and virtue will be chief,
Chief good, and chief Astræa, justice' mate,
Both for to punish and to yield relief,
And have dominion over every state,
To right the wrongs which wickedness hath done,
Delivering nations from life-lasting moan.

O you, whose causes plungeth in despair, 9
Sad-fac'd petitioners with grief's request!
What seek you? here's nor justice nor her heir,
But woe and sorrow, with death's dumb arrest;
Turn up your woe-blind eyes unto the sky,
There sits the judge can yield you remedy.

Trust in his power, he is the truest God,
True God, true judge, true justice, and true guide;
All truth is placèd in his truth's abode,
All virtues seated at his virtuous side;
He will regard your suit, and ease your plaint,
And mollify your misery's constraint.

Then shall you see the judges of the earth 10
Summonèd with the trumpet of his ire,
To give account and reckoning from their birth,
Where° worthy or unworthy of their hire:
The godly shall receive their labour's trial,
The wicked shall receive their joy's denial.

They which did sleep in sin, and not regarded
The poor man's fortune prostrate at their feet,
Even as they dealt, so shall they be rewarded,
When they their toilèd souls' destruction meet;
From judges they petitioners shall be,
Yet want the sight which they do sue to see.

° *Where*] i. e. Whether.

That labour which is grounded on delight, 11
  That hope which reason doth enrich with hap,
That merit which is plac'd in wisdom's might,
  Secure from mischief's bait or folly's clap,
Wit's labour, reason's hope, and wisdom's merit,
All three in one, make one thrice-happy spirit.

Why set I happiness 'fore mortal eyes,
  Which covet[o] to be drench'd in misery,
Mantling their foolish minds in folly's guise,
  Despising wisdom's perpetuity?
Sin's labour, folly's hope, and vice's merit,
These three in one make a thrice-cursèd spirit.

Vain hope must needs consist in what is vain; 12
  All foolish labours flow[p] from folly's tears;
Unprofitable works proceed from pain,
  And pain ill labour's duest guerdon bears;
Three[q] vanities in one, and one in three,
Make three pains one, and one uncertainty.

A wicked king makes a more wicked land;
  Heads once infected soon corrupt[r] the feet;
If the tree falls, the branches cannot stand,
  Nor children, be their parents indiscreet;
The man infects the wife, the wife the child,
Like birds which in one nest be all defil'd.

The field which never was ordain'd to bear 13
  Is happier far than a still-tillèd ground;
This sleeps with quietness in every year,
  The other curs'd if any tares be found;
The barren happier than she that bears,
This brings forth joy, the other tares and tears.

[o] *covet*] Old ed. "covets."
[p] *flow*] Old ed. "flowes."
[q] *Three*] Old ed. "Their."
[r] *corrupt*] Old ed. "corrupts."

The eunuch never lay in vice's bed, 14
The barren woman never brought forth sin;
These two in heaven's happiness are led,
She fruit in soul, he fruit in faith doth win:
O rare and happy man, for ever blest!
O rare and happy woman, heaven's guest!

Who seeks to reap before the corn be ripe? 15
Who looks for harvest among winter's frost?
Or who in grief will follow pleasure's pipe?
What mariner can sail upon the coast?
That which is done in time is done in season,
And things done out of time are[r] out of reason.

The glorious labour is in doing good,
In time's observance, and in nature's will,
Whose fruit is also glorious for our food,
If glory may consist in labour's skill,
Whose root is wisdom, which shall never wither,
But spring, and sprout, and love, and live together.

But every ground doth not bear blessèd plants, 16
Nor every plant brings forth expected fruit;
What this same ground may have, another wants;
Nor are all causes answer'd with one suit:
That tree whose root is sound, whose grounding strong,
May firmly stand when others lie along.

View nature's beauty, mark her changing hue,
She is not always foul, not always fair,
Chaste and unchaste she is, true and untrue,
And some spring[s] from her in a lustful air;
And these adulterers be, whose seed shall perish;
Never shall lust and wickedness long flourish.

[r] *are*] Old ed. "is." [s] *spring*] Old ed. "springs."

Although the flint be hard, the water soft, 17
Yet is it mollified with lightest drops;
Hard is the water when the wind's aloft;
Small things in time may vanquish greatest stops:
The longer grows the tree, the greater moss;
The longer soil remains, the more the dross.

The longer that the wicked live[s] on earth,
The greater is their pain, their sin, their shame,
The greater vice's reign and virtue's dearth,
The greater goodness' lack and mischief's name;
When in their youth no honour they could get,
Old age could never pay so young a debt.

To place an honour in dishonour's place, 18
Were but to make disparagement of both;
Both enemies, they could not brook the case,
For honour to subvert dishonour's growth:
Dishonour will not change for honour's room,
She hopes to stay after their bodies' doom.

Or live they long, or die they suddenly, 19
They have no hope, nor comfort of reward;
Their hope of comfort is iniquity,
The bar by which they from their joys are barr'd:
O old-new end, made to begin new grief!
O new beginning, end of old relief!

Chap. IV.

If happiness may harbour in content, 1
If life in love, if love in better life,
Then unto many happiness is lent,
And long-departed joy might then be rife:[t]
Some happy if they live, some if they die,
Happy in life, happy in tragedy.

[s] *live*] Old ed. "liues." [t] *rife*] i. e. common, prevalent.

Content is happiness because content;
Bareness and barrenness are[t] virtue's grace,
Bare because wealth to poverty is bent,
Barren in that it scorns ill-fortune's place;
The barren earth is barren of her tares,
The barren woman barren of her cares.

The soul of virtue is eternity, 2
All-filling essence of divinest rage;
And virtue's true eternal memory
Is barrenness, her soul's eternal gage:
O happy soul, that is engagèd there,
And pawns his life that barren badge to wear!

See how the multitude, with humble hearts,
Lies prostrate for to welcome her return!
See how they mourn and wail when she departs!
See how they make their tears her trophy's urn!
Being present, they desire her; being gone,
Their hot desire is turn'd to hotter moan.

As every one hath not one nature's mould, 3
So every one hath not one nature's mind;
Some think that dross which others take for gold,
Each difference cometh from a differing kind;
Some do despise what others do embrace,
Some praise the thing which others do disgrace.

The barren doth embrace their barrenness,
And hold it as a virtue-worthy meed;
The other calls conception happiness,
And hold it as a virtue-worthy deed;
The one is firmly grounded on a rock,
The other billows' game and tempests' mock.

[t] *are*] Old ed. "is."

Sometime the nettle groweth with the rose; 4
The nettle hath a sting, the rose a thorn;
This stings the hand, the other pricks the nose,
Harming that scent which her sweet birth had borne;
Weeds among herbs, herbs among weeds are found,
Tares in the mantle of a corny ground.

The nettle's growth is fast, the rose's slow,
The weeds outgrow the herbs, the tares the corn;
These may be well compar'd to vice's show,
Which covets for to grow ere it be born:
As greatest danger doth pursue fast going,
So greatest danger doth ensue fast growing.

The tallest cedar hath the greatest wind, 5
The highest tree is subject unto falls;
High-soaring eagles soon are strucken blind;
The tongue must needs be hoarse with many calls:
The wicked, thinking for to touch the sky,
Are blasted with the fire of heaven's eye.

So like ascending and descending air,
Both dusky vapours from two humorous clouds,
Lies witherèd the glory of their fair;[u]
Unpleasant branches wrench'd in folly's floods;
Unprofitable fruits, like to a weed,
Made only to infect, and not to feed.

Made for to make a fast, and not a feast, 6
Made rather for infection than for meat,
Not worthy to be eaten of a beast,
Thy taste so sour, thy poison is so great;
Thou may'st be well comparèd to a tree,
Because thy branches are as ill as thee.

[u] *fair*] i. e. fairness, beauty. The word was formerly in common use as a substantive.

Thou hast begot thine own confusion,
The witnesses of what thou dost begin,
Thy doomers in thy life's conclusion,
Which will, unask'd and ask'd, reveal thy sin:
Needs must the new-hatch'd birds bewray the nest,
When they are nursèd in a step-dame's breast.

But righteousness is of another sex, 7
Her root is from an everlasting seed,
No weak, unable grounding doth connex
Her never-limited memorial's deed;
She hath no branches for a tempest's prey,
No deeds but scorns to yield unto decay.

She hath no wither'd fruit, no show of store,
But perfect essence of a complete power;
Say that she dies to world, she lives the more,
As who so righteous but doth wait death's hour?
Who knows not death to be the way to rest?
And he that never dies is never blest.

Happy is he that lives, twice he that dies, 8
Thrice happy he which neither liv'd nor died,
Which never saw the earth with mortal eyes,
Which never knew what miseries are tried:
Happy is life, twice happy is our death,
But three times thrice he which had never breath.

Some think[x] that pleasure is achiev'd by years,
Or by maintaining of a wretched life,
When, out, alas! it heapeth tears on tears,
Grief upon grief, strife on beginning strife:
Pleasure is weak, if measurèd by length;
The oldest ages have[y] the weaker strength.

[x] *think*] Old ed. "thinkes." [y] *have*] Old ed. "hath."

Three turnings are contain'd in mortal course, 9
Old, mean, and young; mean and old bring[x] age;
The youth hath strength, the mean decaying force,
The old are weak, yet strong in anger's rage:
Three turnings in one age, strong, weak, and weaker,
Yet age nor youth is youth's or age's breaker.

Some say[y] that youth is quick in judging causes,
Some say[y] that age is witty, grave, and wise:
I hold of age's side, with their applauses,
Which judges with their hearts, not with their eyes;
I say grave wisdom lies in grayest heads,
And undefilèd lives in age's beds.

God is both grave and old, yet young and new, 10
Grave because agèd, agèd because young;
Long youth may well be callèd age's hue,
And hath no differing sound upon the tongue:
God old, because eternities are old;
Young, for eternities one motion hold.

Some in their birth, some die[z] when they are born,
Some born, and some abortive, yet all die;
Some in their youth, some in old age forlorn,
Some neither young nor old, but equally:
The righteous, when he liveth with the sinner,
Doth hope for death, his better life's beginner.

The swine delights to wallow in the mire, 11
The giddy drunkard in excess of wine;
He may corrupt the purest reason's gyre,
And she turn virtue into vice's sign:
Mischief is mire, and may infect that spring
Which every flow and ebb of vice doth bring.

[x] *bring*] Old ed. "brings." [y] *say*] Old ed. "sayes."
[z] *die*] Old ed. "dies."

Fishes are oft deceivèd by the bait,
The bait deceiving fish doth fish deceive;
So righteous are allur'd by sin's deceit,
And oft enticèd into sinners' weave:
The righteous be as fishes to their gin,
Beguil'd, deceiv'd, allurèd into sin.

The fisher hath a bait deceiving fish, 12
The fowler hath a net deceiving fowls;
Both wisheth to obtain their snaring wish,
Observing time, like night-observing owls;
The fisher lays his bait, fowler his net,
He hopes for fish, the other birds to get.

This fisher is the wicked, vice his bait,
This fowler is the sinner, sin his net;
The simple righteous falls in their deceit,
And like a prey, a fish, a fowl beset:
A bait, a net, obscuring what is good,
Like fish and fowl took up for vice's food.

But baits nor nets, gins nor beguiling snares, 13
Vice nor the vicious sinner, nor the sin,
Can shut the righteous into prison's cares,
Or set deceiving baits to mew them in;
They know their life's deliverer, heaven's God,
Can break their baits and snares with justice' rod.

When vice abounds on earth, and earth in vice, 14
When virtue keeps her chamber in the sky,
To shun the mischief which her baits entice,
Her snares, her nets, her guiles, her company;
As soon as mischief reigns upon the earth,
Heaven calls the righteous to a better birth.

The blinded eyes can never see the way,
  The blinded heart can never see to see,
The blinded soul doth always go astray;
  All three want sight, in being blind all three:
Blind and yet see, they see and yet are blind,
The face hath eyes, but eyeless is the mind.

They see with outward sight God's heavenly grace,
  His grace, his love, his mercy on his saints;
With outward-facèd eye and eyèd face,
  Their outward body inward soul depaints:
Of heart's chief eye they chiefly are bereft,
And yet the shadow[s] of two eyes are left.

Some blinded be in face, and some in soul;
  The face's eyes are not incurable;
The other wanteth healing to be whole,
  Or seems to some to be endurable;
Look in a blinded eye, bright is the glass,
Though brightness banishèd from what it was.

So, quoth the righteous, are these blinded hearts;
  The outward glass is clear, the substance dark,
Both seem as if one took the other's parts,
  Yet both in one have not one brightness' spark:
The outward eye is but destruction's reader,
Wanting the inward eye to be the leader.

Our body may be call'd a commonweal,
  Our head the chief, for reason harbours there,
From thence comes heart's and soul's united zeal;
  All else inferiors be, which stand in fear:
This commonweal, rul'd by discretion's eye,
Lives likewise if she live, dies if she die.

Then how can weal or wealth, common or proper,
Long stand, long flow, long flourish, long remain,
When wail is weal's, and stealth is wealth's chief stopper,
When sight is gone, which never comes again?
The wicked see[y] the righteous lose their breath,
But know not what reward they gain by death.

Though blind in sight, yet can they see to harm, 18
See to despise, see to deride and mock;
But their revenge lies in God's mighty arm,
Scorning to choose them for his chosen flock:
He is the shepherd, godly are his sheep,
They wake in joy, these in destruction sleep.

The godly sleep in eyes, but wake in hearts; 19
The wicked sleep in hearts, but wake in eyes:
These ever wake, eyes are no sleepy parts;
These ever sleep, for sleep is heart's disguise:
Their waking eyes do see their heart's lament,
While heart securely sleeps in eyes' content.

If they awake, sleep's image doth molest them, 20
And beats into their waking memories;
If they do sleep, joy waking doth detest them,
Yet beats into their sleeping arteries:
Sleeping or waking, they have fear on fear,
Waking or sleeping, they are ne'er the near.[z]

If waking, they remember what they are,
What sins they have committed in their waking;
If sleeping, they forget tormenting's fare,
How ready they have been in mischief's making:
When they awake, their wickedness betrays them;
When they do sleep, destruction dismays them.

[y] *see*] Old ed. "sees."
[z] *ne'er the near*] i. e. never the nearer.

CHAP. V.

As these two slumbers have two contraries, 1
One slumber in the face, one in the mind;
So their two casements two varieties,
One unto heaven, and one to hell combin'd:
The face is flattery, and her mansion hell;
The mind is just, this doth in heaven dwell.

The face, heaving her heavy eyelids up
From forth the chamber of eternal night,
Sees virtue hold plenty's replenish'd cup,
And boldly stand[z] in God's and heaven's sight;
She, opening the windows of her breast,
Sees how the wicked rest in their unrest.

Quoth she, Those whom the curtain of decay 2
Hath tragically summonèd to pain,
Were once the clouds and clouders of my day,
Depravers and deprivers of my gain.
The wicked hearing this descending sound,
Fear struck their limbs to the pale-clothèd ground.

Amazèd at the freedom of her words, 3
Their tongue-tied accents drove them to despair,
And made them change their minds to woe's records,
And say within themselves, Lo, what we are!
We have had virtue in derision's place,
And made a parable of her disgrace.

See where she sits enthronis'd in the sky! 4
See, see her labour's crown upon her head!
See how the righteous live, which erst did die,
From death to life with virtue's loadstar led!
See those whom we derided, they are blest,
They heaven's, not hell's, we hell's, not heaven's guest!

[z] *stand*] Old ed. "stands."

We thought the righteous had been fury's son,
With inconsiderate speech, unstayèd way;
We thought that death had his dishonour won,
And would have made his life destruction's prey:
But we were mad, they just; we fools, they wise;
We shame, they praise; we loss, they have the prize.

We thought them fools, when we ourselves were fools; 5
We thought them mad, when we ourselves were mad;
The heat which sprang from them, our folly cools;
We find in us which we but thought they had:
We thought their end had been dishonour's pledge;
They but survey'd the place, we made the hedge.

We see how they are blest, how we are curst;
How they accepted are, and we refus'd;
And how our bands are tied, their bands are burst;
Our faults are hourly blam'd, their faults excus'd;
See how heavens gratulate their welcom'd sight,
Which come[a] to take possession of their right!

But O too late we see our wickedness, 6
Too late we lie in a repentant tomb,
Too late we smooth old hairs with happiness,
Too late we seek to ease our bodies' doom!
Now falsehood hath advanc'd her forgèd banner,
Too late we seem to verify truth's manner.

The sun of righteousness, which should have shin'd,
And made our hearts the cabins of his east,
Is now made cloudy night through vice's wind,
And lodgeth with his downfall in the west;
That summer's day, which should have been night's bar,
Is now made winter in her icy car.

[a] *come*] Old ed. "comes."

Too much our feet have gone, but never right; 7
Much labour we have took, but none in good;
We wearièd ourselves with our delight,
Endangering ourselves to please our mood;
Our feet did labour much, 'twas for our pleasure;
We wearièd ourselves, 'twas for our leisure.

In sin's perfection was our labour spent,
In wickedness' preferment we did haste;
To suffer perils we were all content
For the advancement of our vices past:
Through many dangerous ways our feet have gone,
But yet the way of God we have not known.

We which have made our hearts a sea of pride, 8
With huge risse[a] billows of a swelling mind,
With tossing tumults of a flowing tide,
Leaving our laden bodies plung'd behind;
What traffic have we got? ourselves are drown'd,
Our souls in hell, our bodies in the ground.

Where are our riches now? like us consum'd; 9
Where is our pomp? decay'd; where's glory? dead;
Where is the wealth of which we all presum'd?
Where is our profit? gone; ourselves? misled:
All these are like to shadows what they were;
There is nor wealth, nor pomp, nor glory here.

The dial gives a caveat of the hour; 10
Thou canst not see it go, yet it is gone;
Like this the dial of thy fortune's power,
Which fades by stealth, till thou art left alone:
Thy eyes may well perceive thy goods are spent,
Yet can they not perceive which way they went.

[a] *risse*] i. e. risen.

Lo, even as ships sailing on Tethys' lap
Plough[a] up the furrows of hard-grounded waves,
Enforcèd for to go by Æol's clap,
Making with sharpest team the water graves;
The ship once past, the trace cannot be found,
Although she diggèd in the water's ground:

Or as an eagle, with her soaring wings, 11
Scorning the dusty carpet of the earth,
Exempt from all her clogging jesses,[b] flings
Up to the air, to shew her mounting birth;
And every flight doth take a higher pitch,
To have the golden sun her wings enrich;

Yet none can see the passage of her flight,
But only hear her hovering in the sky,
Beating the light wind with her being light,
Or parting through the air where she might fly;
The ear may hear, the eye can never see
What course she takes, or where she means to be:

Or as an arrow which is made to go 12
Through the transparent and cool-blowing air,
Feeding upon the forces of the bow,
Else forceless lies in wanting her repair;
Like as the branches when the tree is lopt,
Wanteth the forces which they forceless cropt;

The arrow, being fed with strongest shot,
Doth part the lowest elemental breath,
Yet never separates the soft air's knot,
Nor never wounds the still-foot winds to death;
It doth sejoin and join the air together,
Yet none there is can tell or where or whither:

[a] *Plough*] Old ed. "Plowes."

[b] *jesses*] i. e. the short leather straps round the hawk's legs, having little rings to which the falconer's leash was fastened.

So are our lives; now they begin, now end, 13
Now live, now die, now born, now fit for grave;
As soon as we have breath, so soon we spend,
Not having that which our content would have:
As ships, as birds, as arrows, all as one,
Even so the traces of our lives are gone:

A thing not seen to go, yet going seen,
And yet not shewing any sign to go;
Even thus the shadows of our lives have been,
Which shew[b] to fade, and yet no virtues shew:
How can a thing consum'd with vice be good?
Or how can falsehood bear true virtue's food?

Vain hope, to think that wickedness hath bearing 14
When she is drownèd in oblivion's sea!
Yet can she not forget presumption's wearing,
Nor yet the badge of vanity's decay:
Her fruits are cares, her cares are vanities,
Two both in one destruction's liveries.

Vain hope is like a vane turn'd with each wind;
'Tis like a smoke scatter'd with every storm;
Like dust, sometime before, sometime behind;
Like a thin foam made in the vainest form:
This hope is like to them which never stay,
But comes and goes again all in one day.

View nature's gifts; some gifts are rich, some poor; 15
Some barren grounds there are, some cloth'd with fruit;
Nor hath all nothing, nor hath all her store;
Nor can all creatures speak, nor are all mute;
All die by nature, being born by nature;
So all change feature, being born with feature.

[b] *shew*] Old ed. "shewes."

This life is hers; this dead, dead is her power,
Her bound[b] begins and ends in mortal state;
Whom she on earth accounteth as her flower
May be in heaven condemn'd of mortal hate;
But he whom virtue judges for to live,
The Lord his life and due reward will give.

The servant of a king may be a king, 16
And he that was a king a servile slave;
Swans before death a funeral dirge do sing,
And wave[c] their wings again[d] ill fortune's wave:
He that is lowest in this lowly earth
May be the highest in celestial birth.

The rich may be unjust in being rich,
For riches do corrupt and not correct;
The poor may come to highest honour's pitch,
And have heaven's crown for mortal life's respect:
God's hands shall cover them from all their foes,
God's arm defend them from misfortune's blows:

His hand eternity, his arm his force, 17, 18
His armour zealousy, his breast-plate heaven,
His helmet judgment, justice, and remorse,[e]
His shield is victory's immortal steven;[f]
The world his challenge, and his wrath his sword,
Mischief his foe, his aid his gospel's word:

His arm doth overthrow his enemy, 19, 20
His breast-plate sin, his helmet death and hell,
His shield prepar'd against mortality,
His sword 'gainst them which in the world do dwell:
So shall vice, sin, and death, world and the devil,
Be slain by him which slayeth every evil.

[b] *bound*] Old ed. "bounds."
[c] *wave*] Old ed. "waves."
[d] *again*] i. e. against.
[e] *remorse*] i. e. pity.
[f] *steven*] i. e. voice, sound.

All heaven shall be in arms against earth's world ; 21
The sun shall dart forth fire commix'd with blood,
The blazing stars from heaven shall be hurl'd,
The pale-fac'd moon against the ocean-flood ;
Then shall the thundering chambers[f] of the sky
Be lighten'd with the blaze of Titan's eye.

The clouds shall then be bent like bended bows,
To shoot the thundering arrows of the air ;
Thick hail and stones shall fall on heaven's foes,
And Tethys overflow in her despair ;
The moon shall overfill her horny hood
With Neptune's ocean's overflowing flood.

The wind shall be no longer kept in caves, 22
But burst the iron cages of the clouds ;
And Æol shall resign his office-staves,
Suffering the winds to combat with the floods :
So shall the earth with seas be palèd in,
As erst it hath been overflow'd with sin.

Thus shall the earth weep for her wicked sons,
And curse the concave of her tirèd womb,
Into whose hollow mouth the water runs,
Making wet wilderness her driest tomb ;
Thus, thus iniquity hath reign'd so long,
That earth on earth is punish'd for her wrong.

Chap. VI.

After this conflict between God and man, 1
Remorse[g] took harbour in God's angry breast ;
Astræa to be pitiful began,
All heavenly powers to lie in mercy's rest ;
Forthwith the voice of God did redescend,
And his Astræa warn'd all to amend.

[f] *chambers*] i. e. ordnance : compare p. 190.
[g] *remorse*] i. e. pity.

To you I speak, quoth she; hear, learn, and mark, 2
You that be kings, judges, and potentates,
Give ear, I say; wisdom, your strongest ark,
Sends me as messenger to end debates;
Give ear, I say, you judges of the earth,
Wisdom is born, seek out for wisdom's birth.

This heavenly embassage from wisdom's tongue, 3
Worthy the volume of all heaven's sky,
I bring as messenger to right your wrong;
If so, her sacred name might never die:
I bring you happy tidings; she is born,
Like golden sunbeams from a silver morn.

The Lord hath seated you in judgment's seat,
Let wisdom place you in discretion's places;
Two virtues, one will make one virtue great,
And draw more virtues with attractive faces:
Be just and wise, for God is just and wise;
He thoughts, he words, he words and actions tries.

If you neglect your office's decrees, 4
Heap new lament on long-toss'd miseries,
Do and undo by reason of degrees,
And drown your sentences in briberies,
Favour and punish, spare and keep in awe,
Set and unset, plant and supplant the law;

O be assur'd there is a judge above, 5
Which will not let injustice flourish long;
If tempt him, you your own temptation move,
Proceeding from the judgment of his tongue:
Hard judgment shall he have which judgeth hard,
And he that barreth others shall be barr'd.

For God hath no respect of rich from poor, 6
For he hath made the poor and made the rich;
Their bodies be alike, though their minds soar,
Their difference nought but in presumption's pitch:
The carcass of a king is kept from foul,
The beggar yet may have the cleaner soul.

The highest men do bear the highest minds;
The cedars scorn to bow, the mushrooms bend;
The highest often superstition blinds,
But yet their fall is greatest in the end;
The winds have not such power of the grass,
Because it lowly stoopeth whenas they pass.

The old should teach the young observance' way, 7
But now the young doth teach the elder grace;
The shrubs do teach the cedars to obey,
These yield to winds, but these the winds outface:
Yet he that made the winds to cease and blow,
Can make the highest fall, the lowest grow.

He made the great to stoop as well as small, 8
The lions to obey as other beasts;
He cares for all alike, yet cares for all,
And looks that all should answer his behests;
But yet the greater hath the sorer trial,
If once he finds them with his law's denial.

Be warn'd, you tyrants, at the fall of pride; 9
You see how surges change to quiet calm,
You see both flow and ebb in folly's tide,
How fingers are infected by their palm:
This may your caveat be, you being kings,
Infect your subjects, which are lesser things.

Ill scents of vice once crept into the head
  Do[g] pierce into the chamber of the brain,
Making the outward skin disease's bed,
  The inward powers as nourishers of pain;
So if that mischief reigns in wisdom's place,
The inward thought lies figur'd in the face.

Wisdom should clothe herself in king's attire, 10
  Being the portraiture of heaven's queen;
But tyrants are no kings, but mischief's mire,
  Not sage, but shows of what they should have been;
They seek for vice, and how to go amiss,
But do not once regard what wisdom is.

They which are kings by name are kings by deed,
  Both rulers of themselves and of their land;
They know that heaven is virtue's duest meed,
  And holiness is knit in holy band:
These may be rightly callèd by their name,
Whose words and works are blaz'd in wisdom's flame.

To nurse up cruelty with mild aspèct, 11
  Were to begin, but never for to end;
Kindness with tigers never takes effect,
  Nor proffer'd friendship with a foelike friend:
Tyrants and tigers have all natural mothers,
Tyrants her sons, tigers the tyrants' brothers.

No words' delight can move delight in them,
  But rather plough the traces of their ire;
Like swine, that take the dirt before the gem,
  And scorn[h] that pearl which they should most desire:
But kings whose names proceed from kindness' sound
Do plant their hearts and thoughts on wisdom's ground.

[g] *Do*] Old ed. "Doth." [h] *scorn*] Old ed. "skorns."

A grounding ever moist, and never dry, 12
An ever-fruitful earth, no fruitless way,
In whose dear womb the tender springs do lie,
Which ever flow and never ebb[i] away;
The sun but shines by day, she day and night
Doth keep one stayèd essence of her light.

Her beams are conducts to her substance' view, 13
Her eye is adamant's attractive force;
A shadow hath she none, but substance true,
Substance outliving life of mortal course:
Her sight is easy unto them which love her,
Her finding easy unto them which prove her.

The far-fet[k] chastity of female sex 14
Is nothing but allurement into lust,
Which will forswear and take, scorn and annex,
Deny and practise it, mistrust and trust:
Wisdom is chaste, and of another kind;
She loves, she likes, and yet not lustful blind.

She is true love, the other love a toy;
Her love hath eyes, the other love is blind;
This doth proceed from God, this from a boy;
This constant is, the other vain-combin'd:
If longing passions follow her desire,
She offereth herself as labour's hire.

She is not coyish she, won by delay, 15
With sighs and passions, which all lovers use,
With hot affection, death, or life's decay,
With lovers' toys, which might their loves excuse:
Wisdom is poor, her dowry is content;
She nothing hath, because she nothing spent.

[i] *flow . . . ebb*] Old ed. "flowes" . . . "ebbes."
[k] *far-fet*] i. e. far-fetch'd.

She is not woo'd to love, nor won by wooing;
Nor got by labour, nor possess'd by pain;
The gain of her consists in honest doing;
Her gain is great in that she hath no gain:
He that betimes follows repentance' way
Shall meet with her his virtue's worthy pay.

To think upon her is to think of bliss, 16
The very thought of her is mischief's bar,
Depeller of misdeeds which do amiss,
The blot of vanity, misfortune's scar:
Who would not think, to reap such gain by thought?
Who would not love, when such a life is bought?

If thought be understanding, what is she?
The full perfection of a perfect power,
A heavenly branch from God's immortal tree,
Which death, nor hell, nor mischief can devour:
Herself is wisdom, and her thought is so;
Thrice happy he which doth desire to know!

She man-like woos, men women-like refuses; 17
She offers love, they offer'd love deny,
And hold her promises as love's abuses,
Because she pleads with an indifferent eye;
They think that she is light, vain, and unjust,
When she doth plead for love, and not for lust.

Hard-hearted men, quoth she, can you not love?
Behold my substance, cannot substance please?
Behold my feature, cannot feature move?
Can substance nor my feature help or ease?
See heaven's joy defigur'd in my face,
Can neither heaven nor joy turn you to grace?

O, how desire sways her pleading tongue, 18
Her tongue her heart, her heart her soul's affection!
Fain would she make mortality be strong,
But mortal weakness yields rejection:
Her care is care of them, they careless are;
Her love loves them, they neither love nor care.

Fain would she make them clients in her law, 19
Whose law's assurance is immortal honour;
But them nor words, nor love, nor care can awe,
But still will fight under destruction's bonner:[k]
Though immortality be their reward,
Yet neither words nor deeds will they regard.

Her tongue is hoarse with pleading, yet doth plead, 20
Pleading for that which they should all desire;
Their appetite is heavy, made of lead,
And lead can never melt without a fire:
Her words are mild, and cannot raise a heat,
Whilst they with hard repulse her speeches beat.

Requested they, for what they should request;
Entreated they, for what they should entreat;
Requested to enjoy their quiet rest,
Entreated like a sullen bird to eat;
Their eyes behold joy's maker which doth make it,
Yet must they be entreated for to take it.

You whose delight is plac'd in honour's game, 21
Whose game in majesty's imperial throne,
Majestic portraitures of earthly fame,
Relievers of the poor in age's moan;
If your content be seated on a crown,
Love wisdom, and your state shall never down.

[k] *bonner*] So written for the rhyme.

Her crowns are not as earthly diadems,
  But diapasons of eternal rest;
Her essence comes not from terrestrial stems,
  But planted on the heaven's immortal breast:
If you delight in sceptres and in reigning,
Delight in her, your crown's immortal gaining.

Although the shadow[1] of her glorious view 22
  Hath been as accessary to your eyes,
Now will I shew you the true substance' hue,
  And what she is, which without knowledge lies;
From whence she is deriv'd, whence her descent,
And whence the lineage of her birth is lent:

Now will I shew the sky, and not the cloud;
  The sun, and not the shade; day, not the night;
Tethys herself, not Tethys in her flood;
  Light, and not shadow of suppressing light;
Wisdom herself, true type of wisdom's grace,
Shall be apparent before heart and face.

Had I still fed you with the shade of life, 23
  And hid the sun itself in envy's air,
Myself might well be callèd nature's strife,
  Striving to cloud that which all clouds impair;
But envy, haste thee hence! I loathe thy eye,
Thy love, thy life, thyself, thy company.

Here is the banner of discretion's name,
  Advanc'd on wisdom's ever-standing tower;
Here is no place for envy or her shame,
  For Nemesis, or black Megæra's power:
He that is envious is not wisdom's friend;
She ever lives, he dies when envies end.

[1] *shadow*] Old ed. "shadowes."

Happy, thrice-happy land, where wisdom reigns! 24
Happy, thrice-happy king, whom wisdom sways!
Where never poor laments, or soul[m] complains,
Where folly never keeps discretion's ways;
That land, that king doth flourish, live, and joy,
Far from ill-fortune's reach or sin's annoy.

That land is happy, that king fortunate, 25
She in her days, he in his wisdom's force;
For fortitude is wisdom's sociate,
And wisdom truest fortitude's remorse:
Be therefore rul'd by wisdom, she is chief,
That you may rule in joy, and not in grief.

Chap. VII.

What am I? man; O what is man? O nought! 1
What, am I nought? yes; what? sin and debate:
Three vices all in one, of one life bought:
Man am I not; what then? I am man's hate:
Yes, man I am; man, because mortal, dead;
Mortality my guide, by mischief led.

Man, because like to man, man, because born;
In birth no man, a child, child, because weak;
Weak, because weaken'd by ill-fortune's scorn;
Scorn'd, because mortal, mortal, in wrong's wreak:
My father, like myself, did live on earth;
I, like myself and him, follow his birth.

My mother's matrice was my body's maker, 2
There had I this same shape of infamies;
Shape? ah, no shape, but substance mischief's taker!
In ten months' fashion; months? ah, miseries!
The shame of shape, the very shape of shame;
Calamity myself, lament my name.

[m] *soul*] Old ed. "soules."

I was conceiv'd with seed, deceiv'd with sin;
Deceiv'd, because my seed was sin's deceit;
My seed deceit, because it clos'd me in,
Hemm'd me about, for sin's and mischief's bait:
The seed of man did bring me into blood,
And now I bring myself, in what? no good.

When I was born, when I was, then I was; 3
Born? when? yet born I was, but now I bear,
Bear mine own vices, which my joys surpass,
Bear mine own burden full of mischief's fear:
When I was born, I did not bear lament;
But now unborn, I bear what birth hath spent.

When I was born, my breath was born to me,
The common air which airs my body's form;
Then fell I on the earth with feeble knee,
Lamenting for my life's ill-fortune's storm;
Making myself the index of my woe,
Commencing what I could, ere I could go.

Fed was I with lament, as well as meat; 4
My milk was sweet, but tears did make it sour;
Meat and lament, milk and my tears I eat,
As bitter herbs commix'd with sweetest flower;
Care was my swaddling clothes, as well as cloth,
For I was swaddled[m] and cloth'd in both.

Why do I make myself more than I am? 5
Why say I, I am nourishèd with cares,
When every one is clothèd with the same,
Sith[n] as I fare myself, another fares?
No king hath any other birth than I,
But wail'd his fortune with a watery eye.

[m] *swaddled*] To be pronounced as a trisyllable.
[n] *Sith*] i. e. since.

Say, what is mirth? an entrance unto woe; 6
Say, what is woe? an entrance unto mirth;
That which begins with joy doth not end so,
These go by change, because a changing birth:
Our birth is as our death, both barren, bare;
Our entrance wail, our going out with care.

Naked we came into the world, as naked,
We had not wealth nor riches to possess;
Now differ we, which difference riches maked,
Yet in the end we naked ne'ertheless;
As our beginning is, so is our end,
Naked and poor, which needs no wealth to spend.

Thus weighing in the balance of my mind 7
My state, all states, my birth, all births alike,
My meditated passions could not find
One freèd thought which sorrow did not strike;
But knowing every ill is cur'd by prayer,
My mind besought the Lord, my grief's allayer.

Wherefore I pray'd; my prayer took effect,
And my effect was good, my good was gain;
My gain was sacred wisdom's bright aspèct,
And her aspèct in my respect did reign;
Wisdom, that heavenly spirit of content,
Was unto me from heaven by prayer sent:

A present far more worthy than a crown, 8
Because the crown of an eternal rest;
A present far more worthy than a throne,
Because the throne of heaven, which makes us blest;
The crown of bliss, the throne of God is she;
Comparèd unto heaven, not, earth, to thee.

Her footstool is thy face, her face thy shame;
Thy shame her living praise, her praise thy scorn;
Thy scorn her love, her love thy merit's blame;
Thy blame her worth, her worth thy being born:
Thyself art dross to her comparison;
Thy valour weak unto her garrison.

To liken gold unto her radiant face, 9
Were likening day to night, and night to day,
The king's high seat to the low subject's place,
And heaven's translucent breast to earthly way:
For what is gold? her scorn; her scorn? her ire;
Melting that dross with nought but anger's fire.

In her respect 'tis dust, in her aspècts
Earth, in respect of her 'tis little gravel;
As dust, as earth, as gravel she rejects
The hope, the gain, the sight, the price, the travel;
Silver, because inferior to the other,
Is clay, which two she in one look doth smother.

Her sight I callèd health, herself my beauty; 10
Health as my life, and beauty as my light;
Each in performance of the other's duty,
This curing grief, this leading me aright;
Two sovereign eyes, belonging to two places,
This guides the soul, and this the body graces.

The heart-sick soul is cur'd by heart-strong health,
The heart-strong health is the soul's brightest eye,
The heart-sick body heal'd by beauty's wealth;
Two sunny windolets of either's sky,
Whose beams cannot be clouded by reproach,
Nor yet dismounted from so bright a coach.

What dowry could I wish more than I have? 11
What wealth, what honour, more than I possess?
My soul's request is mine, which I did crave;
For sole redress in soul I have redress:
The bodily expenses which I spend,
Are[m] lent by her which my delight doth lend.

Then I may call her author of my good,
Sith[n] good and goods are portions for my love;
I love her well; who would not love his food,
His joy's maintainer, which all woes remove?
I richest am, because I do possess her;
I strongest am, in that none can oppress her.

It made me glad to think that I was rich, 12
More gladder for to think that I was strong;
For lowest minds do covet highest pitch,
As highest braves proceed from lowest tongue:
Her first arrival first did make me glad,
Yet ignorant at first, first made me sad.

Joyful I was, because I saw her power,
Woeful I was, because I knew her not;
Glad that her face was in mine eyes'-lock'd bower,
Sad that my senses never drew her plot:
I knew not that she was discretion's mother,
Though I profess'd myself to be her brother.

Like a rash wooer feeding on the looks, 13
Disgesting[o] beauty, apparition's shew,
Viewing the painted outside of the books,
And inward works little regards to know;
So I, feeding my fancies with her sight,
Forgot to make inquiry of her might.

[m] *Are*] Old ed. "Is." [n] *Sith*] i. e. since.
[o] *Disgesting*] i. e. Digesting—a form common in our old writers.

External powers I knew, riches I had,
Internal powers I scarcely had discern'd;
Unfeignedly I learnèd to be glad,
Feigning I hated, verity I learn'd:
I was not envious-learnèd to forsake her,
But I was loving-learnèd for to take her.

And had I not, my treasure had been lost, 14
My loss my peril's hazard had proclaim'd,
My peril had my life's destruction tost,
My life's destruction at my soul had aim'd:
Great perils hazarded from one poor loss,
As greatest filth doth come with smallest dross.

This righteous treasure whoso rightly useth,
Shall be an heir in heaven's eternity;
All earthly fruits her heritage excuseth,
All happiness in her felicity:
The love of God consists in her embracing,
The gifts of knowledge in her wisdom's placing.

I speak as I am prompted by my mind, 15
My soul's chief agent, pleader of my cause;
I speak these things, and what I speak I find,
By heaven's judgment, not mine own applause:
God he is judge; I next, because I have her;
God he doth know; I next, because I crave her.

Should I direct, and God subvert my tongue,
I worthy were of an unworthy name,
Unworthy of my right, not of my wrong,
Unworthy of my praise, not of my shame;
But seeing God directs my tongue from missing,
I rather look for clapping than for hissing.

He is the prompter of my tongue and me, 16
My tongue doth utter what his tongue applies;
He sets before my sight what I should see,
He breathes into my heart his verities;
He tells me what I think, or see, or hear;
His tongue a part, my tongue a part doth bear.

Our words he knows in telling of our hearts,
Our hearts he knows in telling of our words;
All in his hands, words, wisdom, works, and arts,
And every power which influence affords;
He knows what we will speak, what we will do,
And how our minds and actions will go.

The wisdom which I have is heaven's gift, 17
The knowledge which I have is God's reward;
Both presents my forewarnèd senses lift,
And of my preservation had regard:
This teaches me to know, this to be wise;
Knowledge is wit's, and wit is knowledge' guise.

Now know I how the world was first created, 18
How every motion of the air was fram'd,
How man was made, the devil's pride abated,
How time's beginning, midst, and end was nam'd;
Now know I time, time's change, time's date, time's show,
And when the seasons come, and when they go:

I know the changing courses of the years, 19
And the division of all differing climes,
The situation of the stars and spheres,
The flowing tides, and the flow-ebbing times;
I know that every year hath his four courses,
I know that every course hath several forces.

I know that nature is in every thing, 20
Beasts furious, winds rough, men wicked are,
Whose thoughts their scourge, whose deeds their judgment's sting,
Whose words and works their peril and their care;
I know that every plant hath difference,
I know that every root hath influence.

True knowledge have I got in knowing truth, 21
True wisdom purchased in wisest wit;
A knowledge fitting age, wit fitting youth,
Which makes me young, though old with gain of it:
True knowledge have I, and true wisdom's store,
True hap, true hope; what wish, what would I more?

Known things I needs must know, sith[p] not unknown,
My care is knowledge, she doth hear for me;
All secrets know I more because not shewn;
My wisdom secret is, and her I see:
Knowledge hath taught me how to hear known causes,
Wisdom hath taught me secrecy's applauses.

Knowledge and wisdom known in wisest things 22
Is reason's mate, discretion's sentinel;
More than a trine of joys from virtues springs,
More than one union, yet in union dwell:
One for to guide the spring, summer the other;
One harvest's nurse, the other winter's mother.

Four mounts and four high mounters, all four one, 23
One holy union, one begotten life,
One manifold affection, yet alone,
All one in peace's rest, all none in strife;
Sure, stable, without care, having all power,
Not hurtful, doing good, as one all four.

[p] *sith*] i. e. since.

This peaceful army of four-knitted souls 24
Is marching unto peace's endless war,
Their weapons are discretion's written rolls,
Their quarrel love, and amity their jar:
Wisdom director is, captain and guide;
All other take their places side by side.

Wisdom divides the conflict of her peace
Into four squadrons of four mutual loves;
Each bent to war, and never means to cease;
Her wings of shot her disputation moves:
She wars unseen, and pacifies unseen;
She is war's victory, yet peace's queen.

She is the martial trumpet of alarms, 25
And yet the quiet rest in peace's night;
She guideth martial troops, she honours arms,
Yet joins she fight with peace, and peace with fight;
She is the breath of God's and heaven's power,
Yet peace's nurse in being peace's flower.

A flowing in of that which ebbeth out,
An ebbing out of that which floweth in;
Presumption she doth hate in being stout,
Humility, though poor, her favours win:
She is the influence of heaven's flow;
No filth doth follow her where'er she go.

She is that spring which never hath an ebb, 26
That silver-colour'd brook which hath no mud,
That loom which weaves and never cuts the web,
That tree which grows and never leaves to bud:
She constant is, inconstancy her foe;
She doth not flow and ebb, nor come and go.

Phœbus doth weep when watery clouds approach,
She keeps her brightness everlastingly;
Phœbe, when Phœbus shines, forsakes night's coach,
Her day is night and day immortally;
The undefilèd mirror of renown,
The image of God's power, her virtue's crown.

Discretion, knowledge, wit, and reason's skill, 27
All four are places in one only grace;
They wisdom are, obedient to her will,
All four are one, one in all four's place;
And wisdom being one, she can do all,
Sith[q] one hath four, all subject to one call.

Herself remaining self, the world renews, 28
Renewing ages with perpetual youth,
Entering into the souls which death pursues,
Making them God's friends which were friends to truth:
If wisdom doth not harbour in thy mind,
God loves thee not, and that thy soul shall find.

For how canst thou be led without thy light? 29
How can thy eyeless soul direct her way,
If wanting her which guides thy steps aright,
Thy steps from night into a path of day?
More beautiful then is the eye of heaven,
Gilding herself with her self-changing steven.[r]

The stars are twinkling handmaids to the moon, 30
Both moon and stars handmaids to wisdom's sun;
These shine at middest night, this at midnoon,
Each new-begins their light when each hath done;
Pale-mantled night follows red-mantled day,
Vice follows both, but to her own decay.

[q] *Sith*] i. e. since.

[r] *steven*] See note, p. 371.

Chap. VIII.

Who is the empress of the world's confine, 1
The monarchess of the four-corner'd earth,
The princess of the seas, life without fine,
Commixer of delight with sorrow's mirth?
What sovereign is she which ever reigns,
Which queen-like governs all, yet none constrains?

Wisdom; O fly, my spirit, with that word!
Wisdom; O lodge, my spirit, in that name!
Fly, soul, unto the mansion of her lord,
Although thy wings be singèd in her flame:
Tell her my blackness doth admire her beauty;
I'll marry her in love, serve her in duty.

If marry her, God is my father God, 2
Christ is my brother, angels are my kin,
The earth my dowry, heaven my abode,
My rule the world, my life without my sin:
She is the daughter of immortal Jove;
My wife in heart, in thought, in soul, in love.

Happy for ever he that thought in heart,
Happy for ever he that heart in thought;
Happy the soul of both which bears both part,
Happy that love which thought, heart, soul hath sought:
The name of love is happiest, for I love her;
Soul, heart, and thoughts, love's agents are to prove her.

Ye parents, that would have your children rul'd, 3
Here may they be instructed, rul'd, and taught;
Ye children, that would have your parents school'd,
Feeding their wanton thirst with folly's draught,
See here the school of discipline erected!
See here how young and old are both corrected!

Children, this is the mistress of your bliss,
Your schoolmistress, reformer of your lives;
Parents, you that do speak, think, do amiss,
Here's she which love's and life's direction gives;
She teacheth that which God knows to be true,
She chooseth that which God would choose for you.

What is our birth? poor, naked, needy, cold; 4
What is our life? poor as our birth hath been;
What is our age? forlorn in being old;
What is our end? as our beginning's scene:
Our birth, our life, our age, our end is poor;
What birth, what life, what age, what end hath more?

Made rich it is with vanity's vain show;
If wanting wisdom, it is folly's game;
Or like a bended or unbended bow,
Ill fortune's scoff it is, good fortune's shame:
If wisdom be the riches of thy mind,
Then can thy fortune see, not seeing, blind.

Then if good fortune doth begin thy state, 5
Ill fortune cannot end what she begins;
Thy fate at first will still remain thy fate,
Thy conduct unto joys, not unto sins:
If thou the bridegroom art, wisdom the bride,
Ill fortune cannot swim against thy tide.

Thou marrying her dost marry more than she, 6
Thy portion is not faculties, but bliss;
Thou need'st not teaching, for she teacheth thee,
Nor no reformer, she thy mistress is;
The lesson which she gives thee for thy learning
Is every virtue's love, and sin's discerning.

Dost thou desire experience for to know? 7
Why, how can she be less than what she is?
The growth of knowledge doth from wisdom grow,
The growth of wisdom is in knowing this:
Wisdom can tell all things, what things are past,
What done, what undone, what are doing last:

Nay, more, what things are come, what are to come,
Or words, or works, or shews, or actions,
In her brain's table-book[s] she hath the sum,
And knows dark sentences' solutions;
She knows what signs and wonders will ensue,
And when success of seasons will be new.

Who would not be a bridegroom? who not wed? 8
Who would not have a bride so wise, so fair?
Who would not lie in such a peaceful bed,
Whose canopy is heaven, whose shade the air?
How can it be that any of the skies
Can there be missing, where heaven's kingdom lies?

If care-sick, I am comforted with joy;
If surfeiting on joy, she bids me care;
She says that overmuch will soon annoy,
Too much of joy, too much of sorrow's fare:
She always counsels me to keep a mean,
And not with joy too fat, with grief too lean.

Fain would the shrub grow by the highest tree, 9
Fain would the mushroom kiss the cedar's bark,
Fain would the seely[t] worm a-sporting be,
Fain would the sparrow imitate the lark:
Though I a tender shrub, a mushroom be,
Yet covet I the honour of a tree.

[s] *table-book*] i. e. memorandum-book.
[t] *seely*] i. e. silly, simple—harmless.

And may I not? may not the blossoms bud?
Doth not the little seed make ears of corn?
Doth not a sprig, in time, bear greatest wood?
Do[u] not young evenings make an elder morn?
For wisdom's sake, I know, though I be young,
I shall have praises from my elders' tongue.

And as my growth doth rise, so shall my wit,
And as my wit doth rise, so shall my growth;
In wit I grow, both growths grow to be fit,
Both fitting in one growth be fittest both:
Experience follows age, and nature youth;
Some agèd be in wit, though young in ruth.

The wisdom which I have springs from above,
The wisdom from above is that I have;
Her I adore, I reverence, I love,
She's my pure soul, lock'd in my body's grave;
The judgment which I use from her proceeds,
Which makes me marvell'd at in all my deeds.

Although mute silence tie my judgment's tongue,
Sad secretary of dumb action,
Yet shall they give me place, though I be young,
And stay my leisure's satisfaction;
Even as a judge, which keeps his judgments mute,
When clients have no answer of their suit.

But if the closure of my mouth unmeets,
And dives within the freedom of my words,
They like petitioners' tongues welcome greets,
And with attentive ear hears my accords;
But if my words into no limits go,
Their speech shall ebb, mine in their ebbing flow.

[u] *Do*] Old ed. "Doth."

And what of this vain world, vain hope, vain shew,
  Vain glory seated in a shade of praise,
Mortality's descent and folly's flow,
  The badge of vanity, the hour of days;
What glory is it for to be a king,
When care is crown, and crown is fortune's sling?

Wisdom is immortality's alline,[u]
  And immortality is wisdom's gain,
By her the heaven's lineage is mine,
  By her I immortality obtain;
The earth is made immortal in my name,
The heavens are made immortal in my fame.

Two spacious orbs of two as spacious climes
  Shall be the heritage which I possess;
My rule in heaven, directing earthly times,
  My reign in earth, commencing earth's redress;
One king made two, one crown a double crown,
One rule two rules, one fame a twice renown.

What heaven is this, which every thought contains?
  Wisdom my heaven, my heaven is wisdom's heaven;
What earth is this, wherein my body reigns?
  Wisdom my earth, all rule from wisdom given;
Through her I rule, through her I do subdue,
Through her I reign, through her my empire grew.

A rule, not tyranny, a reign, not blood,
  An empire, not a slaughter-house of lives,
A crown, not cruelty in fury's mood,
  A sceptre which restores, and not deprives;
All made to make a peace, and not a war,
By wisdom, concord's queen and discord's bar.

[u] *alline*] i. e. ally.

The coldest word oft cools the hottest threat,
The tyrant's menaces the calms of peace;
Two colds augmenteth one, two heats one heat,
And makes both too extreme when both increase:
My peaceful reign shall conquer tyrants' force,
Not arms, but words, not battle, but remorse.[v]

Yet mighty shall I be, though war in peace, 16
Strong, though ability hath left his clime,
And good, because my wars and battles cease,
Or, at the least, lie smother'd in their prime:
The fence once diggèd up with fear's amaze,
Doth rage untam'd with folly's fenceless gaze.

If wisdom doth not harbour in delight,
It breaks the outward passage of the mind;
Thèrefore I place my war in wisdom's might,
Whose heavy labours easy harbours find;
Her company is pleasure, mirth, and joy,
Not bitterness, not mourning, not annoy.

When every thought was balancèd by weight 17
Within the concave of my body's scale,
My heart and soul did hold the balance straight,
To see what thought was joy, what thought was wail;
But when I saw that grief did weigh down pleasure,
I put in wisdom to augment her treasure:

Wisdom, the weight of immortality; 18
Wisdom, the balance of all happiness;
Wisdom, the weigher of felicity;
Wisdom, the paragon of blessedness;
When in her hands there lies such plenty's store,
Needs must her heart have twice as much and more.

[v] *remorse*] i. e. pity.

Her heart have I conjoinèd with her hand, 19
Her hand hath she conjoinèd with my heart,
Two souls one soul, two hearts one body's band,
And two hands made of four, by amour's art:
Was I not wise in choosing earthly life?
Nay, wise, thrice wise, in choosing such a wife?

Was I not good? good, then the sooner bad; 20
Bad, because earth is full of wickedness,
Because my body is with vices clad,
Anatomy of my sin's heaviness:
As doth unseemly clothes make the skin foul,
So the sin-inkèd body blots the soul.

Thus lay my heart plung'd in destruction's mire, 21
Thus lay my soul bespotted with my sin,
Thus lay myself consum'd in my desire,
Thus lay all parts ensnarèd in one gin;
At last my heart, mounting above the mud,
Lay between hope and death, mischief and good.

Thus panting, ignorant to live or die,
To rise or fall, to stand or else to sink,
I cast a fainting look unto the sky,
And saw the thought which my poor heart did think;
Wisdom my thought, at whose seen sight I pray'd,
And with my heart, my mind, my soul, I said:

CHAP. IX.

O God of fathers, Lord of heaven and earth, 1, 2
Mercy's true sovereign, pity's portraiture,
King of all kings, a birth surpassing birth,
A life immortal, essence ever pure,
Which with a breath ascending from thy thought,
Hast made the heavens of earth, the earth of nought!

Thou which hast made mortality for man, 3
Beginning life to make an end of woe,
Ending in him what in himself began,
His earth's dominion through thy wisdom's flow;
Made for to rule according to desert,
And execute revenge with upright heart;

Behold a crown, but yet a crown of care, 4
Behold a sceptre, yet a sorrow's guise,
More than the balance of my head can bear,
More than my hands can hold, wherein it lies;
My crown doth want supportance for to bear,
My sceptre wanteth empire for to wear.

A legless body is my kingdom's map,
Limping in folly, halting in distress;
Give me thy wisdom, Lord, my better hap,
Which may my folly cure, my grief redress;
O let me not fall in oblivion's cave!
Let wisdom be my bail, for her I crave.

Behold thy servant pleading for his hire, 5
As an apprentice to thy gospel's word!
Behold his poor estate, his hot-cold fire,
His weak-strong limbs, his merry woes' record!
Born of a woman, woman-like in woe,
They weak, they feeble are, and I am so.

My time of life is as an hour of day,
'Tis as a day of months, a month of years;
It never comes again, but fades away,
As one morn's sun about the hemispheres:
Little my memory, lesser my time,
But least of all my understanding's prime.

Say that my memory should never die, 6
Say that my time should never lose a glide,
Say that myself had earthly majesty,
Seated in all the glory of my pride;
Yet if discretion did not rule my mind,
My reign would be like fortune's, folly-blind:

My memory a pathway to my shame,
My time the looking-glass of my disgrace,
Myself resemblance of my scornèd name,
My pride the puffèd shadow of my face:
Thus should I be remember'd, not regarded;
Thus should my labours end, but not rewarded.

What were it to be shadow of a king? 7
A vanity; to wear a shadow'd crown?
A vanity; to love an outward thing?
A vanity; vain shadows of renown:
This king is king of shades, because a shade,
A king in show, though not in action made.

His shape have I, his cognizance[u] I wear,
A smoky vapour hemm'd with vanity;
Himself I am, his kingdom's crown I bear,
Unless that wisdom change my livery:
A king I am, God hath inflamèd me,
And lesser than I am I cannot be.

When I command, the people do obey, 8
Submissive subjects to my votive will;
A prince I am, and do what princes may,
Decree, command, rule, judge, perform, fulfil;
Yet I myself am subject unto God,
As are all others to my judgment's rod.

[u] *cognizance*] i. e. badge.

As do my subject[s] honour my command,
So I at his command a subject am;
I build a temple on mount Sion's sand,
Erect an altar in thy city's name;
Resemblances these are where thou dost dwell,
Made when thou framed'st heaven, earth, and hell.

All these three casements were contain'd in wit; 9
'Twas wisdom for to frame the heaven's sky,
'Twas wisdom for to make the earth so fit,
And hell within the lowest orb to lie,
To make a heavenly clime, an earthly course,
And hell, although the name of it be worse.

Before the world was made wisdom was born,
Born of heaven's God, conceivèd in his breast,
Which knew what works would be, what ages worn,
What labours life should have, what quiet rest,
What should displease and please, in vice, in good,
What should be clearest spring, what foulest mud.

O make my sinful body's world anew, 10
Erect new elements, new airs, new skies!
The time I have is frail, the course untrue,
The globe unconstant, like ill fortune's eyes:
First make the world, which doth my soul contain,
And next my wisdom, in whose power I reign.

Illumine earth with wisdom's heavenly sight,
Make her ambassador to grace the earth;
O let her rest by day and lodge by night
Within the closure of my body's hearth!
That in her sacred self I may perceive
What things are good to take, what ill to leave.

The body's heat will flow into the face, 11
The outward index of an outward deed;
The inward sins do keep an inward place,
Eyes, face, mouth, tongue, and every function feed:
She is my face; if I do any ill,
I see my shame in her repugnant will.

She is my glass, my type, my form, my map,
The figure of my deed, shape of my thought,
My life's charácter, fortune to my hap,
Which understandeth all that heart hath wrought;
What works I take in hand she finisheth,
And all my vicious thoughts diminisheth.

My facts are written in her forehead's book, 12
The volume of my thoughts, lines of my words;
The sins I have she murders with a look,
And what one cheek denies, th' other affords;
As white and red, like battles and retreats,
One doth defend the blows, the other beats:

So is her furious mood commix'd with smile,
Her rod is profit, her correction mirth;
She makes me keep an acceptable style,
And govern every limit of the earth:
Through her the state of monarchy is known,
Through her I rule, and guide my father's throne.

Mortality itself, without repair, 13
Is ever falling feebly on the ground;
Submissive body, heart above the air,
Which fain would know, when knowledge is not found;
Fain would it soar above the eagle's eye,
Though it be made of lead, and cannot fly.

The soul and body are the wings of man;
The soul should mount, but that lies drown'd in sin,
With leaden spirit, but doth what it can,
Yet scarcely can it rise when it is in;
Then how can man so weak know God so strong?
What heart from thought, what thought from heart hath sprung?

We think that every judgment is alike, 14
That every purpose hath one final end;
Our thoughts, alas! are fears, fears horrors strike,
Horrors our life's uncertain course do spend;
Fear follows negligence, both death and hell;
Unconstant are the paths wherein we dwell.

The hollow concave of our body's vaults 15
Once laden up with sin's eternal graves,
Straight bursts into the soul the slime of faults,
And overfloweth like a sea of waves;
The earth, as neighbour to our privy thought,
Keeps fast the mansion which our cares have bought.

Say, can we see ourselves? are we so wise? 16
Or can we judge our own with our own hearts?
Alas, we cannot! folly blinds our eyes,
Mischief our minds, with her mischievous arts:
Folly reigns there where wisdom should bear sway,
And folly's mischief bars discretion's way.

O weak capacity of strongest wit!
O strong capacity of weaker sense!
To guide, to meditate, unapt, unfit,
Blind in perceiving earth's circumfluence:
If labour doth consist in mortal skill,
'Tis greater labour to know heaven's will.

The toiling spirit of a labouring man 17
Is toss'd in casualties of fortune's seas;
He thinks it greater labour than he can,
To run his mortal course without an ease:
Then who can gain or find celestial things,
Unless their hope[v] a greater labour brings?

What volume of thy mind can then contain
Thoughts, words, and works, which God thinks, speaks, and makes,
When heaven itself cannot such honour gain,
Nor angels know the counsel which God takes?
Yet if thy heart be wisdom's mansion,
Thy soul shall gain thy heart's made mention.

Who can in one day's space make two day's toil? 18
Or who in two days' space will spend but one?
The one doth keep his mean in overbroil,
The other under mean, because alone:
Say, what is man without his spirit sways him?
Say, what's the spirit if the man decays him?

An ill-reformèd breath, a life, a hell,
A going out worse than a coming in;
For wisdom is the body's sentinel,
Set to guard life, which else would fall in sin;
She doth correct and love, sways and preserves,
Teaches and favours, rules and yet observes.

Chap. X.

Correction follows love, love follows hate, 1
For love in hate is hate in too much love;
So chastisement is preservation's mate,
Instructing and preserving those we prove:
So wisdom first corrects, then favoureth,
But fortune favours first, then wavereth.

[v] *hope*] Old ed. "hopes."

First, the first father of this earthly world,
  First man, first father call'd for after-time,
Unfashionèd and like a heap was hurl'd,
  Form'd and reform'd by wisdom out of slime;
By nature ill reform'd, by wisdom purer,
She mortal life, she better life's procurer.

Alas, what was he but a clod of clay? 2
  What ever was he but an ashy cask?
By wisdom clothèd in his best array,
  If better may be best to choose a task:
One gave him time to live, she power to reign,
Making two powers one, one power twain.

But, O malign, ill-boding wickedness, 3
  Like bursting gulfs o'erwhelming virtue's seed!
Too furious wrath, forsaking happiness,
  Losing ten thousand joys with one dire deed:
Cain could see, but folly struck him blind,
To kill his brother in a raging mind.

O too unhappy stroke to end two lives! 4
  Unhappy actor in death's tragedy,
Murdering a brother whose name murder gives,
  Whose slaying action slaughters butchery:
A weeping part had earth in that same play,
For she did weep herself to death that day.

Water distill'd from millions of her eyes,
  Upon the long-dried carcass of her time;
Her watery conduits were the weeping skies,
  Which made her womb an overflowing clime:
Wisdom preserv'd it, which preserves all good,
And taught it how to make an ark of wood.

O that one board should save so many lives,
  Upon the world's huge billow-tossing sea!
'Twas not the board, 'twas wisdom which survives,
  Wisdom that ark, that board, that fence, that bay:
The world was made a water-rolling wave,
But wisdom better hope's assurance gave.

And when pale malice did advance her flag
  Upon the raging standard of despite,
Fiend's sovereign, sin's mistress, and hell's hag,
  Dun Pluto's lady, empress of the night;
Wisdom, from whom immortal joy begun,
Preserv'd the righteous as her faultless son.

The wicked perishèd, but they surviv'd;
  The wicked were ensnar'd, they were preserv'd;
One kept in joy, the one of joy depriv'd;
  One feeding, fed, the other feeding, starv'd:
The food which wisdom gives is nourishment,
The food which malice gives is languishment.

One feeds, the other feeds, but choking feeds;
  Two contraries in meat, two differing meats;
This brings forth hate, and this repentance' seeds;
  This war, this peace, this battles, this retreats:
And that example may be truly tried,
These liv'd in Sodom's fire, the other died.

The land will bear me witness they are dead,
  Which, for their sakes, bear[s] nothing else but death;
The witness of itself with vices fed,
  A smoky testimony of sin's breath:
This is my witness, my certificate,
And this is my sin-weeping sociate.

My pen will scarce hold ink to write these woes,
These woes, the blotted inky lines of sin;
My paper wrinkles at my sorrow's shows,
And like that land will bring no harvest in:
Had Lot's unfaithful wife been without fault,
My fresh-ink'd pen had never call'd her salt.

But now my quill, the tell-tale of all moans, 8
Is savoury bent to aggravate salt tears,
And wets my paper with salt-water groans,
Making me stick in agonising fears:
My paper now is grown to billows' might;
Sometimes I stay my pen, sometimes I write.

O foolish pilot I, blind-hearted guide,
Can I not see the clifts,[v] but rent my bark!
Must I needs hoist up sails 'gainst wind and tide,
And leave my soul behind, my wisdom's ark?
Well may I be the glass of my disgrace,
And set my sin in other sinners' place.

But why despair I? here comes wisdom's grace, 9
Whose hope doth lead me unto better hap,
Whose presence doth direct my fore-run race,
Because I serve her as my beauty's map:
Like Cain I shall be restor'd to heaven,
From shipwreck's peril to a quiet haven.

When that by Cain's hand Abel was slain, 10
His brother Abel, brother to his ire,
Then Cain fled, to fly destruction's pain,
God's heavy wrath, against his blood's desire;
But being fetcht again by wisdom's power,
Had pardon for his deed, love for his lour.

[v] *clifts*] i. e. cliffs.

By his repentance he remission had, 11
And relaxation from the clog of sin;
His painful labour labour's riches made,
His labouring pain did pleasure's profit win:
'Twas wisdom, wisdom made him to repent,
And newly plac'd him in his old content.

His body, which was once destruction's cave,
Black murder's territory, mischief's house,
By her these wicked sins were made his slave,
And she became his bride, his wife, his spouse;
Enriching him which was too rich before,
Too rich in vice, in happiness too poor.

Megæra, which did rule within his breast, 12
And kept foul Lerna's fen within his mind,
Both now displease him which once pleas'd him best,
Now murdering murder with his being kind;
These which were once his friends are now his foes,
Whose practice he retorts with wisdom's blows.

Yet still lie they in ambush for his soul,
But he, more wiser, keeps a wiser way;
They see him, and they bark, snarl, grin, and howl,
But wisdom guides his steps, he cannot stray;
By whom he conquers, and through whom he knows
The fear of God is stronger than his foes.

When man was clad in vice's livery, 13
And sold as bondman unto sin's command,
She, she forsook him not for infamy,
But freed him from his heart's imprison'd band;
And when he lay in dungeon of despite,
She interlin'd his grief with her delight.

Though servile she with him, she was content; 14
The prison was her lodge as well as his,
Till she the sceptre of the world had lent,
To glad his fortune, to augment his bliss;
To punish false accusers of true deeds,
And raise in him immortal glory's seeds.

Say, shall we call her wisdom, by her name, 15
Or new-invent a nominating style,
Reciting ancient worth to make new fame,
Or new-old hierarchy from honour's file?
Say, shall we file out fame for virtue's store,
And give a name not thought nor heard before?

Then should we make her two, where now but one,
Then should we make her common to each tongue:
Wisdom shall be her name, she wise alone;
If alter old for new, we do old wrong;
Call her still wisdom, mistress of our souls,
Our lives' deliverer from our foes' controls.

To make that better which is best of all, 16
Were to disarm the title of the power,
And think to make a raise, and make a fall,
Turn best to worst, a day unto an hour;
To give two sundry names unto one thing,
Makes it more commoner in echo's sling.

She guides man's soul, let her be call'd a queen;
She enters into man, call her a sprite;
She makes them godly which have never been;
Call her herself, the image of her might:
Those which for virtue plead, she prompts their tongue,
Whose suit no tyrant nor no king can wrong.

She stands as bar between their mouth and them; 17
She prompts their thoughts, their thoughts prompt[w]
speech's sound;
Their tongue's reward is honour's diadem,
Their labour's hire with duest merit crown'd:
She is as judge and witness of each heart,
Condemning falsehood, taking virtue's part.

A shadow in the day, star in the night;
A shadow for to shade them from the sun,
A star in darkness for to give them light,
A shade in day, a star when day is done;
Keeping both courses true in being true,
A shade, a star, to shade and lighten you.

And had she not, the sun's hot-burning fire 18
Had scorch'd the inward palace of your powers,
Your hot affection cool'd your hot desire;
Two heats once met make cool-distilling showers;
So likewise had not wisdom been your star,
You had been prisoner unto Phœbe's car.

She made the Red Sea subject to your craves, 19
The surges calms, the billows smoothest ways;
She made rough winds sleep silent in their caves,
And Æol watch, whom all the winds obeys;
Their foes, pursuing them with death and doom,
Did make the sea their church, the waves their tomb.

They furrow'd up a grave to lie therein, 20
Burying themselves with their own handy deed;
Sin digg'd a pit itself to bury sin,
Seed ploughèd up the ground to scatter seed:
The righteous, seeing this same sudden fall,
Did praise the Lord, and seiz'd upon them all.

[w] *prompt*] Old ed. "prompts."

A glorious prize, though from inglorious hands, 21
A worthy spoil, though from unworthy hearts;
Toss'd with the ocean's rage upon the sands,
Victorious gain, gainèd by wisdom's arts,
Which makes the dumb to speak, the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the babes have gravity.

CHAP. XI.

What he could have a heart, what heart a thought, 1
What thought a tongue, what tongue a shew of fears,
Having his ship ballass'd with such a fraught,
Which calms the ever-weeping ocean's tears,
Which prospers every enterprise of war,
And leads their fortune by good fortune's star?

A pilot on the seas, guide on the land, 2, 3
Through uncouth, desolate, untrodden way,
Through wilderness of woe, which in woes stand,
Pitching their tents where desolation lay;
In just revenge encountering with their foes,
Annexing wrath to wrath, and blows to blows.

But when the heat of overmuch alarms 4
Had made their bodies subject unto thirst,
And broil'd their hearts in wrath-[w]allaying harms,
With fiery surges which from body burst,
That time had made the total sum of life,
Had not affection strove to end the strife.

Wisdom, affectionating power of zeal,
Did cool the passion of tormenting heat
With water from a rock, which did reveal
Her dear, dear love, plac'd in affection's seat;
She was their mother twice, she nurs'd them twice,
Mingling their heat with cold, their fire with ice.

[w] *wrath-*] Old ed. "wraths-."

From whence receiv'd they life, from a dead stone?
From whence receiv'd they speech, from a mute rock?
As if all pleasure did proceed from moan,
Or all discretion from a senseless block;
For what was each but silent, dead, and mute?
As if a thorny thistle should bear fruit.

'Tis strange how that should cure which erst did kill,
Give life in whom destruction is enshrin'd;
Alas, the stone is dead, and hath no skill!
Wisdom gave life and love, 'twas wisdom's mind;
She made the store which poisonèd her foes,
Give life, give cure, give remedy to those.

Blood-quaffing Mars, which wash'd himself in gore, 6
Reign'd in her foes' thirst slaughter-drinking hearts;
Their heads the bloody store-house of blood's store,
Their minds made bloody streams disburs'd in parts:
What was it else but butchery and hate,
To prize young infants' blood at murder's rate?

But let them surfeit on their bloody cup, 7
Carousing to their own destruction's health,
We drink the silver-streamèd water up,
Which unexpected flow'd from wisdom's wealth;
Declaring, by the thirst of our dry souls,
How all our foes did swim in murder's bowls.

What greater ill than famine? or what ill 8
Can be comparèd to the fire of thirst?
One be as both, for both the body kill,
And first brings torments in tormenting first:
Famine is death itself, and thirst no less,
If bread and water do not yield redress.

Yet this affliction is but virtue's trial,
Proceeding from the mercy of God's ire;
To see if it can find his truth's denial,
His judgment's breach, attempts contempt's desire:
But O, the wicked sleeping in misdeed,
Had death on whom they fed, on whom they feed!

Adjudg'd, condemn'd, and punish'd in one breath, 9
Arraign'd, tormented, tortur'd in one law;
Adjudg'd like captives with destruction's wreath,
Arraign'd like thieves before the bar of awe;
Condemn'd, tormented, tortur'd, punishèd,
Like captives bold, thieves unastonishèd.

Say God did suffer famine for to reign,
And thirst to rule amongst the choicest heart,
Yet, father-like, he eas'd them of their pain,
And prov'd them how they could endure a smart;
But, as a righteous king, condemn'd the others,
As wicked sons unto as wicked mothers.

For where the devil reigns, there, sure, is hell; 10
Because the tabernacle of his name,
His mansion-house, the place where he doth dwell,
The coal-black visage of his nigrum[x] fame;
So, if the wicked live upon the earth,
Earth is their hell, from good to worser birth.

If present, they are present to their tears;
If absent, they are present to their woes;
Like as the snail, which shews all that she bears,
Making her back the mountain of her shews:
Present to their death, not absent to their care,
Their punishment alike where'er they are.

[x] *nigrum*] This word, the meaning of which is obvious, occurs in the "Defiance to Envy" prefixed to the next poem in this vol.;

"My *nigrum* true-born ink," &c.

Why, say they mourn'd, lamented, griev'd, and wail'd, 11
And fed lament with care, care with lament;
Say, how can sorrow be with sorrow bail'd,
When tears consumeth that which smiles hath lent?
This makes a double prison, double chain,
A double mourning, and a double pain.

Captivity, hoping for freedom's hap,
At length doth pay the ransom of her hope,
Yet frees her thought from any clogging clap,
Though back be almost burst[x] with iron's cope;
So they endur'd the more, because they knew
That never till the spring the flowers grew;

And that by patience cometh heart's delight, 12
Long-sought-for bliss, long-far-fet[y] happiness;
Content they were to die for virtue's right,
Sith[z] joy should be the pledge of heaviness:
When unexpected things were brought to pass,
They were amaz'd, and wonder'd where God was.

He whom they did deny, now they extol;
He whom they do extol, they did deny;
He whom they did deride, they do enroll
In register of heavenly majesty:
Their thirst was ever thirst, repentance stopt it;
Their life was ever dead, repentance propt it.

And had it not, their thirst had burn'd their hearts, 13
Their hearts had cried out for their tongues' reply,
Their tongues had raisèd all their bodies' parts,
Their bodies, once in arms, had made all die:
Their foolish practices had made them wise,
Wise in their hearts, though foolish in their eyes.

[x] *burst*] i. e. broken.
[y] *far-fet*] i. e. far-fetched.
[z] *Sith*] i. e. since.

But they, alas! were dead, to worship death,
Senseless in worshipping all shadow'd shows,
Breathless in wasting of so vain a breath,
Dumb in performance of their tongues' suppose:
They in adoring death, in death's behests,
Were punishèd with life and living beasts.

Thus for a shew of beasts they substance have, 14
The thing itself against the shadow's will,
Which makes the shadows, sad woes in life's grave,
As nought impossible in heaven's skill:
God sent sad Ohs for shadows of lament,
Lions and bears in multitudes he sent:

Newly created beasts, which sight ne'er saw, 15
Unknown, which neither eye nor ear did know,
To breathe out blasts of fire against their law,
And cast out smoke with a tempestuous blow;
Making their eyes the chambers of their fears,
Darting forth fire as lightning from the spheres.

Thus marching one by one, and side by side, 16
By the profane, ill-limn'd, pale spectacles,
Making both fire and fear to be their guide,
Pull'd down their vain-adoring chronicles;
Then staring in their faces, spit forth fire,
Which heats and cools their frosty-hot desire:

Frosty in fear, unfrosty in their shame,
Cool in lament, hot in their power's disgraces;
Like lukewarm coals, half kindled with the flame,
Sate white and red mustering within their faces:
The beasts themselves did not so much dismay them,
As did their ugly eyes' aspècts decay them.

Yet what are beasts, but subjects unto man, 17
By the decree of heaven, degree of earth?
They have more strength than he, yet more he can,
He having reason's store, they reason's dearth;
But these were made to break subjection's rod,
And shew the stubbornness of man to God.

Had they not been ordain'd to such intent,
God's word was able to supplant their powers,
And root out them which were to mischief bent,
With wrath and vengeance, minutes in death's hours;
But God doth keep a full, direct, true course,
And measures pity's love with mercy's force.

The wicked think[a] God hath no might at all, 18
Because he makes no show of what he is,
When God is loath to give their pride a fall,
Or cloud the day wherein they do amiss;
But should his strength be shewn, his anger rise,
Who could withstand the sun-caves of his eyes?

Alas, what is the world against his ire! 19
As snowy mountains 'gainst the golden sun,
Forc'd for to melt and thaw with frosty fire,
Fire hid in frost, though frost of cold begun:
As dew-distilling drops fall from the morn,
So n[e]w destruction's claps fall from his scorn.

But his revenge lies smother'd in his smiles, 20
His wrath lies sleeping in his mercy's joy,
Which very seldom rise at mischief's coils,
And will not wake for every sinner's toy:
Boundless his mercies are, like heaven's grounds,
They have no limits they, nor heaven no bounds.

[a] *think*] Old ed. "thinkes."

The promontory-top of his true love
  Is like the end of never-ending streams,
Like Nilus' water-springs, which inward move,
  And have no outward shew of shadows' beams:
God sees, and will not see, the sins of men,
Because they should amend: amend! O when?

The mother loves the issues of her womb, 21
  As doth the father his begotten son;
She makes her lap their quiet-sleeping tomb,
  He seeks to care for life which new begun:
What care hath He, think, then, that cares for all,
For agèd and for young, for great and small!

Is not that father careful, fill'd with care,
  Loving, long-suffering, merciful, and kind,
Which made with love all things that in love are,
  Unmerciful to none, to none unkind?
Had man been hateful, man had never been,
But perish'd in the spring-time of his green.

But how can hate abide where love remains? 22
  Or how can anger follow mercy's path?
How can unkindness hinder kindness' gains?
  Or how can murder bathe in pity's bath?
Love, mercy, kindness, pity, either's mate,
Do[b] scorn unkindness, anger, murder, hate.

Had it not been thy will to make the earth, 23
  It still had been a chaos unto time;
But 'twas thy will that man should have a birth,
  And be preserv'd by good, condemn'd by crime:
Yet pity reigns within thy mercies' store,
Thou spar'st and lov'st us all; what would we more?

[b] *Do*] Old ed. "Doth."

Chap. XII.

When all the elements of mortal life 1
Were placèd in the mansion of their skin,
Each having daily motion to be rife,[b]
Clos'd in that body which doth close them in,
God sent his holy Spirit unto man,
Which did begin when first the world began:

So that the body, which was king of all, 2
Is subject unto that which now is king,
Which chasteneth those whom mischief doth exhale,
Unto misdeeds from whence destructions spring:
Yet merciful it is, though it be chief,
Converting vice to good, sin to belief.

Old time is often lost in being bald, 3
Bald, because old, old, because living long;
It is rejected oft when it is call'd;
And wears out age with age, still being young:
Twice children we, twice feeble, and once strong;
But being old, we sin, and do youth wrong.

The more we grow in age, the more in vice,
A house-room long unswept will gather dust;
Our long-unthawèd souls will freeze to ice,
And wear the badge of long-imprison'd rust;
So those inhabitants in youth twice born,
Were old in sin, more old in heaven's scorn.

Committing works as inky spots of fame, 4
Commencing words like foaming vice's waves,
Committing and commencing mischief's name,
With works and words sworn to be vice's slaves:
As sorcery, witchcraft, mischievous deeds,
And sacrifice, which wicked fancies feeds.

[b] *rife*] See note, p. 358: but in what sense it is used here, I cannot pretend to determine.

Well may I call that wicked which is more, 5
I rather would be low than be too high;
O wondrous practisers, cloth'd all in gore,
To end that life which their own lives did buy!
More than swine-like eating man's bowels up,
Their banquet's dish, their blood their banquet's cup.

Butchers unnatural, worse by their trade, 6
Whose house the bloody shambles of decay,
More than a slaughter-house which butchers made,
More than an Eschip,[c] seely[d] bodies prey:
Thorough whose hearts a bloody shambles runs;
They do not butcher beasts, but their own sons.

Chief murderers of their souls, which their souls bought; 7
Extinguishers of light, which their lives gave;
More than knife-butchers they, butchers in thought,
Sextons to dig their own-begotten grave;
Making their habitations old in sin,
Which God doth reconcile, and new begin.

That murdering place was turn'd into delight, 8
That bloody slaughter-house to peace's breast,
That lawless palace to a place of right,
That slaughtering shambles to a living rest;
Made meet for justice, fit for happiness,
Unmeet for sin, unfit for wickedness.

Yet the inhabitants, though mischief's slaves, 9
Were not dead-drench'd in their destruction's flood;
God hop'd to raise repentance from sins' graves,
And hop'd that pain's delay would make them good;
Not that he was unable to subdue them,
But that their sins' repentance should renew them.

[c] *Eschip*] A familiar corruption of *East-cheap*, where, as Stow says, was a "flesh-market of butchers."
[d] *seely*] See note, p. 392.

Delay is took for virtue and for vice; 10
Delay is good, and yet delay is bad;
'Tis virtue when it thaws repentance' ice,
'Tis vice to put off things we have or had:
But here it followeth repentance' way,
Therefore it is not sin's nor mischief's prey.

Delay in punishment is double pain,
And every pain makes a twice-double thought,
Doubling the way to our lives' better gain,
Doubling repentance, which is single bought;
For fruitless grafts, when they are too much lopt,
More fruitless are, for why their fruits are stopt.

So fares it with the wicked plants of sin, 11
The roots of mischief, tops of villany;
They worser are with too much punishing,
Because by nature prone to injury;
For 'tis but folly to supplant his thought
Whose heart is wholly given to be naught.

These seeded were in seed, O cursed plant!
Seeded with other seed, O cursed root!
Too much of good doth turn unto good's want,
As too much seed doth turn to too much soot:
Bitter in taste, presuming of their height,
Like misty vapours in black-colour'd night.

But God, whose powerful arms one strength doth hold, 12
Scorning to stain his force upon their faces,
Will send his messengers, both hot and cold,
To make them shadows of their own disgraces:
His hot ambassador is fire, his cold
Is wind, which two scorn for to be controll'd.

For who dares say unto the King of kings,
What hast thou done, which ought to be undone?
Or who dares stand against thy judgment's stings?
Or dare accuse thee for the nation's moan?
Or who dare say, Revenge this ill for me?
Or stand against the Lord with villany?

What he hath done he knows; what he will do 13
He weigheth with the balance of his eyes;
What judgment he pronounceth must be so,
And those which he oppresseth cannot rise:
Revenge lies in his hands when he doth please;
He can revenge and love, punish and ease.

The carvèd spectacle which workmen make
Is subject unto them, not they to it;
They which from God a lively form do take,
Should much more yield unto their Maker's wit;
Sith[e] there is none but he which hath his thought,
Caring for that which he hath made of nought.

The clay is subject to the potter's hands, 14
Which with a new device makes a new moul;[f]
And what are we, I pray, but clayey bands,
With ashy body, join'd to cleaner soul?
Yet we, once made, scorn to be made again,
But live in sin, like clayey lumps of pain.

Yet if hot anger smother cool delight,
He'll mould our bodies in destruction's form,
And make ourselves as subjects to his might,
In the least fuel of his anger's storm:
Not king nor tyrant dare ask or demand,
What punishment is this thou hast in hand?

[e] *Sith*] i. e. since.

[f] *moul*] i. e. mould.

We all are captives to thy regal throne; 15
Our prison is the earth, our bands our sins,
And our accuser our own body's groan,
Press'd down with vice's weights and mischief's gins:
Before the bar of heaven we plead for favour,
To cleanse our sin-bespotted body's savour.

Thou righteous art, our pleading, then, is right;
Thou merciful, we hope for mercy's grace;
Thou orderest every thing with look-on sight,
Behold us, prisoners in earth's wandering race;
We know thy pity is without a bound,
And sparest them which in some faults be found.

Thy power is as thyself, without an end, 16
Beginning all to end, yet ending none;
Son unto virtue's son, and wisdom's friend,
Original of bliss to virtue shewn;
Beginning good, which never ends in vice;
Beginning flames, which never end in ice.

For righteousness is good in such a name;
It righteous is, 'tis good in such a deed;
A lamp it is, fed with discretion's flame;
Begins in seed, but never ends in seed:
By this we know the Lord is just and wise,
Which causeth him to spare us when he tries:

Just, because justice weighs what wisdom thinks; 17
Wise, because wisdom thinks what justice weighs;
One virtue maketh two, and two more links;
Wisdom is just, and justice never strays:
The help of one doth make the other better,
As is the want of one the other's letter.

But wisdom hath two properties in wit,
As justice hath two contraries in force;
Heat added unto heat augmenteth it,
As too much water bursts a water-course:
God's wisdom too much prov'd doth breed God's hate,
God's justice too much mov'd breeds God's debate.

Although the ashy prison of fire-durst[e] 18
Doth keep the flaming heat imprison'd in,
Yet sometime will it burn, when flame it must,
And burst the ashy cave where it hath bin:[f]
So if God's mercy pass the bounds of mirth,
It is not mercy then, but mercy's dearth.

Yet how can love breed hate without hate's love?
God doth not hate to love, nor love to hate;
His equity doth every action prove,
Smothering with love that spiteful envy's fate;
For should the team[g] of anger trace his brow,
The very puffs of rage would drive the plough.

But God did end his toil when world begun; 19
Now like a lover studies how to please,
And win their hearts again whom mischief won,
Lodg'd in the mansion of their sin's disease:
He made each mortal man two ears, two eyes,
To hear and see; yet he must make them wise.

If imitation should direct man's life,
'Tis life to imitate a living corse;
The thing's example makes the thing more rife;[h]
God loving is, why do we want remorse?[i]

[e] *fire-durst*] Qy. "fire-dust"? [f] *bin*] i. e. been.
[g] *team*] Old ed. "teene"—a word of common occurrence in our earliest poetry, but doubtless a misprint here: compare p. 369, l. 4, and p. 430, l. 19; and be it observed, that in the passage last referred to the old ed. has "teeme."
[h] *rife*] See note, p. 358. [i] *remorse*] i. e. pity.

He put repentance into sinful hearts,
And fed their fruitless souls with fruitful arts.

If such a boundless ocean of good deeds 20
Should have such influence from mercy's stream,
Kissing both good and ill, flowers and weeds,
As doth the sunny flame of Titan's beam;
A greater Tethys then should mercy be,
In flowing unto them which loveth thee.

The sun, which shines in heaven, doth light the earth, 21
The earth, which shines in sin, doth spite the heaven;
Sin is earth's sun, the sun of heaven sin's dearth,
Both odd in light, being of height not even:
God's mercy then, which spares both good and ill,
Doth care for both, though not alike in will.

Can vice be virtue's mate or virtue's meat? 22
Her company is bad, her food more worse;
She shames to sit upon her betters' seat,
As subject beasts wanting the lion's force;
Mercy is virtue's badge, foe to disdain;
Virtue is vice's stop and mercy's gain.

Yet God is merciful to mischief-flows,
More merciful in sin's and sinners' want;
God chasteneth us, and punisheth our foes,
Like sluggish drones amongst a labouring ant:
We hope for mercy at our bodies' doom;
We hope for heaven, the bail of earthly tomb.

What hope they for, what hope have they of heaven? 23
They hope for vice, and they have hope of hell,
From whence their souls' eternity is given,
But such eternity which pains can tell:

They live; but better were it for to die,
Immortal in their pain and misery.

Hath hell such freedom to devour souls?
Are souls so bold to rush in such a place?
God gives hell power of vice, which hell controls;
Vice makes her followers bold with armèd face;
God tortures both, the mistress and the man,
And ends in pain that which in vice began.

A bad beginning makes a worser end, 24
Without repentance meet the middle way,
Making a mediocrity their friend,
Which else would be their foe, because they stray:
But if repentance miss the middle line,
The sun of virtue ends in west's decline.

So did it fare with these, which stray'd too far,
Beyond the measure of the mid-day's eye,
In error's ways, led without virtue's star,
Esteeming beast-like powers for deity;
Whose heart no thought of understanding meant,
Whose tongue no word of understanding sent:

Like infant babes, bearing their nature's shell 25
Upon the tender heads of tenderer wit,
Which tongue-tied are, having no tale to tell,
To drive away the childhood of their fit;
Unfit to tune their tongue with wisdom's string,
Too fit to quench their thirst in folly's spring.

But they were trees to babes, babes sprigs to them,
They not so good as these, in being nought;
In being nought, the more from vice's stem,
Whose essence cannot come without a thought:
To punish them is punishment in season,
They children-like, without or wit or reason.

To be derided is to be half-dead, 26
Derision bears a part 'tween life and death;
Shame follows her with misery half-fed,
Half-breathing life, to make half-life and breath:
Yet here was mercy shewn, their deeds were more
Than could be wip'd off by derision's score.

This mercy is the warning of misdeeds,
A trumpet summoning to virtue's walls,
To notify their hearts which mischief feeds,
Whom vice instructs, whom wickedness exhales:
But if derision cannot murder sin,
Then shame shall end, and punishment begin.

For many shameless are, bold, stout in ill; 27
Then how can shame take root in shameless plants,
When they their brows with shameless furrows fill,
And plough[j] each place which one plough-furrow wants?
Then being arm'd 'gainst shame with shameless face,
How can derision take a shameful place?

But punishment may smooth their wrinkled brow,
And set shame on the forehead of their rage,
Guiding the fore-front of that shameless row,
Making it smooth in shame, though not in age;
Then will they say that God is just and true;
But 'tis too late, damnation will ensue.

Chap. XIII.

The branch must needs be weak, if root be so, 1
The root must needs be weak, if branches fall;
Nature is vain, man cannot be her foe,
Because from nature and at nature's call:
Nature is vain, and we proceed from nature,
Vain therefore is our birth, and vain our feature.

[j] *plough*] Old ed. "plows."

One body may have two diseases sore,
Not being two, it may be join'd to two;
Nature is one itself, yet two and more,
Vain, ignorant of God, of good, of show,
Which not regards the things which God hath done,
And what things are to do, what new begun.

Why do I blame the tree, when 'tis the leaves? 2
Why blame I nature for her mortal men?
Why blame I men? 'tis she, 'tis she that weaves,
That weaves, that wafts unto destruction's pen:
Then, being blameful both, because both vain,
I leave to both their vanity's due pain.

To prize the shadow at the substance' rate,
Is a vain substance of a shadow's hue;
To think the son to be the father's mate,
Earth to rule earth because of earthly view;
To think fire, wind, air, stars, water, and heaven,
To be as gods, from whom their selves are given:

Fire as a god? O irreligious sound! 3
Wind as a god? O vain, O vainest voice!
Air as a god? when 'tis but dusky ground;
Star as a god? when 'tis but Phœbe's choice;
Water a god? which first by God was made;
Heaven a god? which first by God was laid.

Say all hath beauty, excellence, array,
Yet beautified they are, they were, they be,
By God's bright excellence of brightest day,
Which first implanted our first beauty's tree:
If then the painted outside of the show
Be radiant, what is the inward row?

If that the shadow of the body's skin 4
Be so illumin'd with the sun-shin'd soul,
What is the thing itself which is within,
More wrench'd,[k] more cleans'd, more purified from foul?
If elemental powers have God's thought,
Say what is God, which made them all of nought?

It is a wonder for to see the sky,
And operation of each airy power;
A marvel that the heaven should be so high,
And let fall such a low-distilling shower:
Then needs must He be high, higher than all,
Which made both high and low with one tongue's call.

The workman mightier is than his hand-work, 5
In making that which else would be unmade;
The ne'er-thought thing doth always hidden lurk,
Without the maker in a making trade:
For had not God made man, man had not been,
But nature had decay'd, and ne'er been seen.

The workman never shewing of his skill
Doth live unknown to man, though known to wit;
Had mortal birth been never in God's will,
God had been God, but yet unknown in it;
Then having made the glory of earth's beauty,
'Tis reason earth should reverence him in duty.

The savage people have a supreme head, 6
A king, though savage as his subjects are;
Yet they with his observances are led,
Obeying his behests, whate'er they were:
The Turks, the Infidels, all have a lord,
Whom they observe in thought, in deed, in word.

[k] *wrench'd*] i. e. perhaps, rinsed.

And shall we, differing from their savage kind,
Having a soul to live and to believe,
Be rude in thought, in deed, in word, in mind,
Not seeking him which should our woes relieve?
O no, dear brethren! seek our God, our fame,
Then if we err, we shall have lesser blame.

How can we err? we seek for ready way; 7
O that my tongue could fetch that word again!
Whose very accent makes me go astray,
Breathing that erring wind into my brain:
My word is past, and cannot be recall'd;
It is like agèd time, now waxen bald.

For they which go astray in seeking God
Do miss the joyful narrow-footed path—
Joyful, thrice-joyful way to his abode!—
Nought seeing but their shadows in a bath;
Narcissus-like, pining to see a show,
Hindering the passage which their feet should go.

Narcissus fantasy did die to kiss, 8
O sugar'd kiss! died with a poison'd lip;
The fantasies of these do die to miss,
O tossèd fantasies in folly's ship!
He died to kiss the shadow of his face;
These live and die to life's and death's disgrace.

A fault without amends, crime without ease, 9
A sin without excuse, death without aid;
To love the world, and what the world did please,
To know the earth, wherein their sins are laid:
They knew the world, but not the Lord that fram'd it;
They knew the earth, but not the Lord that nam'd it.

Narcissus drown'd himself for his self's show, 10
Striving to heal himself did himself harm;
These drown'd themselves on earth with their selves' woe,
He in a water-brook by fury's charm;
They made dry earth wet with their folly's weeping,
He made wet earth dry with his fury's sleeping.

Then leave him to his sleep; return to those
Which ever wake in misery's constraints,
Whose eyes are hollow caves and made sleep's foes,
Two dungeons dark with sin, blind with complaints:
They callèd images which man first found
Immortal gods, for which their tongues are bound.

Gold was a god with them, a golden god; 11
Like children in a pageant of gay toys,
Adoring images for saints' abode;
O vain, vain spectacles of vainer joys!
Putting their hope in blocks, their trust in stones;
Hoping to trust, trusting to hope in moans.

As when a carpenter cuts down a tree, 12
Meet for to make a vessel for man's use,
He pareth all the bark most cunningly
With the sharp shaver of his knife's abuse,
Ripping the seely[j] womb with no entreat,
Making her woundy chips to dress his meat:

Her body's bones are often tough and hard, 13
Crooked with age's growth, growing with crooks,
And full of weather-chinks, which seasons marr'd,
Knobby and rugged, bending in like hooks;
Yet knowing age can never want a fault,
Encounters it with a sharp knife's assault;

[j] *seely*] See note, p. 392.

And carves it well, though it be self-like ill, 14
Observing leisure, keeping time and place;
According to the cunning of his skill,
Making the figure of a mortal face,
Or like some ugly beast in ruddy mould,
Hiding each cranny with a painter's fold.

It is a world to see,[k] to mark, to view, 15
How age can botch up age with crooked thread;
How his old hands can make an old tree new,
And dead-like he can make another dead!
Yet makes a substantive able to bear it,
And she an adjective, nor see nor hear it.

A wall it is itself, yet wall with wall 16
Hath great supportance, bearing either part;
The image, like an adjective, would fall,
Were it not closèd with an iron heart:
The workman, being old himself, doth know
What great infirmities old age can shew.

Therefore, to stop the river of extremes, 17
He burst into the flowing of his wit,
Tossing his brains with more than thousand themes,
To have a wooden stratagem so fit:
Wooden, because it doth belong to wood;
His purpose may be wise, his reason good:

His purpose wise? no, foolish, fond,[l] and vain;
His reason good? no, wicked, vild,[m] and ill;
To be the author of his own life's pain,
To be the tragic actor of his will;
Praying to that which he before had fram'd,
For welcome faculties, and not asham'd.

[k] *It is a world to see*] Equivalent to—It is a wonder to see.
[l] *fond*] See note, p. 343. [m] *vild*] See note, p. 139.

Calling to folly for discretion's sense, 18
Calling to sickness for sick body's health,
Calling to weakness for a stronger fence,
Calling to poverty for better wealth;
Praying to death for life, for this he pray'd,
Requiring help of that which wanteth aid;

Desiring that of it which he not had, 19
And for his journey that which cannot go;
And for his gain her furtherance, to make glad
The work which he doth take in hand to do:
These windy words do rush against the wall;
She cannot speak, 'twill sooner make her fall.

Chap. XIV.

As doth one little spark make a great flame, 1
Kindled from forth the bosom of the flint;
As doth one plague infect with it self name,
With watery humours making bodies' dint;
So, even so, this idol-worshipper
Doth make another idol-practiser.

The shipman cannot team dame Tethys' waves
Within a wind-taught capering anchorage,
Before he prostrate lies, and suffrage craves,
And have a block to be his fortune's gage:
More crooked than his stern, yet he implores her;
More rotten than his ship, yet he adores her.

Who made this form? he that was form'd and made;
'Twas avarice, 'twas she that found it out; 2, 3
She made her craftsman crafty in his trade,
He cunning was in bringing it about:
O, had he made the painted show to speak,
It would have call'd him vain, herself to wreak!

It would have made him blush alive, though he 4
Did dye her colour with a deadly blush;

Thy providence, O father! doth decree
A sure, sure way amongst the waves to rush;
Thereby declaring that thy power is such,
That though a man were weak, thou canst do much.

What is one single bar to double death? 5
One death in death, the other death in fear;
This single bar a board, a poor board's breath,[m]
Yet stops the passage of each Neptune's tear:
To see how many lives one board can have,
To see how many lives one board can save!

How was this board first made? by wisdom's art,
Which is not vain, but firm, not weak, but sure;
Therefore do men commit their living heart
To planks which either life or death procure;
Cutting the storms in two, parting the wind,
Ploughing the sea till they their harbour find:

The sea, whose mountain-billows, passing bounds, 6
Rusheth upon the hollow-sided bark,
With rough-sent kisses from the water-grounds,
Raising a foaming heat with rage's spark:
Yet sea nor waves can make the shipman fear;
He knows that die he must, he cares not where.

For had his timorous heart been dy'd in white,
And sent an echo of resembling woe,
Wisdom had been unknown in folly's night,
The sea had been a desolation's show;
But one world, hope,[n] lay hovering on the sea,
When one world's hap did end with one decay.

Yet Phœbus, drownèd in the ocean's world, 7
Phœbe disgrac'd with Tethys' billow-rolls,
And Phœbus' fiery-golden wreath uncurl'd,
Was seated at the length in brightness souls;

[m] *breath*] i. e. breadth—for the rhyme.
[n] *world, hope*] Qy. "world's hope"?

Man, toss'd in wettest wilderness of seas,
Had seed on seed, increase upon increase:

Their mansion-house a tree upon a wave; 8
O happy tree, upon unhappy ground!
But every tree is not ordain'd to have
Such blessedness, such virtue, such abound:
Some trees are carvèd images of nought,
Yet godlike reverenc'd, ador'd, besought.

Are the trees nought? alas, they senseless are! 9
The hands which fashion them condemn their growth,
Cut down their branches, vail[n] their forehead bare;
Both made in sin, though not sin's equal both:
First God made man, and vice did make him new,
And man made vice from vice, and so it grew.

Now is her harvest greater than her good,
Her wonted winter turn'd to summer's air,
Her ice to heat, her sprig to cedar's wood,
Her hate to love, her loathsome filth to fair:[o]
Man loves her well, by mischief new created;
God hates her ill, because of virtue hated.

O foolish man, mounted upon decay, 10
More ugly than Alastor's[p] pitchy back,
Night's dismal summoner, and end of day,
Carrying all dusky vapours hemm'd in black;

[n] *Cut . . . vail*] Old ed. "Cuts . . . vails:" (*vail*, i. e. lower, make to fall.)

[o] *fair*] See note, p. 360.

[p] *Alastor's*] In chapter xvii. of this interminable poem, we find

"Troubled with visions from *Alastor's* park;"

and

"A night more ugly than *Alastor's* pack,
Mounting all nights upon his night-made back." P. 457.

Alastor meant frequently an evil genius, an avenging fury; it is also the name of one of Pluto's horses (see Claudian, *De Rap. Pros.* i. 284): our author seems to have confounded these two significations.

Behold thy downfal ready at thy hand,
Behold thy hopes wherein thy hazards stand!

O, spurn away that block out of thy way,
With virtue's appetite and wisdom's force!
That stumbling-block of folly and decay,
That snare which doth ensnare thy treading corse:
Behold, thy body falls! let virtue bear it;
Behold, thy soul doth fall! let wisdom rear it.

Say, art thou young or old, tree or a bud? 11
Thy face is so disfigurèd with sin:
Young I do think thou art; in what? in good;
But old, I am assur'd, by wrinkled skin:
Thy lips, thy tongue, thy heart, is young in praying,
But lips, and tongue, and heart, is old in straying:

Old in adoring idols, but too young
In the observance of divinest law;
Young in adoring God, though old in tongue;
Old and too old, young and too young in awe;
Beginning that which doth begin misdeeds,
Inventing vice, which all thy body feeds.

But this corrupting and infecting food, 12
This caterpillar of eternity,
The foe to bliss, the canker unto good,
The new-accustom'd way of vanity,
It hath not ever been, nor shall it be,
But perish in the branch of folly's tree.

As her descent was vanity's alline,[q] 13
So her descending like to her descent;
Here shall she have an end, in hell no fine,
Vain-glory brought her vainly to be spent:
You know all vanity draws to an end;
Then needs must she decay, because her friend.

[q] *alline*] i. e. ally.

Is there more folly than to weep at joy, 14
To make eyes watery when they should be dry?
To grieve at that which murders grief's annoy?
To keep a shower where the sun should lie?
But yet this folly-cloud doth oft appear,
When face should smile and watery eye be clear.

The father mourns to see his son life-dead,
But seldom mourns to see his son dead-liv'd;
He cares for earthly lodge, not heaven's bed,
For death in life, not life in death surviv'd:
Keeping the outward shadow of his face
To work the inward substance of disgrace.

Keeping a show to counterpoise the deed, 15
Keeping a shadow to be substance' heir,
To raise the thing itself from shadow's seed,
And make an element of lifeless air;
Adoring that which his own hands did frame,
Whose heart invention gave, whose tongue the name.

But could infection keep one settled place,
The poison would not lodge in every breast,
Nor feed the heart, the mind, the soul, the face,
Lodging but in the carcass of her rest;
But this idolatry, once in man's use,
Was made a custom then without excuse:

Nay, more, it was at tyranny's command; 16
And tyrants cannot speak without a doom,
Whose judgment doth proceed from heart to hand,
From heart in rage, from hand in bloody tomb;
That if through absence any did neglect it,
Presence should pay the ransom which reject it.

Then to avoid the doom of present hate,
  Their absence did perform their presence' want,
Making the image of a kingly state,
  As if they had new seed from sin's old plant;
Flattering the absence of old mischief's mother
With the like form and presence of another:

Making an absence with a present sight, 17
  Or rather presence with an absent view;
Deceiving vulgars with a day of night,
  Which know not good from bad, nor false from true;
A craftsman cunning in his crafty trade,
Beguiling them with that which he had made.

Like as a vane is turn'd with every blast,
  Until it point unto the windy clime,
So stand the people at his word aghast,
  He making old-new form in new-old time;
Defies and deifies all with one breath,
Making them live and die, and all in death.

They, like to Tantalus, are fed with shows, 18
  Shows which exasperate, and cannot cure;
They see the painted shadow of suppose,
  They see her sight, yet what doth sight procure?
Like Tantalus they feed, and yet they starve;
Their food is carv'd to them, yet hard to carve.

The craftsman feeds them with a starving meat
  Which doth not fill, but empty, hunger's gape;
He makes the idol comely, fair, and great,
  With well-limn'd visage and best-fashion'd shape,
Meaning to give it to some noble view,
And feign his beauty with that flattering hue.

Enamour'd with the sight, the people grew 19
To divers apparitions of delight;
Some did admire the portraiture so new,
Hew'd from the standard of an old tree's height;
Some were allur'd through beauty of the face,
With outward eye to work the soul's disgrace:

Adorèd like a god, though made by man;
To make a god of man, a man of god,
'Tis more than human life or could or can,
Though multitudes' applause in error trode:
I never knew, since mortal lives abod,
That man could make a man, much less a god.

Yes, man can make his shame without a maker, 20
Borrowing the essence from restorèd sin;
Man can be virtue's foe and vice's taker,
Welcome himself without a welcome in:
Can he do this? yea, more; O shameless ill!
Shameful in shame, shameless in wisdom's will.

The river of his vice can have no bound,
But breaks into the ocean of deceit;
Deceiving life with measures of dead ground,
With carvèd idols, disputation's bait;
Making captivity, cloth'd all in moan,
Be subject to a god made of a stone.

Too stony hearts had they which made this law; 21
O, had they been as stony as the name,
They never had brought vulgars in such awe,
To be destruction's prey and mischief's game!
Had they been stone-dead both in look and favour,
They never had made life of such a savour.

Yet was not this a too-sufficient doom,
Sent from the root of their sin-o'ergrown tongue,
To cloud God's knowledge with hell-mischief's gloom,
To overthrow truth's right with falsehood's wrong:
But daily practisèd a perfect way,
Still to begin, and never end to stray.

For either murder's paw did gripe their hearts, 22
With whispering horrors drumming in each ear,
Or other villanies did play their parts,
Augmenting horror to new-strucken fear;
Making their hands more than a shambles' stall,
To slay their children ceremonial.

No place was free from stain of blood or vice; 23
Their life was mark'd for death, their soul for sin,
Marriage for fornication's thawèd ice,
Thought for despair, body for either's gin:
Slaughter did either end what life begun,
Or lust did end what both had left undone.

The one was sure, although the other fail, 24
For vice hath more competitors than one;
A greater troop doth evermore avail,
And villany is never found alone:
The blood-hound follows that which slaughter kill'd,
And theft doth follow what deceit hath spill'd.[r]

Corruption, mate to infidelity, 25
For that which is unfaithful is corrupt;
Tumults are schoolfellows to perjury,
For both are full when either one hath supt;
Unthankfulness, defiling, and disorders,
Are fornication's and uncleanness' borders.

[r] *spill'd*] i. e. destroyed.

See what a sort[r] of rebels are in arms, 26
To root out virtue, to supplant her reign!
Opposing of themselves against all harms,
To the disposing of her empire's gain:
O double knot of treble miseries!
O treble knot, twice, thrice in villanies!

O idol-worshipping, thou mother art,
She-procreatress of a he-offence!
I know thee now, thou bear'st a woman's part,
Thou nature hast of her, she of thee sense:
These are thy daughters, too, too like the mother;
Black sins, I dim you all with inky smother.

My pen shall be officious in this scene, 27
To let your hearts blood in a wicked vein;
To make your bodies clear, your souls as clean,
To cleanse the sinks of sin with virtue's rain:
Behold your coal-black blood, my writing-ink,
My paper's poison'd meat, my pen's foul drink.

New-christen'd are you with your own new blood;
But mad before, savage and desperate;
Prophesying lies, not knowing what was good;
Living ungodly, evermore in hate;
Thundering out oaths, pale sergeants of despair;
Swore and forswore, not knowing what you were.

Now, look upon the spectacle of shame, 28
The well-limn'd image of an ill-limn'd thought;
Say, are you worthy now of praise or blame,
That such self-scandal in your own selves wrought?
You were heart-sick before I let you blood,
But now heart-well since I have done you good.

[r] *sort*] i. e. set, band.

Now wipe blind folly from your seeing eyes,
And drive destruction from your happy mind;
Your folly now is wit, not foolish-wise,
Destruction happiness, not mischief blind;
You put your trust in idols, they deceiv'd you;
You put your trust in God, and he receiv'd you.

Had not repentance grounded on your souls,
The climes of good or ill, virtue or vice,
Had it not flow'd into the tongue's enrolls,
Ascribing mischief's hate with good advice;
Your tongue had spill'd[s] your soul, your soul your tongue,
Wronging each function with a double wrong.

Your first attempt was placèd in a show,
Imaginary show, without a deed;
The next attempt was perjury, the foe
To just demeanours and to virtue's seed:
Two sins, two punishments, and one in two,
Make[t] two in one, and more than one can do:

Four scourges from one pain, all comes from sin;
Single, yet double, double, yet in four;
It slays the soul, it hems the body in,
It spills the mind, it doth the heart devour;
Gnawing upon the thoughts, feeding on blood,
For why she lives in sin, but dies in good.

She taught their souls to stray, their tongues to swear,
Their thought to think amiss, their life to die,
Their heart to err, their mischief to appear,
Their head to sin, their feet to tread awry:
This scene might well have been destruction's tent,
To pay with pain what sin with joy hath spent.

[s] *spill'd*] i. e. destroyed. [t] *Make*] Old ed. "Makes."

CHAP. XV.

But God will never dye his hands with blood, 1
His heart with hate, his throne with cruelty,
His face with fury's map, his brow with cloud,
His reign with rage, his crown with tyranny;
Gracious is he, long-suffering, and true,
Which ruleth all things with his mercy's view:

Gracious; for where is grace but where he is?
The fountain-head, the ever-boundless stream:
Patient; for where is patience in amiss,
If not conducted by pure grace's beam?
Truth is the moderator of them both,
For grace and patience are of truest growth.

For grace-beginning truth doth end in grace, 2
As truth-beginning grace doth end in truth;
Now patience takes the moderator's place,
Young-old in suffering, old-young in ruth:
Patience is old in being always young,
Not having right, nor ever offering wrong.

So this is moderator of God's rage,
Pardoning those deeds which we in sin commit,
That if we sin, she is our freedom's gage,
And we still thine, though to be thine unfit:
In being thine, O Lord, we will not sin,
That we thy patience, grace, and truth, may win!

O grant us patience, in whose grant we rest, 3
To right our wrong, and not to wrong the right!
Give us thy grace, O Lord, to make us blest,
That grace might bless, and bliss might grace our sight!
Make our beginning and our sequel truth,
To make us young in age, and grave in youth!

We know that our demands rest in thy will;
Our will rests in thy word, our word in thee;
Thou in our orisons, which dost fulfil
That wishèd action which we wish to be;
'Tis perfect righteousness to know thee right,
'Tis immortality to know thy might.

In knowing thee, we know both good and ill, 4
Good to know good and ill, ill to know none;
In knowing all, we know thy sacred will,
And what to do, and what to leave undone:
We are deceiv'd, not knowing to deceive;
In knowing good and ill, we take and leave.

The glass of vanity, deceit, and shows, 5
The painter's labour, the beguiling face,
The divers-colour'd image of suppose,
Cannot deceive the substance of thy grace;
Only a snare to those of common wit,
Which covets to be like, in having it.

The greedy lucre of a witless brain, 6
This feeding avarice on senseless mind,
Is rather hurt than good, a loss than gain,
Which covets for to lose, and not to find;
So they were colourèd with such a face,
They would not care to take the idol's place.

Then be your thoughts coherent to your words,
Your words as correspondent to your thought;
'Tis reason you should have what love affords,
And trust in that which love so dearly bought:
The maker must needs love what he hath made,
And the desirer's free of either trade.

Man, thou wast made; art thou a maker now? 7
Yes, 'tis thy trade, for thou a potter art,
Tempering soft earth, making the clay to bow;
But clayey thou dost bear too stout a heart:
The clay is humble to thy rigorous hands;
Thou clay too tough against thy God's commands.

If thou want'st slime, behold thy slimy faults;
If thou want'st clay, behold thy clayey breast;
Make them to be the deepest centre's vaults,
And let all clayey mountains sleep in rest:
Thou bear'st an earthly mountain on thy back,
Thy heart's chief prison-house, thy soul's chief wrack.

Art thou a mortal man, and mak'st a god? 8
A god of clay, thou but a man of clay?
O suds of mischief, in destruction sod!
O vainest labour, in a vainer play!
Man is the greatest work which God did take,
And yet a god with man is nought to make.

He that was made of earth would make a heaven,
If heaven may be made upon the earth;
Sin's heirs, the airs, sin's plants, the planets seven,
Their god a clod, his birth true virtue's dearth:
Remember whence you came, whither you go;
Of earth, in earth, from earth to earth in woe.

No, quoth the potter; as I have been clay, 9
So will I end with what I did begin;
I am of earth, and I do what earth may;
I am of dust, and therefore will I sin:
My life is short, what then? I'll make it longer;
My life is weak, what then? I'll make it stronger.

Long shall it live in vice, though short in length,
And fetch immortal steps from mortal stops;
Strong shall it be in sin, though weak in strength,
Like mounting eagles on high mountains' tops;
My honour shall be placèd in deceit,
And counterfeit new shews of little weight.

My pen doth almost blush at this reply, 10
And fain would call him wicked to his face;
But then his breath would answer with a lie,
And stain my ink with an untruth's disgrace:
Thy master bids thee write, the pen says no;
But when thy master bids, it must be so.

Call his heart ashes,—O, too mild a name!
Call his hope vile, more viler than the earth;
Call his life weaker than a clayey frame;
Call his bespotted heart an ashy hearth:
Ashes, earth, clay, conjoin'd to heart, hope, life,
Are features' love, in being nature's strife.

Thou might'st have chose more stinging words than these, 11
For this he knows he is, and more than less;
In saying what he is, thou dost appease
The foaming anger which his thoughts suppress:
Who knows not, if the best be made of clay,
The worst must needs be clad in foul array?

Thou, in performing of thy master's will,
Dost teach him to obey his lord's commands;
But he repugnant is, and cannot skill
Of true adoring, with heart-heav'd-up hand:
He hath a soul, a life, a breath, a name,
Yet he is ignorant from whence they came.

My soul, saith he, is but a map of shows, 12
No substance, but a shadow for to please;
My life doth pass even as a pastime goes,
A momentary time to live at ease;
My breath a vapour, and my name of earth,
Each one decaying of the other's birth.

Our conversation best, for there is gains,
And gain is best in conversation's prime;
A mart of lucre in our conscience reigns,
Our thoughts as busy agents for the time:
So we get gain, ensnaring simple men,
It is no matter how, nor where, nor when.

We care not how, for all misdeeds are ours; 13
We care not where, if before God or man;
We care not when, but when our crafts have powers
In measuring deceit with mischief's fan;
For wherefore have we life, form, and ordaining,
But that we should deceive, and still be gaining?

I, made of earth, have made all earthen shops,
And what I sell is all of earthy sale;
My pots have earthen feet and earthen tops,
In like resemblance of my body's veil;
But knowing to offend the heavens more,
I made frail images of earthy store.

O bold accuser of his own misdeeds! 14
O heavy clod, more than the earth can bear!
Was never creature cloth'd in savage weeds,
Which would not blush when they this mischief hear:
Thou told'st a tale which might have been untold,
Making the hearers blush, the readers old.

Let them blush still that hear, be old that read,[t]
Then boldness shall not reign, nor youth in vice;
Thrice miserable they which rashly speed
With expedition to this bold device;
More foolish than are fools, whose misery
Cannot be chang'd with new felicity.

Are not they fools which live without a sense? 15
Have not they misery which never joy?
Which take[u] an idol for a god's defence,
And with their self-will'd thoughts themselves destroy?
What folly is more greater than is here?
Or what more misery can well appear?

Call you them gods which have no seeing eyes,
No noses for to smell, no ears to hear,
No life but that which in death's shadow lies,
Which have no hands to feel, no feet to bear?
If gods can neither hear, live, feel, nor see,
A fool may make such gods of every tree.

And what was he that made them but a fool, 16
Conceiving folly in a foolish brain,
Taught and instructed in a wooden school,
Which made his head run of a wooden vein?
'Twas man which made them, he his making had;
Man, full of wood, was wood,[v] and so ran mad.

He borrowèd his life, and would restore
His borrow'd essence to another death;
He fain would be a maker, though before
Was made himself, and God did lend him breath:
No man can make a god like to a man;
He says he scorns that work, he further can.

[t] *hear . . . read*] Old ed. "heares . . . reades:" and in the next line but one, "speeds."

[u] *take*] Old ed. "takes."

[v] *wood*] A wretched play on words—furious, mad.

He is deceiv'd, and in his great deceit 17
He doth deceive the folly-guided hearts;
Sin lies in ambush, he for sin doth wait,
Here is deceit deceiv'd in either parts;
His sin deceiveth him, and he his sin,
So craft with craft is mew'd in either gin.

The craftsman mortal is, craft mortal is,
Each function nursing up the other's want;
His hands are mortal, deadly what is his,
Only his sins bud[w] in destruction's plant:
Yet better he than what he doth devise,
For he himself doth live, that ever dies.

Say, call you this a god? where is his head? 18
Yet headless is he not, yet hath he none;
Where is his godhead? fled; his power? dead;
His reign? decayèd; and his essence? gone:
Now tell me, is this god the god of good?
Or else Silvanus monarch of the wood?

There have I pierc'd his bark, for he is so,
A wooden god, feign'd as Silvanus was;
But leaving him, to others let us go,
To senseless beasts, their new-adoring glass;
Beasts which did live in life, yet died in reason;
Beasts which did seasons eat, yet knew no season.

Can mortal bodies and immortal souls 19
Keep one knit union of a living love?
Can sea with land, can fish agree with fowls?
Tigers with lambs, a serpent with a dove?
O no, they cannot! then say, why do we
Adore a beast which is our enemy?

[w] *bud*] Old ed. "buds."

What greater foe than folly unto wit?
What more deformity than ugly face?
This disagrees, for folly is unfit,
The other contrary to beauty's place:
Then how can senseless heads, deformèd shows,
Agree with you, when they are both your foes?

CHAP. XVI.

O, call that word again! they are your friends, 1
Your life's associates and your love's content;
That which begins in them, your folly ends;
Then how can vice with vice be discontent?
Behold, deformity sits on your heads,
Not horns, but scorns, not visage, but whole beds.

Behold a heap of sins your bodies pale,
A mountain-overwhelming villany;
Then tell me, are you clad in beauty's veil,
Or in destruction's pale-dead livery?
Their life demonstrates, now alive, now dead,
Tormented with the beasts which they have fed.

You like to pelicans have fed your death, 2
With follies vain let blood from folly's vein,
And almost starv'd yourselves, stopt up your breath,
Had not God's mercy help'd and eas'd your pain:
Behold, a new-found meat the Lord did send,
Which taught you to be new and to amend.

A strange-digested nutriment, even quails, 3
Which taught them to be strange unto misdeeds:
When you implore his aid, he never fails
To fill their hunger whom repentance feeds:
You see, when life was half at death's arrest,
He new-created life at hunger's feast.

Say, is your god like this, whom you ador'd, 4
Or is this god like to your handy-frame?
If so, his power could not then afford
Such influence, which floweth from his name:
He is not painted, made of wood and stone,
But he substantial is, and rules alone.

He can oppress and help, help and oppress,
The sinful incolants[x] of his made earth;
He can redress and pain, pain and redress,
The mountain-miseries of mortal birth:
Now, tyrants, you are next, this but a show,
And merry index of your after-woe.

Your hot-cold misery is now at hand; 5
Hot, because fury's heat and mercy's cold;
Cold, because limping, knit in frosty band,
And cold and hot in being shamefac'd-bold:
They cruel were, take cruelty their part,
For misery is but too mean a smart.

But when the tiger's jaws, the serpent's stings, 6
Did summon them unto this life's decay,
A pardon for their faults thy mercy brings,
Cooling thy wrath with pity's sunny day:
O tyrants, tear your sin-bemirèd weeds,
Behold your pardon seal'd by mercy's deeds!

That sting which painèd could not ease the pain, 7
Those jaws that wounded could not cure the wounds;
To turn to stings for help, it were but vain,
To jaws for mercy, which want[y] mercy's bounds:
The stings, O Saviour, were pull'd out by thee!
Their jaws claspt up in midst of cruelty.

[x] *incolants*] i. e. inhabitants. [y] *want*] Old ed. "wants."

O sovereign salve, stop to a bloody stream! 8
O heavenly care and cure for dust and earth!
Celestial watch to wake terrestrial dream,
Dreaming in punishment, mourning in mirth;
Now know[z] our enemies that it is thee
Which helps and cures our grief and misery.

Our punishment doth end, theirs new begins; 9
Our day appears, their night is not o'erblown;
We pardon have, they punishment for sins;
Now we are rais'd, now they are overthrown;
We with huge beasts opprest, they with a fly;
We live in God, and they against God die.

A fly, poor fly, to follow such a flight!
Yet art thou fed, as thou wast fed before,
With dust and earth feeding thy wonted bite,
With self-like food from mortal earthly store:
A mischief-stinging food, and sting with sting,
Do ready passage to destruction bring.

Man, being grass, is hopp'd and graz'd upon, 10
With sucking grasshoppers of weeping dew;
Man, being earth, is worm's vermilion,
Which eats the dust, and yet of bloody hue:
In being grass he is her grazing food,
In being dust he doth the worms some good.

These smallest actors were of greatest pain,
Of folly's overthrow, of mischief's fall;
But yet the furious dragons could not gain
The life of those whom verities exhale:
These folly overcame, they foolish were;
These mercy cur'd, and cures these godly are.

[z] *know*] Old ed. "knowes."

When poison'd jaws and venenated stings 11
  Were both as opposite against content —
Because content with that which fortune brings —
  They easèd were when thou thy mercies sent;
The jaws of dragons had not hunger's fill,
Nor stings of serpents a desire to kill.

Appall'd they were and struck with timorous fears,
  For where is fear but where destruction reigns?
Aghast they were, with wet-eye-standing tears,
  Outward commencers of their inward pains;
They soon were hurt, but sooner heal'd and cur'd,
Lest black oblivion had their minds inur'd.

The lion, wounded with a fatal blow, 12
  Is as impatient as a king in rage;
Seeing himself in his own bloody show
  Doth rent the harbour of his body's cage;
Scorning the base-hous'd earth, mounts to the
    sky,
To see if heaven can yield him remedy.

O sinful man! let him example be,
  A pattern to thine eye, glass to thy face,
That God's divinest word is cure to thee,
  Not earth, but heaven, not man, but heavenly
    grace;
Nor herb nor plaster could help teeth or sting,
But 'twas thy word which healeth every thing.

We fools lay salves upon our body's skin, 13
  But never draw corruption from our mind;
We lay a plaster for to keep in sin,
  We draw forth filth, but leave the cause behind;
With herbs and plasters we do guard misdeeds,
And pare away the tops, but leave the seeds.

Away with salves, and take our Saviour's word!
In this word Saviour lies immortal ease;
What can thy cures, plasters, and herbs afford,
When God hath power to please and to displease?
God hath the power of life, death, help, and pain,
He leadeth down and bringeth up again.

Trust to thy downfal, not unto thy raise, 14
So shalt thou live in death, not die in life;
Thou dost presume, if give thyself the praise,
For virtue's time is scarce, but mischief's rife:[a]
Thou may'st offend, man's nature is so vain;
Thou, now in joy, beware of after-pain.

First cometh fury, after fury thirst, 15
After thirst blood, and after blood a death;
Thou may'st in fury kill whom thou lov'd'st first,
And so in quaffing blood stop thine own breath;
And murder done can never be undone,
Nor can that soul once live whose life is gone.

What is the body but an earthen case 16
That subject is to death, because earth dies?
But when the living soul doth want God's grace,
It dies in joy, and lives in miseries:
This soul is led by God, as others were,
But not brought up again, as others are.

This stirs no provocation to amend,
For earth hath many partners in one fall,
Although the Lord doth many tokens send,
As warnings for to hear when he doth call:
The earth was burnt and drown'd with fire and rain,
And one could never quench the other's pain.

[a] *rife*] See note, p. 358.

Although both foes, God made them then both friends, 17
And only foes to them which were their foes;
That hate begun in earth what in them ends,
Sin's enemies they which made friends of those;
Both bent both forces unto single earth,
From whose descent they had their double birth.

'Tis strange that water should not quench a fire,
For they were heating-cold and cooling-hot;
'Tis strange that wails could not allay desire,
Wails water-kind, and fire desire's knot;
In such a cause, though enemies before,
They would join friendship, to destroy the more.

The often-weeping eyes of dry lament 18
Do[b] pour forth burning water of despair,
Which warms the caves from whence the tears are sent,
And, like hot fumes, do foul their nature's fair:[c]
This, contrary to icy water's vale,
Doth scorch the cheeks and makes them red and pale.

Here fire and water are conjoin'd in one,
Within a red-white glass of hot and cold;
Their fire like this, double and yet alone,
Raging and tame, and tame and yet was bold;
Tame when the beasts did kill, and felt no fire
Raging upon the causers of their ire.

Two things may well put on two several natures, 19
Because they differ in each nature's kind,
They differing colours have and differing features;
If so, how comes it that they have one mind?
God made them friends, let this the answer be;
They get no other argument of me.

[b] *Do*] Old ed. "Doth." [c] *fair*] See note, p. 360.

What is impossible to God's command?
Nay, what is possible to man's vain care?
'Tis much, he thinks, that fire should burn a land,
When mischief is the brand which fires bear;
He thinks it more, that water should bear fire:
Then know it was God's will; now leave t' inquire.

Yet might'st thou ask, because importunate, 20
How God preserv'd the good; why? because good;
Ill fortune made not them infortunate,
They angels were, and fed with angels' food:
Yet may'st thou say — for truth is always had —
That rain falls on the good as well as bad:

And say it doth; far be the letter P
From R, because of a more reverent style;
It cannot do without suppression be;
These are two bars against destruction's wile;
Pain without changing P cannot be rain,
Rain without changing R cannot be pain:

But sun and rain are portions to the ground, 21
And ground is dust, and what is dust but nought?
And what is nought is naught, with alpha's sound;
Yet every earth the sun and rain hath bought;
The sun doth shine on weeds as well as flowers,
The rain on both distills her weeping showers.

Yet far be death from breath, annoy from joy,
Destruction from all happiness' allines![d]
God will not suffer famine to destroy
The hungry appetite of virtue's signs:
These were in midst of fire, yet not harm'd,
In midst of water, yet but cool'd and warm'd.

[d] *allines*] i. e. allies.

And water-wet they were, not water-drown'd, 22
  And fire-hot they were, not fire-burn'd;
Their foes were both, whose hopes destruction crown'd,
  But yet with such a crown which ne'er return'd;
Here fire and water brought both joy and pain,
To one disprofit, to the other gain.

The sun doth thaw what cold hath freez'd before,
  Undoing what congealèd ice had done,
Yet here the hail and snow did freeze the more,
  In having heat more piercing than the sun;
A mournful spectacle unto their eyes,
That as they die, so their fruition dies.

Fury once kindled with the coals of rage 23
  Doth hover unrecall'd, slaughters untam'd;
This wrath on fire no pity could assuage,
  Because they pitiless which should be blam'd;
As one in rage, which carés not who he have,
Forgetting who to kill and who to save.

One deadly foe is fierce against the other, 24
  As vice with virtue, virtue against vice;
Vice heartenèd by death, his heartless mother,
  Virtue by God, the life of her device:
'Tis hard to hurt or harm a villany,
'Tis easy to do good to verity.

Is grass man's meat? no, it is cattle's food, 25
  But man doth eat the cattle which eats grass,
And feeds his carcass with their nurs'd-up blood,
  Lengthening the lives which in a moment pass:
Grass is good food if it be join'd with grace,
Else sweeter food may take a sourer place.

Is there such life in water and in bread, 26
In fish, in flesh, in herbs, in growing flowers?
We eat them not alive, we eat them dead;
What fruit then hath the word of living powers?
How can we live with that which is still dead?
Thy grace it is by which we all are fed.

This is a living food, a blessèd meat, 27
Made to digest the burden at our hearts,
That leaden-weighted food which we first eat,
To fill the functions of our bodies' parts,
An indigested heap, without a mean,
Wanting thy grace, O Lord, to make it clean!

That ice which sulphur-vapours could not thaw, 28
That hail which piercing fire could not bore,
The cool-hot sun did melt their frosty jaw,
Which neither heat nor fire could pierce before;
Then let us take the spring-time of the day,
Before the harvest of our joys decay.

A day may be divided, as a year, 29
Into four climes, though of itself but one;
The morn the spring, the noon the summer's sphere,
The harvest next, evening the winter's moon:
Then sow new seeds in every new day's spring,
And reap new fruit in day's old evening.

Else if too late, they will be blasted seeds,
If planted at the noontide of their growing;
Commencers of unthankful, too late deeds,
Set in the harvest of the reaper's going:
Melting like winter-ice against the sun,
Flowing like folly's tide, and never done.

CHAP. XVII.

O, fly the bed of vice, the lodge of sin! 1
Sleep not too long in your destruction's pleasures;
Amend your wicked lives, and new begin
A more new perfect way to heaven's treasures:
O, rather wake and weep than sleep and joy!
Waking is truth, sleep is a flattering toy.

O, take the morning of your instant good!
Be not benighted with oblivion's eye;
Behold the sun, which kisseth Neptune's flood,
And re-salutes the world with open sky:
Else sleep, and ever sleep; God's wrath is great,
And will not alter with too late entreat.

Why wake I them which have a sleeping mind? 2
O words, sad sergeants to arrest my thoughts!
If wak'd, they cannot see, their eyes are blind,
Shut up like windolets, which sleep hath bought:
Their face is broad awake, but not their heart;
They dream of rising, but are loath to start.

These were the practisers how to betray
The simple righteous with beguiling words,
And bring them in subjection to obey
Their irreligious laws and sin's accords:
But night's black-colour'd veil did cloud their will,
And made their wish rest in performance' skill.

The darksome clouds are summoners of rain, 3
In being something black and something dark;
But coal-black clouds make[e] it pour down amain,
Darting forth thunderbolts and lightning's spark:
Sin of itself is black, but black with black
Augments the heavy burthen of the back.

[e] *make*] Old ed. "makes."

They thought that sins could hide their sinful
shames,
In being demi-clouds and semi-nights;
But they had clouds enough to make their games,
Lodg'd in black coverings of oblivious nights:
Then was their vice afraid to lie so dark,
Troubled with visions from Alastor's[f] park.

The greater poison bears the greater sway, 4
The greatest force hath still the greatest face;
Should night miss course, it would infect the day
With foul-risse[g] vapours from a humorous place:
Vice hath some clouds, but yet the night hath more,
Because the night was fram'd and made before.

That sin which makes afraid was then afraid,
Although enchamber'd in a den's content;
That would not drive back fear which comes repaid,
Nor yet the echoes which the visions sent;
Both sounds and shows, both words and action,
Made apparition's satisfaction.

A night in pitchy mantle of distress, 5
Made thick with mists and opposite to light,
As if Cocytus' mansion did possess
The gloomy vapours of suppressing sight;
A night more ugly than Alastor's pack,
Mounting all nights upon his night-made back.

The moon did mourn in sable-suited veil;
The stars, her handmaids, were in black attire;
All nightly visions told a hideous tale;
The screech-owls made the earth their dismal quire:
The moon and stars divide their twinkling eyes
To lighten vice, which in oblivion lies.

[f] *Alastor's*] See note, p. 432.

[g] *risse*] i. e. risen.

Only appear'd a fire in doleful blaze, 6
Kindled by furies, rais'd by envious winds,
Dreadful in sight, which put them to amaze,
Having before fury-despairing minds:
What hair in reading would not stand upright?
What pen in writing would not cease to write?

Fire is God's angel, because bright and clear,
But this an evil angel, because dread;
Evil to them which did already fear,
A second death to them which were once dead:
Annexing horror to dead-strucken life,
Connexing dolor to live nature's strife.

Deceit was then deceiv'd, treason betray'd, 7
Mischief beguil'd, a night surpassing night,
Vice fought with vice, and fear was then dismay'd,
Horror itself appall'd at such a sight;
Sin's snare was then ensnar'd, the fisher cought,[h]
Sin's net was then entrapt, the fowler fought.

Yet all this conflict was but in a dream,
A show of substance and a shade of truth,
Illusions for to mock in flattering theme,
Beguiling mischief with a glass of ruth:
For boasts require a fall, and vaunts a shame,
Which two vice had in thinking but to game.

Sin told her creditors she was a queen, 8
And now become revenge to right their wrong,
With honey-mermaid's speech alluring seen,
Making new-pleasing words with her old tongue:
If you be sick, quoth she, I'll make you whole;
She cures the body, but makes sick the soul.

[h] *cought*] So written for the rhyme.

Safe is the body when the soul is wounded,
The soul is joyful in the body's grief;
One's joy upon the other's sorrow grounded,
One's sorrow placèd in the one's relief:
Quoth sin, Fear nothing, know that I am here;
When she, alas, herself was sick for fear!

A promise worthy of derision's place, 9
That fear should help a fear when both are one;
She was as sick in heart, though not in face,
With inward grief, though not with outward moan:
But she clasp'd up the closure of the tongue,
For fear that words should do her body wrong.

Cannot the body weep without the eyes?
Yes, and frame deepest canzons of lament;
Cannot the body fear without it lies
Upon the outward shew of discontent?
Yes, yes, the deeper fear sits in the heart,
And keeps the parliament of inward smart.

So sin did snare in mind, and not in face, 10
The dragon's jaw, the hissing serpent's sting;
Some liv'd, some died, some ran a fearful race,
Some did prevent[i] that which ill fortunes bring:
All were officious servitors to fear,
And her pale connizance[j] in heart did wear.

Malice condemn'd herself guilty of hate,
With a malicious mouth of envious spite;
For Nemesis is her own cruel fate,
Turning her wrath upon her own delight:
We need no witness for a guilty thought,
Which to condemn itself, a thousand brought.

[i] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.
[j] *connizance*] Or *cognizance*, i. e. badge.

For fear deceives itself in being fear, 11
It fears itself in being still afraid;
It fears to weep, and yet it sheds a tear;
It fears itself, and yet it is obey'd:
The usher unto death, a death to doom,
A doom to die in horror's fearful room:

His own betrayer, yet fears to betray, 12
He fears his life by reason of his name;
He fears lament, because it brings decay,
And blames himself in that he merits blame:
He is tormented, yet denies the pain;
He is the king of fear, yet loath to reign.

His sons were they which slept and dreamt of fear, 13
A waking sleep, and yet a sleepy waking,
Which pass'd that night more longer than a year,
Being grief's prisoners, and of sorrow's taking:
Slept in night's dungeon insupportable,
Lodg'd in night's horror too endurable.

O sleep, the image of long-lasting woe!
O waking image of long-lasting sleep!
The hollow cave where visions come and go,
Where serpents hiss, where mandrakes groan and creep:
O fearful show, betrayer of a soul,
Dyeing each heart in white, each white in foul!

A guileful hole, a prison of deceit, 14
Yet nor deceit nor guile in being dead;
Snare without snarer, net without a bait,
A common lodge, and yet without a bed;
A hollow-sounding vault, known and unknown,
Yet not for mirth, but too, too well for moan.

'Tis a free prison, a chain'd liberty, 15
A freedom's cave, a sergeant and a bail;
It keeps close prisoners, yet doth set them free,
Their clogs not iron, but a clog of wail;
It stays them not, and yet they cannot go,
Their chain is discontent, their prison woe.

Still it did gape for more, and still more had, 16
Like greedy avarice without content;
Like to Avernus, which is never glad
Before the dead-liv'd wicked souls be sent:
Pull in thy head, thou sorrow's tragedy,
And leave to practice thy old cruelty.

The merry shepherd cannot walk alone,
Tuning sweet madrigals of harvest's joy,
Carving love's roundelays on every stone,
Hanging on every tree some amorous toy,
But thou with sorrow interlines his song,
Opening thy jaws of death to do him wrong.

O, now I know thy chain, thy clog, thy fetter, 17
Thy free-chain'd prison and thy cloggèd walk!
'Tis gloomy darkness, sin's eternal debtor,
'Tis poison'd buds from Acherontic stalk;
Sometime 'tis hissing winds which are their bands,
Sometime enchanting birds which bind[j] their hands;

Sometime the foaming rage of waters' stream, 18
Or clattering down of stones upon a stone,
Or skipping beasts at Titan's gladsome beam,
Or roaring lion's noise at one alone,
Or babbling Echo, tell-tale of each sound,
From mouth to sky, from sky unto the ground.

[j] *bind*] Old ed. "binds."

Can such-like fears follow man's mortal pace, 19
Within dry wilderness of wettest woe?
It was God's providence, his will, his grace,
To make midnoon midnight in being so;
Midnight with sin, midnoon where virtue lay;
That place was night, all other places day.

The sun, not past the middle line of course, 20
Did clearly shine upon each labour's gain,
Not hindering daily toil of mortal force,
Nor clouding earth with any gloomy stain;
Only night's image was apparent there,
With heavy, leaden appetite of fear.

Chap. XVIII.

You know the eagle by her soaring wings, 1
And how the swallow takes a lower pitch;
Ye know the day is clear and clearness brings,
And how the night is poor, though gloomy-rich:
This eagle virtue is, which mounts on high;
The other sin, which hates the heaven's eye.

This day is wisdom, being bright and clear;
This night is mischief, being black and foul;
The brightest day doth wisdom's glory wear,
The pitchy night puts on a blacker rowl:[k]
Thy saints, O Lord, were at their labour's hire!
At whose heard voice the wicked did admire.

They thought that virtue had been cloth'd in night, 2
Captive to darkness, prisoner unto hell;
But it was sin itself, vice, and despite,
Whose wishèd harbours do in darkness dwell:
Virtue's immortal soul had mid-day's light,
Mischief's eternal foul had mid-day's night.

[k] *rowl*] i. e. roll.

For virtue is not subject unto vice,
But vice is subject unto virtue's seat;
One mischief is not thaw'd with other's ice,
But more adjoin'd to one, makes one more great:
Sin virtue's captive is, and kneels for grace,
Requesting pardon for her rude-run race.

The tongue of virtue's life cannot pronounce 3
The doom of death, or death of dying doom;
'Tis merciful, and will not once renounce
Repentant tears, to wash a sinful room;
Your sin-shine was not sun-shine of delight,
But shining sin in mischief's sunny night.

Now by repentance you are bath'd in bliss,
Blest in your bath, eternal by your deeds;
Behold, you have true light, and cannot miss
The heavenly food which your salvation feeds:
True love, true life, true light, your portions true;
What hate, what strife, what night can danger you?

O happy, when you par'd your o'ergrown faults! 4
Your sin, like eagle's claws, past growth of time,
All underminèd with destruction's vaults,
Full of old filth, proceeding from new slime;
Else had you been deformèd, like to those
Which were your friends, but now become your foes.

Those which are worthy of eternal pain,
Foes which are worthy of immortal hate,
Dimming the glory of thy children's gain
With cloudy vapours set at darkness' rate;
Making new laws, which are too old in crime,
Making old-wicked laws serve a new time.

Wicked? no, bloody laws; bloody? yea, worse,
If any worse may have a worser name:
Men? O no, murderers, not of men's remorse![k]
For they are shameful, these exempt from shame:
What? shall I call them slaughter-drinking hearts?
Too good a word for their too-ill deserts.

Murder was in their thoughts, they thought to slay;
And who? poor infants, harmless innocents;
But murder cannot sleep, it will betray
Her murderous self, with self-disparagements:
One child, poor remnant, did reprove their deeds,
And God destroy'd the bloody murderers' seeds.

Was God destroyer then? no, he was just, 6
A judge severe, yet of a kind remorse;
Severe to those in whom there was no trust,
Kind to the babes which were of little force;
Poor babes, half murder'd in whole murder's thought,
Had not one infant their escaping wrought.

'Twas God which breath'd his spirit in the child,
The lively image of his self-like face;
'Twas God which drown'd their children, which defil'd
Their thoughts with blood, their hearts with murder's place:
For that night's tidings our old fathers joy'd,
Because their foes by water were destroy'd.

Was God a murderer in this tragedy? 7
No, but a judge how blood should be repaid:
Was't he which gave them unto misery?
No, 'twas themselves which miseries obey'd:
Their thoughts did kill and slay within their hearts,
Murdering themselves, wounding their inward parts.

[k] *remorse*] i. e. pity.

When shines the sun but when the moon doth rest?
When rests the sun but when the moon doth shine?
When joys the righteous? when their foes are least;
And when doth virtue live? when vice doth pine:
Virtue doth live when villany doth die,
Wisdom doth smile when misery doth cry.

The summer-days are longer than the nights, 8
The winter-nights are longer than the days;
They shew both virtue's loves and vice's spites,
Sin's lowest fall, and wisdom's highest raise:
The night is foe to day, as naught to good;
The day is foe to night, as fear to food.

A king may wear a crown, but full of strife,
The outward show of a small-lasting space;
Mischief may live, but yet a deadly life;
Sorrow may grieve in heart and joy in face;
Virtue may live disturb'd with vice's pain;
God sends this virtue a more better reign.

She doth possess a crown, and not a care, 9
Yet cares, in having none but self-like awe;
She hath a sceptre without care or fear,
Yet fears the Lord, and careth for the law:
As much as she doth rise, so much sin falls,
Subject unto her law, slave to her calls.

Now righteousness bears sway, and vice put down,
Virtue is queen, treading on mischief's head;
The law of God sancited[1] with renown,
Religion plac'd in wisdom's quiet bed;
Now joyful hymns are tunèd by delight,
And now we live in love, and not in spite.

[1] *sancited*] i. e. ordained, ratified.

Strong-hearted vice's sobs have pierc'd the ground,
In the deep cistern of the centre's breast,
Wailing their living fortunes with dead sound,
Accents of grief and actions of unrest;
It is not sin herself, it is her seed,
Which, drown'd in sea, lies there for sea's foul weed.

It is the fruit of murder's bloody womb,
The lost fruition of a murderous race;
A little stone, which would have made a tomb
To bury virtue, with a sin-bold face:
Methinks I hear the echoes of the vaults,
Sound and resound their old-new-weeping faults.

View the dead carcasses of human state, 11
The outside of the soul, case of the hearts;
Behold the king, behold the subject's fate;
Behold each limb and bone of earthen arts;
Tell me the difference then of every thing,
And who a subject was, and who a king.

The self-same knowledge lies in this dead scene,
Vail'd[1] to the tragic cypress of lament;
Behold that man, which hath a master been,
That king, which would have climb'd above content;
Behold their slaves, by them upon the earth,
Have now as high a seat, as great a birth.

The ground hath made all even which were odd, 12
Those equal which had inequality;
Yet all alike were fashionèd by God,
In body's form, but not in heart's degree:
One difference had, in sceptre, crown, and throne,
Yet crown'd, rul'd, plac'd in care, in grief, in moan.

[1] *Vail'd*] i. e. lowered.

For it was care to wear a crown of grief,
And it was grief to wear a crown of care;
The king death's subject, death his empire's thief,
Which makes unequal state and equal fare;
More dead than were alive, and more to die
Than would be buried with a mortal eye.

O well-fed earth with ill-digesting food! 13
O well-ill food! because both flesh and sin;
Sin made it sick, which never did it good;
Sin made it well, her well doth worse begin:
The earth, more hungry than was Tantal's jaws,
Had flesh and blood held in her earthen paws.

Now could belief some quiet harbour find,
When all her foes were mantled in the ground,
Before their sin-enchantments made it blind,
Their magic arts, their necromantic sound:
Now truth hath got some place to speak and hear,
And whatsoe'er she speaks she doth not fear.

When Phœbe's axletree was limn'd with pale, 14, 15
Pale, which becometh night, night which is black,
Hemm'd round about with gloomy-shining veil,
Borne up by clouds, mounted on silence' back;
And when night's horses, in the running wain,
O'ertook the middest of their journey's pain;

Thy word, O Lord! descended from thy throne, 16
The royal mansion of thy power's command,
As a fierce man of war in time of moan,
Standing in midst of the destroyèd land,
And brought thy precept, as a burning steven,[n]
Reaching from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

[n] *steven*] See note, p. 371.

Now was the night far spent, and morning's wings
Flew th[o]rough sleepy thoughts, and made them dream, 17
Hieing apace to welcome sunny springs,
And give her time of day to Phœbus' beam:
No sooner had she flown unto the east,
But dreamy passage did disturb their rest:

And then like sleepy-waking hearts and eyes,
Turn'd up the fainting closures of their faces,
Which between day and night in slumber lies,
Keeping their waky and their sleepy places;
And, lo, a fearing dream and dreaming fear
Made every eye let fall a sleepy tear!

A tear half-wet from they themselves half-liv'd, 18
Poor dry-wet tear to moist a wet-dry face;
A white-red face, whose red-white colour striv'd
To make anatomy of either place;
Two champions, both resolv'd in face's field,
And both had half, yet either scorn'd to yield.

They which were wont to mount above the ground
Have[n] leaden, quick-glued sinews, forc'd to lie, 19
One here, one there, in prison, yet unbound,
Heart-striving life and death to live and die;
Nor were they ignorant of fate's decree,
In being told before what they should be.

There falsest visions shew'd the truest cause; 20
False, because fantasies, true, because haps;
For dreams, though kindled by sleep-idle pause,
Sometime true indices of danger's claps,
As well doth prove in these sin-sleeping lines,
That dreams are falsest shews and truest signs.

[n] *Have*] Old ed. "Hath."

By this time death had longer pilgrimage,
And was encagèd in more living breasts;
Now every ship had fleeting anchorage,
Both good and bad were punish'd with unrests:
But yet God's heavy plague endur'd not long,
For anger quench'd herself with her self wrong.

Not so; for heat can never cool with heat, 21
Nor cold can warm a cold, nor ice thaw ice;
Anger is fire, and fire is anger's meat,
Then how can anger cool her hot device?
The sun doth thaw the ice with melting harm,
Ice cannot cool the sun which makes it warm.

It was celestial fire, terrestrial cold;
It was celestial cold, terrestrial fire;
A true and holy prayer, which is bold
To cool the heat of anger's hot desire,
Pronouncèd by a servant of thy word,
To ease the miseries which wraths afford.

Weapons and wit are double links of force; 22
If one unknit, they both have weaker strength;
The longer be the chain, the longer course,
If measur'd by duplicity of length:
If weapons fail, wit is the better part;
Wit failing, weapons have the weaker heart.

Prayer is weak in strength, yet strong in wit,
And can do more than strength, in being wise;
Thy word, O Lord, is wisdom, and in it
Doth lie more force than forces can surprise!
Man did not overcome his foes with arms,
But with thy word, which conquers greater harms.

That word it was with which the world was fram'd,
  The heavens made, mortality ordain'd;
That word it was with which all men were nam'd,
  In which one word there are all words contain'd;
The breath of God, the life of mortal state,
The enemy to vice, the foe to hate.

When death press'd down the sin-dead living souls,
  And draw'd the curtain of their seeing day,
This word was virtue's shield and death's controls,
  Which shielded those which never went astray;
For when the dead did die and end in sin,
The living had assurance to begin.

Are all these deeds accomplish'd in one word? 24
  O sovereign word, chief of all words and deeds!
O salve of safety! wisdom's strongest sword,
  Both food and hunger, which both starves and feeds;
Food unto life, because of living power,
Hunger to those whom death and sins devour.

For they which liv'd were those which virtue lov'd,
  And those which virtue lov'd did love to live;
Thrice happy these whom no destruction mov'd,
  She present there which love and life did give:
They bore the mottoes of eternal fame
On diapasons of their father's name.

Here death did change his pale to purple hue, 25
  Blushing, against the nature of his face,
To see such bright aspècts, such splendent view,
  Such heavenly paradise of earthly grace,
And hid with life's quick force his ebon dart
Within the crannies of his meagre heart.

Descending to the place from whence he came,
With rich-stor'd chariot of fresh-bleeding wounds,
Sore-grievèd bodies from a soul's sick name,
Sore-grievèd souls in bodies' sin-sick sounds;
Death was afraid to stay where life should be;
For they are foes, and cannot well agree.

Chap. XIX.

Avaunt, destroyer, with thy hungry jaws, 1
Thy thirsty heart, thy longing ashy bones!
The righteous live, they be not in thy laws,
Nor subjects to thy deep-oppressing moans:
Let it suffice that we have seen thy show,
And tasted but the shadow of thy woe.

Yet stay, and bring thy empty car again, 2
More ashy vessels do attend thy pace;
More passengers expect thy coming wain,
More groaning pilgrims long to see thy face:
Wrath now attends the passage of misdeeds,
And thou shalt still be stor'd with souls that bleeds.

Some lie half-dead, while others dig their graves 3
With weak-forc'd tears, to moist a long-dry ground;
But tears on tears in time will make whole waves
To bury sin with overwhelming sound;
Their eyes for mattocks serve, their tears for spades,
And they themselves are sextons by their trades.

What is their fee? lament; their payment? woe;
Their labour? wail; their practice? misery:
And can their conscience serve to labour so?
Yes, yes, because it helpeth villany:
Though eyes did stand in tears and tears in eyes,
They did another foolishness devise.

So that what prayer did, sin did undo; 4
And what the eyes did win, the heart did lose;
Whom virtue reconcil'd, vice did forego;
Whom virtue did forego, that vice did choose:
O had their hearts been just, eyes had been winners!
Their eyes were just, but hearts new sin's beginners.

They digg'd true graves with eyes, but not with hearts; 5
Repentance in their face, vice in their thought;
Their delving eyes did take the sexton's parts;
The heart undid the labour which eyes wrought:
A new strange death was portion for their toil,
While virtue sate as judge to end the broil.

Had tongue been join'd with eyes, tongue had not stray'd; 6
Had eyes been join'd to heart, heart then had seen;
But O, in wanting eyesight, it betray'd
The dungeon of misdeeds, where it had been!
So, many living in this orb of woe,
Have heav'd-up eyes, but yet their hearts are low.

This change of sin did make a change of feature,
A new strange death, a misery untold,
A new reform of every old-new creature,
New-serving offices which time made old:
New-living virtue from an old-dead sin,
Which ends in ill what doth in good begin.

When death did reap the harvest of despite, 7
The wicked ears of sin, and mischief's seed,
Filling the mansion of eternal night
With heavy, leaden clods of sinful breed,
Life sow'd the plants of immortality,
To welcome old-made new felicity.

The clouds, the gloomy curtains of the air,
Drawn and redrawn with the four wingèd winds,
Made all of borrow'd vapours, darksome fair,
Did overshade their tents, which virtue finds;
The Red Sea's deep was made a dry-trod way,
Without impediment, or stop, or stay.

The thirsty winds, with overtoiling puffs, 8
Did drink the ruddy ocean's water dry,
Tearing the zone's hot-cold, whole-ragged ruffs
With ruffling conflicts in the field of sky;
So that dry earth did take wet water's place,
With sandy mantle and hard-grounded face.

That way which never was a way before, 9
Is now a trodden path which was untrod,
Through which the people went as on a shore,
Defended by the stretch'd-out arm of God;
Praising his wondrous works, his mighty hand,
Making the land of sea, the sea of land.

That breast where anger slept is mercy's bed, 10
That breast where mercy wakes is anger's cave;
When mercy lives, then Nemesis is dead,
And one for either's corse makes other's grave:
Hate furrows up a grave to bury love,
And love doth press down hate, it cannot move.

This breast is God, which ever wakes in both;
Anger is his revenge, mercy his love:
He sent them flies instead of cattle's growth,
And multitudes of frogs for fishes strove;
Here was his anger shewn; and his remorse,°
When he did make dry land of water-course.

° *remorse*] i. e. pity.

The sequel proves what actor is the chief; 11
All things beginning know,[o] but none their end;
The sequel unto mirth is weeping grief,
As do[p] mishaps with happiness contend;
For both are agents in this orb of weeping,
And one doth wake when other falls a-sleeping.

Yet should man's eyes pay tribute every hour
With tributary tears to sorrow's shrine,
He would all drown himself with his own shower,
And never find the leaf of mercy's line:
They in God's anger wail'd, in his love joy'd;
Their love brought lust ere love had lust destroy'd.

The sun of joy dried up their tear-wet eyes, 12
And sate as lord upon their sobbing heart;
For when one comfort lives, one sorrow dies,
Or ends in mirth what it begun in smart:
What greater grief than hunger-starvèd mood?
What greater mirth than satisfying food?

Quails from the fishy bosom of the sea
Came to their comforts which were living-starv'd;
But punishments fell in the sinners' way,
Sent down by thunderbolts which they deserv'd:
Sin-fed these sinners were, hate-cherishèd;
According unto both they perishèd.

Sin-fed, because their food was seed of sins, 13
And bred new sin with old-digested meat;
Hate-cherishèd in being hatred's twins,
And sucking cruelty from tiger's teat:
Was it not sin to err and go astray?
Was it not hate to stop a stranger's way?

[p] *know*] Old ed. "knowes." [q] *do*] Old ed. "doth."

Was it not sin to see, and not to know?
Was it not sin to know, and not receive?
Was it not hate to be a stranger's foe,
And make them captives which did them relieve?
Yes, it was greatest sin first for to leave them,
And it was greatest hate last to deceive them.

O hungry cannibals! which know no fill, 14
But still do starving feed, and feeding starve,
How could you so deceive? how could you spill[q]
Their loving selves which did yourselves preserve?
Why did you suck your pelican to death,
Which fed you too, too well with his own breath?

O, say that cruelty can have no law,
And then you speak with a mild-cruel tongue;
Or say that avarice lodg'd in your jaw,
And then you do yourselves but little wrong:
Say what you will, for what you say is spite
'Gainst ill-come strangers, which did merit right.

You lay in ambush,—O deceitful snares, 15
Enticing baits, beguiling sentinels!—
You added grief to grief and cares to cares,
Tears unto weeping eyes where tears did dwell:
O multitudes of sin, legions of vice,
Which thaw[r] with sorrow sorrow's frozen ice!

A banquet was prepar'd, the fare deceit,
The dishes poison, and the cup despite,
The table mischief, and the cloth a bait,
Like spinner's web t' entrap the strange fly's flight;
Pleasure was strew'd upon the top of pain,
Which, once digested, spread through every vein.

[q] *spill*] i. e. destroy. [r] *thaw*] Old ed. "thaws."

O ill conductors of misguided feet,
Into a way of death, a path of guile!
Poor pilgrims, which their own destruction meet
In habitations of an unknown isle:
O, had they left that broad, deceiving way,
They had been right, and never gone astray!

But mark the punishment which did ensue
Upon those ill-misleading villanies;
They blinded were themselves with their self view,
And fell into their own-made miseries;
Seeking the entrance of their dwelling-places
With blinded eyes and dark misguided faces.

Lo, here was snares ensnar'd and guiles beguil'd,
Deceit deceiv'd and mischief was misled,
Eyes blinded sight and thoughts the hearts defil'd,
Life living in aspècts was dying dead;
Eyes thought for to mislead, and were misled,
Feet went to make mistreads, and did mistread.

At this proud fall the elements were glad,
And did embrace each other with a kiss,
All things were joyful which before were sad;
The pilgrims in their way, and could not miss:
As when the sound of music doth resound
With changing tune, so did the changèd ground.

The birds forsook the air, the sheep the fold;
The eagle pitchèd low, the swallow high;
The nightingale did sleep, and uncontroll'd
Forsook the prickle of her nature's eye;
The seely[q] worm was friends with all her foes,
And suck'd the dew-tears from the weeping rose.

[q] *seely*] See note, p. 392.

The sparrow tun'd the lark's sweet melody,
The lark in silence sung a dirge of dole,
The linnet help'd the lark in malady;
The swans forsook the quire of billow-roll;
The dry-land fowl did make the sea their nest,
The wet-sea fish did make the land their rest.

The swans, the quiristers which did complain 19
In inward feeling of an outward loss,
And fill'd the quire of waves with laving pain,
Yet dancing in their wail with surge's toss,
Forsook her[q] cradle-billow-mountain bed,
And hies her unto land, there to be fed:

Her sea-fare now is land-fare of content;
Old change is changèd new, yet all is change;
The fishes are her food, and they are sent
Unto dry land, to creep, to feed, to range:
Now coolest water cannot quench the fire,
But makes it proud in hottest hot desire.

The evening of a day is morn to night, 20
The evening of a night is morn to day;
The one is Phœbe's clime which is pale-bright,
The other Phœbus' in more light array;
She makes the mountains limp in chill-cold snow,
He melts their eyes and makes them weep for woe.

His beams, ambassadors of his hot will
Through the transparent element of air,
Do[r] only his warm ambassage fulfil,
And melt[s] the icy jaw of Phœbe's hair;
Yet those, though fiery flames, could not thaw cold,
Nor break the frosty glue of winter's mould.

[q] *her*] Is frequently used for *their* by our early writers; but most probably in the present passage the author changed the number through carelessness.

[r] *Do*] Old ed. "Doth."

[s] *melt*] Old ed. "melts."

Here nature slew herself, or, at the least, 21
Did tame the passage of her hot aspècts;
All things have nature to be worst or best,
And must incline to that which she affects;
But nature miss'd herself in this same part,
For she was weak, and had not nature's heart.

'Twas God which made her weak and makes her strong,
Resisting vice, assisting righteousness,
Assisting and resisting right and wrong,
Making this epilogue in equalness;
'Twas God, his people's aid, their wisdom's friend,
In whom I did begin, with whom I end.

A Jove surgit opus; de Jove finit opus.

MICRO-CYNICON,

SIX SNARLING SATIRES.

Micro-cynicon. Sixe Snarling Satyres.

Insatiat	*Cron.*
Prodigall	*Zodon.*
Insolent	*Superbia.*
Cheating	*Droone.*
Ingling	*Pyander.*
Wise	*Innocent.*

Adsis pulcher homo canis hic tibi pulcher emendo. Imprinted at London by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Bushell, and are to be sold at his shop at the North doore of Paules Church. 1599. 8vo.

"In 1599," says Warton, "appeared 'MICRO-CYNICON sixe snarling satyres by T. M. Gentleman,' perhaps Thomas Middleton." *Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. iv. p. 70, ed. 4to.

On account of the concluding couplet of the "Defiance to Envy,"—

> "I, but the author's mouth, bid thee avaunt!
> He more defies thy hate, thy hunt, thy haunt,"—

and because that "Defiance" is followed by what bears expressly the title of "The Author's Prologue," Mr. J. P. Collier suspects that T. M. was only the author's friend: see *The Poetical Decameron*, where these satires are noticed at considerable length, vol. i. p. 282, sqq.

That T. M. and the author of *Micro-cynicon* were the same person, I have very little doubt; but that he was Thomas Middleton, I feel by no means confident.

HIS DEFIANCE[a] TO ENVY.

Envy, which mak'st thyself in common guise,
To haunt deservers, and to hunt deserts;
Hard-soft, cold-hot, well-evil, foolish-wise,
Miscontrarieties, agreeing parts;
Avaunt, I say! I'll anger thee enough,
And fold thy fiery eyes in thy smazky[b] snuff.

Defiance, resolution, and neglects,
True trine of bars against thy false assault,
Defies, resolves defiance, and rejects
Thy interest to claim the smallest fault:
Thou lawless landlady, poor prodigal,
Sour solace, credit's crack, fear's festival!

More angry satire-days[c] I'll muster up
Than thou canst challenge letters in thy name;
My nigrum[d] true-born ink no more shall sup
Thy stainèd blemish, character'd in blame:
My pen's two nebs shall turn unto a fork,
Chasing old Envy from so young a work:
I, but the author's mouth, bid thee avaunt!
He more defies thy hate, thy hunt, thy haunt.

T. M. *Gent.*

[a] *His defiance*, &c.] In imitation of Hall, who had ushered in his Satires with *A Defiance to Envy.*

[b] *smazky*] i. e., perhaps, smitchy or smeechy (reechy, black.)

[c] *satire-days*] "Does he intend to pun upon the last day of the week—*Saturday?* It may be a misprint for *Satyr-dogs*, in allusion to his title, 'Sixe *Snarling* Satyres.'" Collier's *Poet. Decam.* vol. i. p. 286.

[d] *nigrum*] Old ed. "Negrum:" compare p. 411.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

FIRST BOOK.

Dismounted from the high-aspiring hills
Which the all-empty airy kingdom fills,
Leaving the scorched mountains threatening heaven,
From whence fell fiery rage my soul hath driven,
Passing the down-steep valleys all in hast,[d]
Have tript it through the woods; and now, at last,
Am veiled with a stony sanctuary,
To save my ire-stuft soul, lest it miscarry,
From threatening storms, o'erturning verity,
That shames to see truth's refin'd purity;
Those open plains, those high sky-kissing mounts,
Where huffing winds cast up their airy accounts,
Were too, too open, shelter yielding none,
So that the blasts did tyrannize upon
The naked carcass of my heavy soul,
And with their fury all my all control.
But now, environ'd with a brazen tower,
I little dread their stormy-raging power;
Witness this black defying embassy,
That wanders them beforne[e] in majesty,
Undaunted of their bugbear threatening words,
Whose proud-aspiring vaunts time past records.
Now, windy parasites, or the slaves of wine,
That wind from all things save the truth divine,

[d] *hast*] Frequently thus written for the sake of the rhyme—even long after the date of the present poem (as by Butler in *Hudibras*, &c.).

[e] *beforne*] i. e. before.

Wind, turn, and toss into the depth of spite,
Your devilish venom cannot me affright;
It is a cordial of a candy taste,
I'll drink it up, and then let 't run at waste;
Whose druggy lees, mix'd with the liquid flood
Of muddy fell defiance, as it stood,
I'll belch into your throats all open wide,
Whose gaping swallow nothing runs beside;
And if it venom, take it as you list;
He spites himself that spites a satirist.

MICRO-CYNICON.

THE FIRST BOOK.

SATIRE I.—INSATIATE CRON.

Cur eget[f] *indignus quisquam, te divite?*

Time was when down-declining toothless age
Was of a holy and divine presage,
Divining prudent and foretelling truth,
In sacred points instructing wandering youth;
But, O detraction of our latter days!
How much from verity this age estrays,
Ranging the briery deserts of black sin,
Seeking a dismal cave to revel in!
This latter age, or member of that time
Of whom my snarling Muse now thundereth rhyme,
Wander'd the brakes, until a hidden cell
He found at length, and still therein doth dwell:
The house of gain insatiate it is,
Which this hoar-agèd peasant deems his bliss.
O that desire might hunt amongst that fur!
It should go hard but he would loose a cur
To rouse the fox, hid in a bramble-bush,
Who frighteth conscience with a wry-mouth'd push.[g]
But what need I to wish or would it thus,
When I may find him starting at the Burse,[h]

[f] *Cur eget*, &c.] Hor. *Sat.* ii. 2. 103.

[g] *push*] See note, vol. i. p. 29.

[h] *Burse*] i. e. the Royal Exchange,—for the New Exchange in the Strand (which our early writers generally mean when they mention "*the Burse*") was not yet built.

Where he infecteth other pregnant wits,
Making them co-heirs to his damnèd fits.
There may you see this writhen-facèd mass
Of rotten mouldering clay, that prating ass,
That riddles wonders, mere compact[h] of lies,
Of heaven, of hell, of earth, and of the skies.
Of heaven thus he reasons; heaven there's none,
Unless it be within his mansion:
O, there is heaven! why? because there's gold,
That from the late to this last age controll'd
The massy sceptre of earth's heavenly round,
Exiling forth her silver-pavèd bound
The leaders, brethren, brazen counterfeits,
That in this golden age contempt begets:
Vaunt then I, mortal[i] I, I only king,
And golden god of this eternal being.
Of hell Cimmerian thus Avarus reasons;
Though hell be hot, yet it observeth seasons,
Having within his kingdom residence,
O'er which his godhead hath pre-eminence:
An obscure angel of his heaven it is,
Wherein's contain'd that hell-devouring bliss;
Into this hell sometimes an angel falls,
Whose white aspèct black forlorn souls appalls;
And that is when a saint believing gold,
Old in that heaven, young in being old,
Falls headlong down into that pit of woe,
Fit for such damnèd creature's overthrow:
To make this public that obscurèd lies,
And more apparent vulgar secrecies;
To make this plain, harsh unto common wits,
Simplicity in common judgment sits.
This downcast angel, or declining saint,
Is greedy Cron, when Cron makes his compt;[j]

[h] *mere compact*] i. e. wholly composed.
[i] *I, mortal*] Qy. "immortal"?
[j] *compt*] Qy. "complaint"?

For his poor creditors faln to decay,
Being bankerouts,[i] take heels and run away:
Then frantic Cron, gall'd to the very heart,
In some by-corner plays a devil's part,
Repining at the loss of so much pelf,
And in a humour goes and hangs himself;
So of a saint a devil Cron is made,
The devil lov'd Cron, and Cron the devil's trade.
Thus may you see such angels often fall,
Making a working-day a festival.
Now to the third point of his deity,
And that's the earth, thus reasons credulity;
Credulous Cron, Cron credulous in all,
Swears that his kingdom is in general:
As he is regent of this heaven and hell,
So of the earth all others he'll expel;
The skies at his dispose, the earth his own,
And if Cron please, all must be overthrown.
Cron, Cron, advise thee, Cron with the copper nose,
And be not rul'd so much by false suppose,
Lest Cron's professing holiness turn evil,
And of a false god prove a perfect devil.
I prithee, Cron, find out some other talk,
Make not the Burse[j] a place for spirits to walk;
For doubtless, if thy damnèd lies take place,
Destruction follows: farewell, sacred grace!
Th' Exchange for goodly[k] merchants is appointed;
Why not for me, says Cron, and mine anointed?
Can merchants thrive, and not the usurer nigh?
Can merchants live without my company?
No, Cron helps all, and Cron hath help from none;
What others have is Cron's, and Cron's his own:
And Cron will hold his own, or 't shall go hard,
The devil will help him for a small reward.

[i] *bankerouts*] i. e. bankrupts. [j] *Burse*] See note, p. 485.
[k] *goodly*] Qy. "godly"?

The devil's help, O 'tis a mighty thing!
If he but say the word, Cron is a king.
O then the devil is greater yet than he!
I thought as much, the devil would master be.
And reason too, saith Cron; for what care I,
So I may live as god, and never die?
Yea, golden Cron, death will make thee away,
And each dog, Cron, must have a dying day;
And with this resolution I bequeath thee
To God or to the devil, and so I leave thee.

SATIRE II.—PRODIGAL ZODON.

Who knows not Zodon? Zodon! what is he?
The true-born child of insatiety.
If true-born, when? if born at all, say where?
Where conscience begg'd in worst time of the year:
His name young Prodigal, son to greedy Gain,
Let blood by folly in a contrary vein;
For scraping Cron, seeing he needs must die,
Bequeathèd all to prodigality:
The will once prov'd, and he possess'd of all,
Who then so gallant as young Prodigal?
Mounted aloft on flattering fortune's wings,
Where like a nightingale secure he sings,
Floating on seas of scarce prosperity,
Ingirt with pleasure's sweet tranquillity:
Suit upon suit, satin too, too base;
Velvet laid on with gold or silver lace
A mean man doth become; but he[j] must ride
In cloth of finèd gold, and by his side
Two footmen at the least, with choice of steeds,
Attirèd, when he[k] rides, in gorgeous weeds:

[j] *he*] Old ed. "ye." [k] *he*] Old ed. "she."

Zodon must have his chariot gilded o'er;
And when he triumphs, four bare before
In pure white satin to usher out his way,
To make him glorious on his progress-day:
Vail[j] bonnet he that doth not, passing by,
Admiring on that sun-enriching sky,
Two days encag'd at least in strongest hold:
Storm he that list, he scorns to be controll'd.
What! is it lawful that a mounted beggar
May uncontrollèd thus bear sway and swagger?
A base-born issue of a baser sire,
Bred in a cottage, wandering in the mire,
With nailèd shoes, and whipstaff in his hand,
Who with a hey and ree the beasts command;
And being seven years practis'd in that trade,
At seven years' end by Tom a journey 's made
Unto the city of fair Troynovant;[k]
Where, through extremity of need and want,
He's forc'd to trot with fardle at his back
From house to house, demanding if they lack
A poor young man that's willing to take pain
And mickle labour, though for little gain.
Well, some kind Troyan, thinking he hath grace,
Keeps him himself, or gets some other place.
The world now, God be thank'd, is well amended;
Want, that erewhile did want, is now befriended;
And scraping Cron hath got a world of wealth:
Now what of that? Cron's dead; where's all his pelf?
Bequeathèd to young Prodigal; that's well:
His god hath left him, and he's fled to hell.
See, golden souls, the end of ill-got gain,
Read and mark well, to do the like refrain.
This youthful gallant, like the prince of pleasure,
Floating on golden seas of earthly treasure,

[j] *Vail*] i. e. lower.

[k] *Troynovant*] i. e. London (founded, according to the fabulous account, by the Trojan Brutus).

Treasure ill got by ministering of wrong,
Made a fair show, but endur'd not long;
Ill got, worse spent, gotten by deceit;
Spent on lascivious wantons, which await
And hourly expect such prodigality,
Lust-breathing lechers given to venery:
No day expir'd but Zodon hath his trull,
He hath his tit, and she likewise her gull;
Gull he, trull she: O 'tis a gallant age!
Men may have hackneys of good carriage;
Provided that there rain a golden shower,
Then come whos' will at the appointed hour:
Hour me no hours, hours break no square;
Where gold doth rain, be sure to find them there.
Well, Zodon hath his pleasure, he hath gold;
Young in his golden age, in sin too old.
Now he wants gold, all his treasures done,
He's banishèd the stews, pity finds none;
Rich yesterday in wealth, this day as poor,
To-morrow like to beg from door to door.
See, youthful spendthrifts, all your bravery[1]
Even in a moment turn'd to misery!

SATIRE III.—INSOLENT SUPERBIA.

List, ye profane, fair-painted images,
Predestinated by the Destinies,
At your first being, to fall eternally
Into Cimmerian black obscurity;
Ill-favour'd idols, pride-anatomy,
Foul-colour'd puppets, balls of infamy,
Whom zealous souls do racket to and fro;
Sometimes aloft ye fly, other whiles below,
Banded into the air's loose continent,
Where hard upbearing winds hold parliament;

[1] *bravery*] i. e. finery of apparel, &c.

For such is the force of down-declining sin,
Where our short-feather'd peacocks wallow in,
That when sweet motions urge them to aspire,
They are so bathèd o'er by sweet desire
In th' odoriferous fountain of sweet pleasure,
Wherein delight hath all embalm'd her treasure,—
I mean, where sin, the mistress of disgrace,
Hath residence and her abiding place;
And sin, though it be foul, yet fair in this,
In being painted with a show of bliss;
For what more happy creature to the eye
Than is Superbia in her bravery?
Yet who more foul, disrobèd of attire?
Pearl'd with the botch as children burnt with fire;
That for their outward cloak upon the skin,
Worser enormities abound within:
Look they to that; truth tells them their amiss,
And in this glass all-telling truth it is.
When welcome spring had clad the hills in green,
And pretty whistling birds were heard and seen,
Superbia abroad 'gan take her walk,
With other peacocks for to find her talk:
Kyron, that in a bush lay closely couch'd,
Heard all their chat, and how it was avouch'd.
Sister, says one, and softly pack'd away,
In what fair company did you dine to-day?
'Mongst gallant dames,—and then she wipes her lips,
Placing both hands upon her whalebone hips,
Puft up with a round-circling farthingale:
That done, she 'gins go forward with her tale:—
Sitting at table carv'd of walnut-tree,
All coverèd with damask'd napery,
Garnish'd with salts[n] of pure beaten gold,
Whose silver-plated edge, of rarest mould,

[n] *salts*] i. e. salt-cellars.

Mov'd admiration in my searching eye,
To see the goldsmith's rich artificy:
The butler's placing of his manchets[o] white,
The plated cupboard,[p] for our more delight,
Whose golden beauty, glancing from on high,
Illuminated other chambers nigh:
The slowly pacing of the servingmen,
Which were appointed to attend us then,
Holding in either hand a silver dish
Of costly cates of far-fetch'd dainty fish,
Until they do approach the table nigh,
Where the appointed carver carefully
Dischargeth them of their full-freighted hands,
Which instantly upon the table stands:
The music sweet, which all that while did sound,
Ravish the hearers, and their sense confound.
This done, the master of that sumptuous feast,
In order 'gins to place his welcome guest:
Beauty, first seated in a throne of state,
Unmatchable, disdaining other mate,
Shone like the sun, whereon mine eyes still gaz'd,
Feeding on her perfections that amaz'd;
But O, her silver-framèd coronet,
With low-down dangling spangles all beset,
Her sumptuous periwig, her curious curls,
Her high-pric'd necklace of entrailèd pearls,
Her precious jewels wondrous to behold,
Her basest jem fram'd of the purest gold!
O, I could kill myself for very spite,
That my dim stars give not so clear a light!
Heart-burning ire new kindled bids despair,
Since beauty lives in her, and I want fair:[q]
O had I died in youth, or not been born,
Rather than live in hate, and die forlorn!

[o] *manchets*] i. e. small loaves or rolls of fine white bread.
[p] *cupboard*] See note, vol. ii. p. 91. [q] *fair*] See note, p. 360.

And die I will,—therewith she drew a knife
To kill herself, but Kyron sav'd her life.
See here, proud puppets, high-aspiring evils,
Scarce any good, most of you worse than devils,
Excellent in ill, ill in advising well,
Well in that's worst, worse than the worst in hell:
Hell is stark blind, so blind most women be,
Blind, and yet not blind when they should not see.
Fine madam Tiptoes, in her velvet gown,
That quotes[r] her paces in charàcters down,
Valuing each step that she had made that day
Worth twenty shillings in her best array;
And why, forsooth, some little dirty spot
Hath fell upon her gown or petticoat;
Perhaps that nothing much, or something little,
Nothing in many's view, in her's a mickle,
Doth thereon surfeit, and some day or two
She's passing sick, and knows not what to do:
The poor handmaid, seeing her mistress wed
To frantic sickness, wishes she were dead;
Or that her devilish tyrannising fits
May mend, and she enjoy her former wits;
For whilst that health thus counterfeits not well,
Poor here-at-hand lives in the depth of hell.
Where is this baggage? where's this girl? what, ho!
Quoth she, was ever woman troubled so?
What, huswife Nan! and then she 'gins to brawl;
Then in comes Nan,—Sooth, mistress, did you call?
Out on thee, quean! now, by the living God,—
And then she strikes, and on the wench lays load;
Poor silly maid, with finger in the eye,
Sighing and sobbing, takes all patiently.
Nimble affection, stung to the very heart
To see her fellow-mate sustain such smart,

[r] *quotes*] i. e. notes.

Flies to the Burse-gate[r] for a match[s] or two,
And salves th' amiss, there is no more to do:
Quick-footed kindness, quick as itself thought,
With that well-pleasing news but lately bought
By love's assiduate care and industry,
Into the chamber runs immediately,
Where she unlades the freight of sweet content.
The haggler pleas'd doth rise incontinent;
Then thought of sickness is not thought upon,
Care hath no being in her mansion;
But former peacock-pride, grand insolence,
Even in the highest thought hath residence:
But it on tiptoe stands; well, what of that?
It is more prompt to fall and ruinate;
And fall it will, when death's shrill, clamorous bell
Shall summon you unto the depth of hell.
Repent, proud princocks,[t] cease for to aspire,
Or die to live with pride in burning fire.

SATIRE IV.—CHEATING DROONE.

There is a cheater by profession
That takes more shapes than the chameleon;
Sometimes he jets[u] it in a black furr'd gown,
And that is when he harbours in the town;
Sometimes a cloak to mantle hoary age,
Ill-favour'd, like an ape in spiteful rage;
And then he walks in Paul's[v] a turn or two,
To see by cheating what his wit can do:

[r] *Burse-gate*] See note, p. 485. [s] *match*] i. e. pattern.
[t] *princocks*] Or *princox*,—i. e. pert, conceited person: but perhaps the author uses the word here as the plural of *princock*.
[u] *jets*] i. e. struts. [v] *Paul's*] See note, vol. i. p. 418.

Perhaps he'll tell a gentleman a tale
Will cost him twenty angels[w] in the sale;
But if he know his purse well lin'd within,
And by that means he cannot finger him,
He'll proffer him such far-fet[x] courtesy,
That shortly in a tavern neighbouring by
He hath encag'd the silly gentleman,
To whom he proffers service all he can:
Sir, I perceive you are of gentle blood,
Therefore I will our cates be new and good;
For well I wot the country yieldeth plenty,
And as they divers be, so are they dainty;
May it please you, then, a while to rest you merry,
Some cates I will make choice of, and not tarry.
The silly cony[y] blithe and merrily
Doth for his kindness thank him heartily;
Then hies the cheater very hastily,
And with some peasant, where he is in fee,
Juggles, that dinner being almost ended,
He in a matter of weight may then be friended.
The peasant, for an angel then in hand,
Will do whate'er his worship shall command,
And yields, that when a reckoning they call in,
To make reply there's one to speak with him.
The plot is laid; now comes the cheater back,
And calls in haste for such things as they lack;
The table freighted with all dainty cates,
Having well fed, they fall to pleasant chates,[z]
Discoursing of the mickle difference
'Twixt perfect truth and painted eloquence.
Plain troth, that harbours in the country swain:
The cony stands defendant; the cheater's vein

[w] *angels*] See note, p. 20.
[x] *far-fet*] i. e. far-fetched.
[y] *cony*] i. e. dupe: see note, vol. i. p. 290.
[z] *chates*] i. e. chats, talks.

Is to uphold an eloquent smooth tongue,
To be truth's orator, righting every wrong.
Before the cause concluded took effect,
In comes a crew of fiddling knaves abject,
The very refuse of that rabble rout,
Half shoes upon their feet torn round about,
Save little Dick, the dapper singing knave,
He had a threadbare coat to make him brave,[a]
God knows, scarce worth a tester,[b] if it were
Valued at most, of seven it was too dear.
Well, take it as they list, Shakerag came in,
Making no doubt but they would like of him,
And[c] 'twere but for his person, a pretty lad,
Well qualified, having a singing trade.
Well, so it was, the cheater must be merry,
And he a song must have, call'd Hey-down-derry:
So Dick begins to sing, the fiddler[s] play;
The melancholy cony replies, nay, nay,
No more of this; the other[d] bids play on,—
'Tis good our spirits should something work upon:
Tut, gentle sir, be pleasant, man, quoth he,
Yours be the pleasure, mine the charge shall be;
This do I for the love of gentlemen:
Hereafter happily if we meet agen,[e]
I shall of you expect like courtesy,
Finding fit time and opportunity.
Or else I were ungrateful, quoth the cony;
It shall go hard but we will find some money;
For some we have, that some well us'd gets more,
And so in time we shall increase our store.
Meantime, said he, employ it to good use,
For time ill spent doth purchase time's abuse.

[a] *brave*] i. e. fine, smart.
[b] *tester*] i. e. sixpence: see note, vol. i. p. 258.
[c] *And*] i. e. if.
[d] *the other*] Old ed. "*the* tother."
[e] *agen*] See note, p. 192.

With that, more wine he calls for, and intends
That either of them carouse to all their friends;
The cony nods the head, yet says not nay,
Because the other would the charge defray.
The end tries all; and here begins the jest,
My gentleman betook him to his rest;
Wine took possession of his drowsy head,
And cheating Droone hath brought the fool to bed.
The fiddlers were discharg'd, and all things whist,[e]
Then pilfering Droone 'gan use him as he list:
Ten pound he finds; the reckoning he doth pay,
And with the residue passeth sheer away.
Anon the cony wakes; his coin being gone,
He exclaims against dissimulation;
But 'twas too late, the cheater had his prey:—
Be wise, young heads, care for an after-day!

SATIRE V.—INGLING[f] PYANDER.

Age hath his infant youth, old trees their sprigs,
O'erspreading branches their inferior twigs:
Old beldam hath a daughter or a son,
True born or illegitimate, all's one;
Issue she hath. The father? Ask you me?
The house wide open stands, her lodging 's free:
Admit myself for recreation
Sometimes did enter her possession,
It argues not that I have been the man
That first kept revels in that mantian;[g]
No, no, the haggling commonplace is old,
The tenement hath oft been bought and sold:

[e] *whist*] i. e. still.
[f] *Ingling*] See note, vol. i. p. 301.
[g] *mantian*] So written for the rhyme.

'Tis rotten now, earth to earth, dust to dust,
Sodom's on fire, and consume it must;
And wanting second reparations,
Pluto hath seiz'd the poor reversions.
But that hereafter worlds may truly know
What hemlocks and what rue there erst did grow,
As it is Sathan's usual policy,
He left an issue of like quality;
The still memorial, if I aim aright,
Is a pale chequer'd black hermaphrodite.
Sometimes he jets[h] it like a gentleman,
Other whiles much like a wanton courtesan;
But, truth to tell, a man or woman whether,
I cannot say she's excellent at either;
But if report may certify a truth,
She's neither of either, but a cheating youth.
Yet Troynovant,[i] that all-admirèd town,
Where thousands still do travel up and down,
Of beauty's counterfeits[j] affords not one,
So like a lovely smiling paragon,
As is Pyander in a nymph's attire,
Whose rolling eye sets gazers' hearts on fire,
Whose cherry lip, black brow, and smiles procure
Lust-burning buzzards to the tempting lure.
What, shall I cloak sin with a coward fear,
And suffer not Pyander's sin appear?
I will, I will. Your reason? Why, I'll tell,
Because time was I lov'd Pyander well;
True love indeed will hate love's black defame,
So loathes my soul to seek Pyander's shame.
O, but I feel the worm of conscience sting,
And summons me upon my soul to bring
Sinful Pyander into open view,
There to receive the shame that will ensue!

[h] *jets*] i. e. struts. [i] *Troynovant*] See note, p. 489.
[j] *counterfeits*] i. e. portraits, likenesses.

O, this sad passion of my heavy soul
Torments my heart and senses do[th] control!
Shame thou, Pyander, for I can but shame,
The means of my amiss by thy means came;
And shall I then procure eternal blame,
By secret cloaking of Pyander's shame,
And he not blush?
By heaven, I will not! I'll not burn in hell
For false Pyander, though I lov'd him well;
No, no, the world shall know thy villany,
Lest they be cheated with like roguery.
Walking the city, as my wonted use,
There was I subject to this foul abuse:
Troubled with many thoughts, pacing along,
It was my chance to shoulder in a throng;
Thrust to the channel I was, but crowding her,
I spied Pyander in a nymph's attire:
No nymph more fair than did Pyander seem,
Had not Pyander then Pyander been;
No lady with a fairer face more grac'd,
But that Pyander's self himself defac'd;
Never was boy so pleasing to the heart
As was Pyander for a woman's part;
Never did woman foster such another
As was Pyander, but Pyander's mother.
Fool that I was in my affection!
More happy I, had it been a vision;
So far entangled was my soul by love,
That force perforce I must Pyander prove:
The issue of which proof did testify
Ingling Pyander's damnèd villany.
I lov'd indeed, and, to my mickle cost,
I lov'd Pyander, so my labour lost:
Fair words I had, for store of coin I gave,
But not enjoy'd the fruit I thought to have.

O, so I was besotted with her words,
His words, that no part of a she affords!
For had he been a she, injurious boy,
I had not been so subject to annoy.
A plague upon such filthy gullery!
The world was ne'er so drunk with mockery.
Rash-headed cavaliers, learn to be wise;
And if you needs will do, do with advice;
Tie not affection to each wanton smile,
Lest doting fancy truest love beguile;
Trust not a painted puppet, as I've done,
Who far more doted than Pygmalion:
The streets are full of juggling[j] parasites
With the true shape of virgins' counterfeits:[k]
But if of force you must a hackney hire,
Be curious in your choice, the best will tire;
The best is bad, therefore hire none at all;
Better to go on foot than ride and fall.

SATIRE VI.—WISE INNOCENT.[l]

Way[m] for an innocent, ho! What, a poor fool?
Not so, pure ass. Ass! where went you to school?
With innocents. That makes the fool to prate.
Fool, will you any? Yes, the fool shall ha't.
Wisdom, what shall he have? The fool at least.
Provender for the ass, ho! stalk up the beast.
What, shall we have a railing innocent?
No, gentle gull, a wise man's precedent.

[j] *juggling*] Qy. "ingling"? (Old ed. "jugling.")
[k] *counterfeits*] See note, p. 498.
[l] *Innocent*] i. e. fool, idiot.
[m] *Way*] To this word (which is doubtless the right reading), the "Why" of old ed. has been altered with a pen in the Bodleian copy.

Then forward, wisdom. Not without I list.
Twenty to one this fool's some satirist.
Still doth the fool haunt me; fond[m] fool, begone!
No, I will stay, the fool to gaze upon.
Well, fool, stay still. Still shall the fool stay? no.
Then pack, simplicity! Good innocent, why so?
Nor go nor stay, what will the fool do then?
Vex him that seems to vex all other men.
'Tis impossible; streams that are barr'd their course
Swell with more rage and far more greater force,
Until their full-stuft gorge a passage makes
Into the wide maws of more scopious[n] lakes.
Spite me! not spite itself can discontent
My steelèd thoughts, or breed disparagement:
Had pale-fac'd coward fear been resident
Within the bosom of me, innocent,
I would have hous'd me from the eyes of ire,
Whose bitter spleen vomits forth flames of fire.
A resolute ass! O for a spurring rider!
A brace of angels![o] What, is the fool a briber?
Is not the ass yet weary of his load?
What, with once bearing of the fool abroad?
Mount again, fool. Then the ass will tire,
And leave the fool to wallow in the mire.
Dost thou think otherwise? good ass, then begone!
I stay but till the innocent get on.
What, wilt thou needs of the fool bereave me?
Then pack, good, foolish ass! and so I leave thee.

[m] *fond*] See note, p. 343.
[n] *scopious*] i. e. spacious, ample.
[o] *angels*] See note, p. 20.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

LAST SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK.[p]

Thus may we see by folly of[t] the wise
Stumble and fall into fool's paradise,
For jocund wit of force must jangling be;
Wit must have his will, and so had he:
Wit must have[q] his will, yet, parting of the fray,
Wit was enjoin'd to carry the fool away.

Qui color[r] *albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.*

[p] *the first book*] No second Book is known to have appeared.

[q] *must have*] The first word is deleted, and the second altered with a pen to "had," in the Bodleian copy of this poem, —a probable correction.

[r] *Qui color*, &c.] Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 541.

On the death[a] *of that great master in his art and quality, painting and playing,* R[ICHARD] BURBAGE.

ASTRONOMERS and star-gazers this year
Write but of four eclipses; five appear,
Death interposing Burbage; and their staying
Hath made a visible eclipse of playing.

THO. MIDDLETON.

[a] *On the death*, &c.] These lines (the meaning of which is sufficiently obscure) were first printed in Collier's *New Facts regarding the Life of Shakespeare*, p. 26, from a MS. miscellany of poetry belonging to the late Mr. Heber. The celebrated actor, Burbage (who also handled the pencil, and is supposed to have painted the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare), died in March 1618-19.

In the just worth[a] *of that well-deserver, Master* John Webster, *and upon this masterpiece of tragedy.*

In this thou imitat'st one rich and wise,
That sees his good deeds done before he dies;
As he by works, thou by this work of fame
Hast well provided for thy living name.
To trust to others' honourings is worth's crime;
Thy monument is rais'd in thy life-time;
And 'tis most just, for every worthy man
Is his own marble, and his merit can
Cut him to any figure, and express
More art than death's cathedral palaces,
Where royal ashes keep their court. Thy note
Be ever plainness, 'tis the richest coat:
Thy epitaph only the title be,—
Write *Duchess*, that will fetch a tear for thee;
For who e'er saw this duchess live and die,
That could get off under a bleeding eye?

In Tragœdiam.

Ut lux ex tenebris ictu percussa tonantis,
Illa, ruina malis, claris fit vita poetis.

Thomas Middletonus,
Poeta et Chron. Londinensis.

[a] *In the just worth*, &c.] Prefixed to Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, 1623.

THE BLACK BOOK.

The Blacke Booke. London Printed by T. C. for Jeffrey Chorlton. 1604. 4to.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER;

OR,

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF THIS BOOK.

To all those that are truly virtuous, and can touch pitch and yet never defile themselves; read the mischievous lives and pernicious practices of villains, and yet be never the worse at the end of the book, but rather confirmed the more in their honest estates and the uprightness of their virtues;—to such I dedicate myself, the wholesome intent of my labours, the modesty of my phrases, that even blush when they discover vices and unmask the world's shadowed villanies: and I account him as a traitor to virtue, who, diving into the deep of this cunning age, and finding there such monsters of nature, such speckled lumps of poison as panders, harlots, and ruffians do figure, if he rise up silent again, and neither discover or publish them to the civil rank of sober and continent livers, who thereby may shun those two devouring gulfs, to wit, of deceit and luxury,[a] which swallow up more mortals than Scylla and Charybdis, those two cormorants and Woolners[b] of the sea, one tearing, the other

[a] *luxury*] i. e. lust, lewdness.

[b] *Woolners*] Our old writers occasionally mention a person named Woolner, or Wolner, as a notorious gormandiser: Dekker calls him "that cannon of gluttony," *The Owles Al-*

devouring. Wherefore I freely persuade myself, no virtuous spirit or judicial worthy but will approve my politic moral, where, under the shadow of the devil's legacies, or his bequeathing to villains, I strip their villanies naked, and bare the infectious bulks[c] of craft, cozenage, and panderism, the three bloodhounds of a commonwealth. And thus far I presume that none will or can except at this — which I call the Black Book, because it doubly damns the devil — but some tainted harlot, noseless bawd, obscene ruffian, and such of the same black nature and filthy condition, that poison the towardly spring of gentility, and corrupt with the mud of mischiefs the pure and clear streams of a kingdom. And to spurgall such, who reads me shall know I dare; for I fear neither the ratsbane of a harlot nor the poniard of a villain.

T. M.

manacke, 1618, p. 53; and in *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster*, 1635, the seventh chapter relates "how she used Woolner the singing man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she made him pay for his breakefast."

[c] *bulks*] i. e. bodies.

A MORAL.

LUCIFER *ascending, as Prologue to his own Play.*

Now is hell landed here upon the earth,
When Lucifer, in limbs of burning gold,
Ascends this dusty theatre of the world,
To join his powers; and, were it number'd well,
There are more devils on earth than are in hell.
Hence springs my damnèd joy; my tortur'd spleen
Melts into mirthful humour at this fate,
That heaven is hung so high, drawn up so far,
And made so fast, nail'd up with many a star;
And hell the very shop-board of the earth,
Where, when I cut out souls, I throw the shreds
And the white linings of a new-soil'd spirit,
Pawn'd to luxurious[d] and adulterous merit.
Yea, that's the sin, and now it takes her turn,
For which the world shall like a strumpet burn;
And for an instance to fire false embraces,
I make the world burn now in secret places:
I haunt invisible corners as a spy,
And in adulterous circles there rise I;
There am I conjur'd up through hot desire,
And where hell rises, there must needs be fire.
And now that I have vaulted up so high
Above the stage-rails of this earthen globe,
I must turn actor and join companies,
To share my comic sleek-ey'd villanies;
For I must weave a thousand ills in one,
To please my black and burnt affection.
Why, every term-time I come up to throw[e]
Dissension betwixt ploughmen that should sow
The field's vast womb, and make the harvest grow:

[d] *luxurious*] i. e. lustful. [e] *throw*] Old ed. "sowe."

So comes it oft to pass dear years befal,
When ploughmen leave the field to till the hall;
Thus famine and bleak dearth do greet the land,
When the plough 's held between a lawyer's hand.
I fat with joy to see how the poor swains
Do box their country thighs, carrying their packets
Of writings, yet can neither read nor write:
They're like to candles, if they had no light;
For they are dark within in sense and judgment
As is the Hole[f] at Newgate; and their thoughts
Are, like the men that lie there, without spirit.
This strikes my black soul into ravishing music,
To see swains plod and shake their ignorant skulls;
For they are nought but skull, their brain but burr,
Wanting wit's marrow and the sap of judgment;
And how they grate with their hard naily soles
The stones in Fleet-street, and strike fire in Paul's;
Nay, with their heavy trot and iron stalk,
They have worn off the brass in the Mid-walk.[g]
But let these pass for bubbles, and so die,
For I rise now to breathe my legacy,
And make my last will, which, I know, shall stand
As long as bawd or villain strides the land.
For which I'll turn my shape quite out of verse,
Mov'd with the Supplication[h] of poor Pierce,
That writ so rarely villanous from hence
For spending-money to my excellence;
Gave me my titles freely;[i] for which giving,
I rise now to take order for his living.

[f] *the Hole*] See note, vol. i. p. 392.

[g] *the Mid-walk*] See note, vol. i. p. 418.

[h] *the Supplication*, &c.] i. e. *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell*, one of the most celebrated and popular productions of that admirable prose-satirist, Thomas Nash. It first appeared in 1592, during which year (see Collier's *Bridgewater-House Catalogue*, p. 209) it reached a third edition.

[i] *Gave me my titles freely*] "To the high and mightie Prince of darknesse, Donsell dell Lucifer, King of Acheron, Stix and

The black Knight of the Post[j] shortly returns
From hell, where many a tobacconist burns,
With news to smoky gallants, riotous heirs,
Strumpets that follow theatres and fairs,
Gilded-nos'd usurers, base-metall'd panders,
To copper-captains and Pict-hatch[k] commanders,
To all infectious catchpolls through the town,
The very speckled vermin of a crown:
To these and those and every damnèd one
I'll bequeath legacies to thrive upon;
Amongst the which I'll give for his redress
A standing pension to Pierce Pennyless.

Phlegeton, Duke of Tartary, Marquesse of Cocytus, and Lord high Regent of Lymbo," &c. *Pierce Pennilesse*, &c., sig. B 2. ed. 1595.

[j] *Knight of the Post*]—Or, as the term is afterwards varied in the present piece, "Knight of Perjury"—means a hireling evidence, &c.: see note, vol. i. p. 308. Nash makes Pierce commit his Supplication to the care of a knight of the post, who describes himself to be "a fellow that wil sweare you any thing for twelue pence, but indeed I am a spirit in nature and essence, that take vpon me this humane shape, onely to set men together by the eares, and send soules by millions to hell." *Pierce Pennilesse*, &c., sig. B. ed. 1595.

In "A priuate Epistle to the Printer," originally prefixed to the second ed. of the tract just quoted, the author tells him that "if my leysure were such as I could wish, I might haps (halfe a yeare hence) write the returne of the Knight of the Post from hell, with the Diuels answere to the Supplication." Sig. A 2. ed. 1595. What Nash wanted time or inclination to do, was attempted by others after his decease: a writer, who professes to have been his "intimate and near companion," put forth *The Returne of the Knight of the Post from Hell*, 1606; and Dekker published a pamphlet, of the same date, called *Newes from Hell, Brought by the Diuells Carrier*, the running title of which is *The Diuels Answere to Pierce Pennylesse*.

[k] *Pict-hatch*] Was a notorious haunt of prostitutes and the worst characters of both sexes,—"the very skirts of all brothel-houses," as it is presently termed by our author. It is said to have been in Turnmill, commonly called Turnbull, Street, near Clerkenwell.

THE BLACK BOOK.

No sooner was *Pierce Pennyless* breathed forth, but I, the light-burning sergeant, Lucifer, quenched my fiery shape, and whipt into a constable's night-gown, the cunningest habit that could be, to search tipsy taverns, roosting inns, and frothy alehouses; when calling together my worshipful bench of bill-men,[1] I proceeded toward Pict-hatch, intending to begin there first, which (as I may fitly name it) is the very skirts of all brothel-houses. The watchmen, poor night-crows, followed, and thought still they had had the constable by the hand, when they had the devil by the gown-sleeve. At last, I looking up to the casements of every suspected mansion, and spying a light twinkling between hope and desperation, guessed it to be some sleepy snuff, ever and anon winking and nodding in the socket of a candlestick, as if the flame had been a-departing from the greasy body of Simon Snuff the stinkard. Whereupon I, the black constable, commanded my white guard not only to assist my office with their brown bills, but to raise up the house extempory: with that, the dreadful watchmen, having authority

[1] *bill-men*] i. e. watchmen,—who carried *bills* (a kind of pikes with hooked points), which in more ancient times were the weapons of the English foot-soldiers.

standing by them, thundered at the door, whilst the candle lightened in the chamber; and so between thundering and lightening, the bawd risse,[m] first putting the snuff to an untimely death, a cruel and a lamentable murder, and then, with her fat-sagg chin[n] hanging down like a cow's udder, lay reeking out at the window, demanding the reason why they did summon a parley. I told her in plain terms that I had a warrant to search from the sheriff of Limbo.[o] How? from the sheriff of Lime-street? replied mistress wimble-chin (for so she understood the word Limbo, as if Limbo had been Latin for Lime-street); why then all the doors of my house shall fly open and receive you, master constable. With that, as being the watchword, two or three vaulted out of their beds at once, one swearing, stocks and stones, he could not find his stockings, other that they could not hit upon their false bodies, when to speak troth and shame myself, they were then as close to their flesh as they could, and never put them off since they were twelve year old. At last they shuffled up, and were shut out

[m] *risse*] i. e. rose.

[n] *fat-sagg chin*] i. e. chin that sagged (hung down) with fat. Compare our author's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside;*

> "The bawds will be so fat with what they earn,
> Their chins will hang like udders by Easter-eve."
>
> Vol. iv. p. 32.

When it is recollected that *The Black Book* and *Father Hubburd's Tales* were published without the writer's name, having merely the initials T. M. subscribed to a prefatory address, my object in citing parallel passages from Middleton's dramas will be sufficiently apparent.

[o] *Limbo*] i. e. hell,—properly, the borders of hell. Compare quotation from Nash, note, p. 512.

at the back part, as I came in at the north part. Up the stairs I went to examine the feather-beds, and carry the sheets before the justice, for there was none else then to carry; only the floor was strewed with busk-points,[q] silk garters, and shoe-strings, scattered here and there for haste to make away from me, and the farther such run, the nearer they come to me. Then another door opening rearward, there came puffing out of the next room a villanous lieutenant without a band, as if he had been new cut down, like one at Wapping, with his cruel garters[r] about his neck, which fitly resembled two of Derrick's necklaces.[s] He had a head of hair like one of my devils in *Doctor Faustus*,[t] when the old theatre cracked and frighted the audience: his brow was made of coarse bran, as if all the flour had been bolted out to make honester men, so ruggedly moulded with chaps and crevices, that I wonder how it held together, had it not been pasted with villany: his eyebrows jetted out like the round casement of an alderman's dining-room, which made his eyes look as if they had been both dammed in his head; for if so be two souls had been so far sunk into hell-pits, they would never have walked abroad again: his nostrils were cousin-germans to coral, though of a softer condition and

[q] *busk-points*] i. e. the tagged laces by which the busks (pieces of wood or whalebone worn down the front of the stays) were fastened.

[r] *cruel garters*] We have the same pun in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, act i. sc. 1, and elsewhere. *Crewel* means a finer kind of yarn.

[s] *Derrick's necklaces*] i. e. the hangman's ropes: Derrick, who is often mentioned by our old writers, was the common hangman.

[t] *Doctor Faustus*] The well-known drama by Marlowe.

of a more relenting humour: his crow-black muchatoes[u] were almost half an ell from one end to the other, as though they would whisper him in the ear about a cheat or a murder; and his whole face in general was more detestable ugly than the visage of my grim porter Cerberus, which shewed that all his body besides was made of filthy dust and sea-coal ashes: a down countenance he had, as if he would have looked thirty mile into hell, and seen Sisyphus rolling, and Ixion spinning and reeling. Thus in a pair of hoary slippers, his stockings dangling about his wrists, and his red buttons like foxes out of their holes, he began, like the true champion of a vaulting-house,[v] first to fray me with the bugbears of his rough-cast beard, and then to sound base in mine ears like the bear-garden drum; and this was the humour he put on, and the very apparel of his phrases: Why, master constable, dare you balk us in our own mansion, ha? What! is not our house our Cole-harbour,[w] our castle of come-down and lie-down? Must my

[u] *muchatoes*] i. e. mustachios. So S. Rowley;

> "Had my Barbour
> Perfum'd my louzy thatch here, and poak'd out
> My Tuskes more stiffe than are a Cats *muschatoes*,
> These pide-wing'd Butterflyes had knowne me then."
>
> *The Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634, sig. c.

The lines just quoted seem to shew, that, when Ursula says to Knockem, "never tusk nor twirl your *dibble*" (B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair—Works*, vol. iv. p. 414), she means *mustachio*, and not (as Gifford conjectured) *beard*. Mustachios, by being starched or gummed, were made to project from the corners of the mouth.

[v] *vaulting-house*] i. e. brothel.

[w] *Cole-harbour*] i. e. sanctuary: see note, vol. ii. p. 58.

honest wedded punk here, my glory-fat Audrey,[y] be taken napping, and raised up by the thunder of bill-men?[z] Are we disannulled of our first sleep, and cheated of our dreams and fantasies? Is there not law too for stealing away a man's slumbers, as well as for sheets off from hedges? Come you to search an honest bawdy-house, this seven and twenty years in fame and shame? Go to, then, you shall search, nay, my very boots too; are you well now? the least hole in my house[a] too; are you pleased now? Can we not take our ease in our inn,[b] but we must come out so quickly? Naud,[c] go to bed, sweet Naud; thou wilt cool thy grease anon, and make thy fat cake. This said, by the virtue and vice of my office I commanded my bill-men down stairs; when in a twinkling discovering myself a little, as much as might serve to relish me, and shew what stuff I was made of, I came and kissed the bawd, hugged her excellent villanies and cunning rare conveyances;[d] then turning myself, I threw mine arms, like a scarf or bandileer,[e] cross the lieutenant's melancholy bosom, embraced his resolute phrases and his dissolute

[y] *glory-fat Audrey*] "Heres fine Backon Sister its *glore Fat.*" *Yorkshire Dialogue*, p. 44 (appended to *The Praise of Yorkshire Ale*, 1697), the *Clavis* to which has "*Glore fat* is very fat."—The compiler of the Fourth Part of *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, in some remarks on *The Black Book*, says (p. 181), with reference to the present passage, that "nobody has noticed the allusion to Shakespeare's *As you like it*, and the marriage of Touchstone and Audrey"!!!

[z] *bill-men*] See note, p. 513.

[a] *house*] Qy. "hose"?

[b] *take our ease in our inn*] See note, p. 195.

[c] *Naud*] A contraction of Audrey.

[d] *conveyances*] i. e. dishonest tricks, juggling artifices.

[e] *bandileer*] i. e. broad leathern belt, worn by a musqueteer over the left shoulder, to which were appended small powder-boxes, &c.

humours, highly commending the damnable trade and detestable course of their living, so excellent-filthy and so admirable-villanous. Whereupon this lieutenant of Pict-hatch[e] fell into deeper league and farther acquaintance with the blackness of my bosom, sometimes calling me master Lucifer the head-borough, sometimes master Devillin the little black constable. Then telling me he heard from Limbo[f] the second of the last month, and that he had the letter to shew, where they were all very merry; marry, as he told me, there were some of his friends in Phlegethon troubled with the heart-burning; yea, and with the soul-burning too, thought I, though thou little dreamest of the torment: then complaining to me of their bad takings all the last plaguy summer,[g] that there was no stirrings, and therefore undone for want of doings: whereupon, after many such inductions to bring the scene of his poverty upon the stage, he desired, in cool terms, to borrow some forty pence of me. I, stuft with anger at that base and lazy petition, knowing that a right true villain and an absolute practised pander could not want silver damnation, but, living upon the revenues of his wits, might purchase the devil and all, half-conquered with rage, thus I replied to his baseness: Why, for shame! a bawd and poor? why, then, let usurers go a-begging, or, like an old Greek, stand in Paul's with a porringer; let brokers become whole honest then, and remove to heaven out of Houndsditch; lawyers turn feeless, and take ten of a poor widow's tears for ten shillings; merchants never forswear themselves, whose great perjured oaths a' land turn to great winds

[e] *Pict-hatch*] See note, p. 512. [f] *Limbo*] See note, p. 514.
[g] *plaguy summer*] i. e. summer during which the plague prevailed.

and cast away their ships at sea, which false perfidious tempest splits their ships abroad and their souls at home, making the one take salt water and the other salt fire; let mercers then have conscionable thumbs when they measure out that smooth glittering devil, satin, and that old reveller, velvet, in the days of Monsieur,[g] both which have devoured many an honest field of wheat and barley, that hath been metamorphosed and changed into white money. Pooh, these are but little wonders, and may be easily possible in the working. A usurer to cry bread and meat is not a thing impossible; for indeed your greatest usurer is your greatest beggar, wanting as well that which he hath as that which he hath not; then who can be a greater beggar? He will not have his house smell like a cook's shop, and therefore takes an order no meat shall be dressed in it: and because there was an house upon Fish-street-hill burnt to the ground once, he can abide by no means to have a fire in his chimney ever since. To the confirming of which I will insert here a pretty conceit[h] of a nimble-witted gentlewoman, that was worthy to be ladified for the jest; who, entering into a usurer's house in London to take up money upon unmerciful interest for the space of a twelvemonth, was conducted through two or three hungry rooms into a fair dining-room by a lenten-faced fellow, the usurer's man, whose nose shewed as if it had been made of hollow pasteboard, and his cheeks like two thin pancakes clapt together; a pitiful knave he was, and looked for all the world as if meal had been at twenty shillings a bushel. The gentlewoman being placed in this fair room to await the usurer's leisure, who was casting up ditches of gold in his counting-house,

[g] *days of Monsieur*] See note, vol. ii. p. 389.
[h] *conceit*] See note, p. 42.

and being almost frozen with standing — for it was before Candlemas' frost-bitten term — ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where she saw a pair of corpulent, gigantical andirons, that stood like two burgomasters, at both corners, a hearth briskly dressed up, and a great cluster of charcoal piled up together like black puddings, which lay for a dead fire, and in the dining-room too: the gentlewoman, wondering it was so long a-kindling, at last she caught the miserable conceit of it, and calling her man to her, bade him seek out for a piece of chalk, or some peeling of a white wall, whilst in the meantime she conceited the device; when, taking up the six former[h] coals, one after another, she chalked upon each of them a satirical letter; which six were these,

T. D. C. R. U. S.;

explained thus,

These dead coals
Resemble usurers' souls.

Then placing them in the same order again, turning the chalked sides inward to try conclusions,[i] which, as it happened, made up the jest the better: by that time the usurer had done amongst his golden heaps, and entertaining the gentlewoman with a cough a quarter of an hour long, at last, after a rotten hawk and a hem, he began to spit and speak to her. To conclude; she was furnished of the money for a twelvemonth, but upon large security and most tragical usury. When, keeping her day the twelvemonth after, coming to repay both the

[h] *former*] "But force against force, skill against skill, so enterchangeably encountered, that it was not easy to determine, whether enterprising or preventing came *former*." Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. iii. p. 292. ed. 1633.

[i] *conclusions*] i. e. experiments.

money and the breed of it—for interest may well be called the usurer's bastard—she found the hearth dressed up in the same order, with a dead fire of charcoal again, and yet the Thames was half-frozen at that time with the bitterness of the season: when turning the foremost rank of coals, determining again, as it seemed, to draw some pretty knavery upon them too, she spied all those six letters which she chalked upon them the twelvemonth before, and never a one stirred or displaced; the strange sight of which made her break into these words:—Is it possible, quoth she, a usurer should burn so little here, and so much in hell? or is it the cold property of these coals to be above a twelvemonth a-kindling? So much to shew the frozen charity of a usurer's chimney.

And then a broker to be an honest soul, that is, to take but sixpence a-month, and threepence for the bill-making; a devil of a very good conscience! Possible too to have a lawyer bribeless and without fee, if his clientess, or female client, please his eye well: a merchant to wear a suit of perjury but once a quarter or so,—mistake me not, I mean not four times an hour; that shift were too short, he could not put it on so soon, I think: and, lastly, not impossible for a mercer to have a thumb in folio, like one of the biggest of the guard, and so give good and very bountiful measure. But, which is most impossible, to be a right bawd and poor—it strikes my spleen into dulness, and turns all my blood into cool lead. Wherefore was vice ordained but to be rich, shining, and wealthy, seeing virtue, her opponent, is poor, ragged, and needy? Those that are poor are timorous-honest and foolish-harmless; as your carolling shepherds, whistling ploughmen, and such of the same innocent rank,

that never relish the black juice of villany, never taste the red food of murder, or the damnable suckets of luxury:[j] whereas a pander is the very oil of villains and the syrup of rogues; of excellent rogues, I mean, such as have purchased five hundreds a-year by the talent of their villany. How many such gallants do I know, that live only upon the revenue of their wits! some whose brains are above an hundred mile about; and those are your geometrical thieves, which may fitly be called so, because they measure the highways with false gallops, and therefore are heirs of more acres than five-and-fifty elder brothers: sometimes they are clerks of Newmarket Heath, sometimes the sheriffs of Salisbury Plain; and another time they commit brothelry, when they make many a man stand at Hockley-in-the-Hole. These are your great head landlords indeed, which call the word *robbing* the gathering in of their rents, and name all passengers their tenants-at-will.

Another set of delicate knaves there are, that dive into deeds and writings of lands left to young gullfinches, poisoning the true sense and intent of them with the merciless antimony of the Common Law,[k] and so by some crafty clau[s]e or two shove the true foolish owners quite beside the saddle of their patrimonies, and then they hang only by the stirrups, that is, by the cold alms and frozen charity of the gentlemen-defeaters, who—if they take after me, their great grandfather—will rather stamp them

[j] *suckets of luxury*] i. e. sweetmeats of lust.

[k] *the merciless antimony of the Common Law*] So (see note, p. 514), in our author's *World tost at Tennis*, the Lawyer says of his pills,

> " I grant there's bitter egrimony in 'em
> And antimony." P. 196 of this vol.

down in the deep mire of poverty than bolster up their heads with a poor wisp of charity. Such as these corrupt the true meanings of last wills and testaments, and turn legacies the wrong way, wresting them quite awry, like Grantham steeple.[1]

The third rank, quainter than the former, presents us with the race of lusty vaulting gallants, that, instead of a French horse, practise upon their mistresses all the nimble tricks of vaulting, and are worthy to be made dukes for doing the somerset so lively. This nest of gallants, for the natural parts that are in them, are maintained by their drawn-work dames and their embroidered mistresses, and can dispend their two thousand a-year out of other men's coffers; keep at every heel a man, beside a French lacquey (a great boy with a beard), and an English page, which fills up the place of an ingle:[m] they have their city-horse, which I may well term their stone-horse, or their horse upon the stones; for indeed the city being the lusty dame and mistress of the land, lays all her foundation upon good stone-work, and somebody pays well for't where'er it lights, and might with less cost keep London Bridge in reparations every fall than mistress Bridget his wife; for women and bridges always lack mending, and what the advantage of one tide performs comes another tide presently and washes away. Those are your gentlemen gallants that seeth uppermost, and never lin[n] gallopping till they run over into the fire; so gloriously accoutred that they ravish the eyes of

[1] *Grantham steeple*] "A little fall will make a salt [salt-cellar] looke like Grantham Steeple with his cap to the Ale-house." Dekker's *Owles Almanacke*, 1618, p. 39.

[m] *ingle*] See note, vol. i. p. 301.

[n] *lin*] i. e. cease.

all wantons, and take them prisoners in their shops with a brisk suit of apparel; they strangle and choke more velvet in a deep-gathered hose[o] than would serve to line through my lord What-call-ye-him's coach.

What need I infer[p] more of their prodigal glisterings and their spangled damnations, when these are arguments sufficient to shew the wealth of sin, and how rich the sons and heirs of Tartary[q] are? And are these so glorious, so flourishing, so brimful of golden Lucifers or light angels,[r] and thou a pander and poor? a bawd and empty, apparelled in villanous packthread, in a wicked suit of coarse hop-bags, the wings[s] and skirts faced with the ruins of dishclouts? Fie, I shame to see thee dressed up so abominable scurvy! Complainest thou of bad doings, when there are harlots of all trades, and knaves of all languages? Knowest thou not that sin may be committed either in French, Dutch, Italian, or Spanish, and all after the English fashion? But thou excusest the negligence of thy practice by the last summer's pestilence: alas, poor shark-gull,[t] that put-off is idle! for sergeant Carbuncle, one of the plague's chief officers, dares not venture within three yards of an harlot, because monsieur Drybone, the Frenchman, is a leiger[u] before him. At which speech the slave burst into a melancholy laugh, which shewed for all the world

[o] *hose*] i. e. pair of breeches.

[p] *infer*] i. e. bring in.

[q] *Tartary*] i. e. Tartarus, hell. Compare quotation from Nash, note, p. 512.

[r] *angels*] See note, p. 20.

[s] *wings*] "Lateral prominencies extending from each shoulder." Whalley's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 103, ed. Giff.

[t] *shark-gull*] i. e. one who preys on simpletons.

[u] *leiger*] i. e. resident: see note, vol. ii. p. 316.

like a sad tragedy with a clown in't; and thus began to reply:—I know not whether it be [a] cross or a curse, noble Philip of Phlegethon, or whether both, that I am forced to pink four ells of bag to make me a summer-suit; but I protest, what with this long vacation, and the fidging of gallants to Norfolk and up and down countries, Pierce was never so pennyless as poor lieutenant Prigbeard.

With those words he put me in mind of him for whom I chiefly changed myself into an officious constable, poor Pierce Pennyless: when presently I demanded of this lieutenant the place of his abode, and when he last heard of him (though I knew well enough both where to hear of him and find him); to which he made answer: Who, Pierce? honest Pennyless? he that writ the madcap's *Supplication?* why, my very next neighbour, lying within three lean houses of me, at old mistress Silverpin's, the only door-keeper[u] in Europe: why, we meet one another every term-time, and shake hands when the Exchequer opens; but when we open our hands, the devil of penny we can see.

With that I cheered up the drooping slave with the aqua-vitæ[v] of villany, and put him in excellent comfort of my damnable legacy; saying I would stuff him with so many wealthy instructions that he should excel even Pandarus himself, and go nine mile beyond him in pandarism, and from thenceforward he should never know a true rascal go under his red velvet slops,[w] and a gallant bawd indeed below her loose-bodied[x] satin.

[u] *door-keeper*] i. e. bawd.
[v] *aqua-vitæ*] See note, vol. iii. p. 239.
[w] *slops*] i. e. breeches.
[x] *loose-bodied*] See note, vol. i. p. 431.

This said, the slave hugged himself, and bussed the bawd for joy: when presently I left them in the midst of their wicked smack, and descended to my bill-men[z] that waited in the pernicious alley for me, their master constable. And marching forward to the third garden-house, there we knocked up the ghost of mistress Silverpin, who suddenly risse[a] out of two white sheets, and acted out of her tiring-house[b] window: but having understood who we were, and the authority of our office, she presently, even in her ghost's apparel, unfolded the doors and gave me my free entrance; when in policy I charged the rest to stay and watch the house below, whilst I stumbled up two pair of stairs in the dark, but at last caught in mine eyes the sullen blaze of a melancholy lamp that burnt very tragically upon the narrow desk of a half bedstead, which descried[c] all the pitiful ruins throughout the whole chamber. The bare privities of the stone-walls were hid with two pieces of painted cloth,[d] but so ragged and tottered,[e] that one might have seen all nevertheless, hanging for all the world like the two men in chains between Mile-end and Hackney. The testern, or the shadow over the bed, was made of four ells of cobwebs, and a number of small spinner's-ropes hung down for curtains: the spindle-shank spiders, which shew like great lechers with little legs, went stalking over his head as if they had been conning of *Tamburlaine*.[f] To conclude, there was many

[z] *bill-men*] See note, p. 513.

[a] *risse*] i. e. rose.

[b] *tiring-house*] i. e. dressing-room,—in theatrical language.

[c] *descried*] i. e. discovered.

[d] *painted cloth*] See note, vol. iii. p. 97.

[e] *tottered*] i. e. tattered.

[f] *as if they had been conning of Tamburlaine*] From this passage Malone conjectured that the play of *Tamburlaine*, generally ascribed to Marlowe, was written either wholly or in

such sights to be seen, and all under a penny, beside the lamentable prospect of his hose[g] and doublet, which, being of old Kendal-green, fitly resembled a pitched field, upon which trampled many a lusty corporal. In this unfortunate tiring-house lay poor Pierce upon a pillow stuffed with horse-meat; the sheets smudged so dirtily, as if they had been stolen by night out of Saint Pulcher's[h] churchyard when the sexton had left a grave open, and so laid the dead bodies wool-ward:[i] the coverlet was made of pieces a' black cloth clapt together, such as was snatched off the rails in King's-street at the queen's funeral. Upon this miserable bed's-head lay the old copy of his *Supplication*, in foul-written hand, which my black Knight of the Post conveyed to hell; which no sooner I entertained in my hand, but with the rattling and blabbing of the papers poor Pierce began to stretch and grate his nose against the hard pillow; when after a rouse or two, he muttered these reeling words between drunk and sober, that is, between sleeping and waking:—I should laugh, i'faith, if for all this I should prove a usurer before I die, and have never a penny now to set up withal. I would build a nunnery in Pict-hatch[j] here, and

part by Nash,—*Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 357: but Mr. J. P. Collier has most satisfactorily shewn that it was the work of the former; see *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 113, sqq.—The present tract, and the one which follows it (*Father Hubburd's Tales*), both published in 1604, prove that Nash died during that year: he is here described (I fear too truly) as living in a state of squalid poverty; in the next piece he is spoken of as deceased.

[g] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

[h] *Saint Pulcher's*] A corruption of *Saint Sepulchre's*.

[i] *wool-ward*] i. e. in wool,—without linen (a word generally applied to persons who went so clothed for penance or humiliation: see notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act. v. sc. 2, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.)

[j] *Pict-hatch*] See note, p. 512.

turn the walk in Paul's[j] into a bowling alley: I would have the Thames leaded over, that they might play at cony-holes with the arches under London Bridge. Well (and with that he waked), the devil is mad knave still.

How now, Pierce? quoth I, dost thou call me knave to my face? Whereat the poor slave started up with his hair a-tiptoe; to whom by easy degrees I gently discovered myself; who, trembling like the treble of a lute under the heavy finger of a farmer's daughter, craved pardon of my damnable excellence, and gave me my titles as freely as if he had known where all my lordships lay, and how many acres there were in Tartary.[k] But at the length, having recovered to be bold again, he unfolded all his bosom to me; told me that the Knight of Perjury had lately brought him a singed letter sent from a damned friend of his, which was thus directed as followeth,

From Styx to Wood's-close,

or

The Walk of Pict-hatch.

After I saw poor Pennyless grow so well acquainted with me, and so familiar with the villany of my humour, I unlocked my determinations, and laid open my intents; in particular[l] the cause of my uprising, being moved both with his penetrable petition and his insufferable poverty, and therefore changed my shape into a little wapper-eyed[m] constable, to wink

[j] *the walk in Paul's*] See note, vol. i. p. 418.

[k] *Tartary*] See note, p. 524.

[l] *particular*] Old ed. "particulars."

[m] *wapper-eyed*] "*Wapper-eyed*, sore-eyed." Grose's *Class. Dict. of Vulg. Tongue.*—"*Wapper-eyed*, goggle-eyed, having

and blink at small faults, and through the policy of searching, to find him out the better in his cleanly tabernacle; and therefore gave him encouragement now to be frolic, for the time was at hand, like a pickpurse, that Pierce should be called no more Pennyless, like the Mayor's bench at Oxford,[n] but rather Pierce Pennyfist, because his palm shall be pawed with pence. This said, I bade him be resolved and get up to breakfast, whilst I went to gather my noise[o] of villains together, and made his lodging my convocation-house. With that, in a resulting humour, he called his hose[p] and doublet to him (which could almost go alone, borne like a hearse upon the legs of vermin), whilst I thumped down stairs with my cow-heel, embraced mistress Silverpin, and betook me to my bill-men;[q] when, in a twinkling, before them all, I leapt out of master constable's night-gown into an usurer's fusty furred jacket; whereat the watchmen staggered, and all their bills fell down in a swoon; when I walked close by them, laughing and coughing like a rotten-lunged usurer, to see what Italian faces they all made when they missed their constable, and saw the black gown of his office lie full in a puddle.

Well, away I scudded in the musty moth-eaten habit; and being upon Exchange-time, I crowded

full rolling eyes; or looking like one scared; or squinting like a person overtaken with liquor." Vocab. to *An Exmoor Scolding*, ed. 1839.

[n] *the Mayor's bench at Oxford*] There was a public seat at Oxford "adjoining to the east end of Carfax Church" (Warton's *Companion to the Guide*, p. 15, sec. ed.), which bore the name of Pennyless-Bench.

[o] *noise*] i. e. band, company—properly, of musicians: see note, vol. ii. p. 498.

[p] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

[q] *bill-men*] See note, p. 513.

myself amongst merchants, poisoned all the Burse[r] in a minute, and turned their faiths and troths into curds and whey, making them swear that things now which they forswore when the quarters struck again; for I was present at the clapping up of every bargain, which did ne'er hold, no longer than they held hands together. There I heard news out of all countries, in all languages; how many villains[s] were in Spain, how many luxurs[t] in Italy, how many perjurds in France, and how many reel-pots in Germany. At last I met, at half-turn, one whom I had spent mine eyes so long for, an hoary money-master, that had been off and on some six-and-fifty years damned in his counting-house, for his only recreation was but to hop about the Burse before twelve, to hear what news from the Bank, and how many merchants were banqrout[u] the last change of the moon. This rammish penny-father[v] I rounded[w] in the left ear, winded in my intent, the place and hour; which no sooner he sucked in, but smiled upon me in French, and replied,—

O mounsieur Diabla,
I'll be chief guest at your tabla!

With that we shook hands, and, as we parted, I

[r] *the Burse*] Means here the Royal Exchange: see note, p. 485.

[s] *villains*] Old ed. "Villainies."

[t] *luxurs*] i. e. lechers.

[u] *banqrout*] i. e. bankrupt.

[v] *penny-father*] "*A pennie-father*, Vn homme riche et chiche." Cotgrave's *Dict.*

"Ranck *peny-fathers* scud (with their halfe hammes
Shadowing their calues) to saue their siluer dammes,
At euery gun they start, tilt from the ground,
One drum can make a thousand *Vsurers* sownd [*i. e.* swoon]."
Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603, sig. B 3.

[w] *rounded*] i. e. whispered.

bade him bring master Cog-bill the scrivener along with him; and so I vanished out of that dressing.

And passing through Birchin-lane, amidst a camp-royal of hose and doublets (master Snip's backside being turned where his face stood), I took excellent occasion to slip into a captain's suit, a valiant buff doublet, stuffed with points[w] like a leg of mutton with parsley, and a pair of velvet slops[x] scored thick with lace, which ran round about the hose like ringworms, able to make a man scratch where it itched not. And thus accoutred, taking up my weapons a' trust in the same order at the next cutler's I came to, I marched to master Bezle's ordinary, where I found a whole dozen of my damned crew, sweating as much at dice as many poor labourers do with the casting of ditches; when presently I set in a stake amongst them: round it went; but the crafty dice having peeped upon me once, knew who I was well enough, and would never have their little black eyes off a' me all the while after. At last came my turn about, the dice quaking in my fist before I threw them; but when I yerked them forth, away they ran like Irish lacqueys[y] as far as their bones would suffer them, I sweeping up all the stakes that lay upon the table; whereat some stamped, others swore, the rest cursed, and all in general fretted to the gall that a new-comer, as they termed me, should gather in so many fifteens at the first vomit. Well, thus it passed on, the dice running as false as the drabs in Whitefriars; and when any one thought himself surest, in came I with a lurching cast, and made them all swear round again; but such gunpowder oaths they were, that I wonder how

[w] *points*] i. e. tagged laces.
[x] *slops*] i. e. breeches.
[y] *Irish lacqueys*] See note, vol. iii. p. 131.

the ceiling held together without spitting mortar upon them. Zounds, captain, swore one to me, I think the devil be thy good lord and master. True, thought I, and thou his gentleman-usher. In conclusion, it fatted me better than twenty eighteenpence ordinaries,[y] to hear them rage, curse, and swear, like so many emperors of darkness. And all these twelve were of twelve several companies. There was your gallant extraordinary thief that keeps his college of good-fellows,[z] and will not fear to rob a lord in his coach for all his ten trencher-bearers on horseback; your deep-conceited cutpurse, who by the dexterity of his knife will draw out the money, and make a flame-coloured purse shew like the bottomless pit, but with never a soul in't; your cheating bowler, that will bank false of purpose, and lose a game of twelvepence to purchase his partner twelve shillings in bets, and so share it after the play; your cheveril-gutted catchpoll, who like a horse-leech sucks gentlemen; and, in all, your twelve tribes of villany; who no sooner understood the quaint form of such an uncustomed legacy, but they all pawned their vicious golls[a] to meet there at the hour prefixed; and to confirm their resolution the more, each slipped down his stocking, baring his right knee, and so began to drink a health half as deep as mother Hubburd's cellar,— she that was called in[b] for selling her working bottle-ale to bookbinders, and spurting the froth upon courtiers' noses. To conclude, I was their only captain (for so they pleased to title me);

[y] *eighteenpence ordinaries*] See note, vol. i. p. 389.

[z] *good-fellows*] A cant term for thieves.

[a] *golls*] A cant term for hands,—fists, paws.

[b] *she that was called in*] See note on the address "To the Reader" prefixed to the following piece.

and so they all risse,[b] *poculis manibusque* applauding my news; then the hour being more than once and once reiterated, we were all at our hands again, and so departed.[c]

I could tell now that I was in many a second house in the city and suburbs afterward, where my entertainment was not barren, nor my welcome cheap or ordinary; and then how I walked in Paul's[d] to see fashions, to dive into villanous meetings, pernicious plots, black humours, and a million of mischiefs, which are bred in that cathedral womb and born within less than forty weeks after. But some may object and say, What, doth the devil walk in Paul's then? Why not, sir, as well as a sergeant, or a ruffian, or a murderer? May not the devil, I pray you, walk in Paul's, as well as the horse[e] go a' top of Paul's? for I am sure I was not far from his keeper. Pooh, I doubt, where there is no doubt; for there is no true critic indeed that will carp at the devil.

Now the hour posted onward to accomplish the effects of my desire, to gorge every vice full of poison, that the soul might burst at the last, and vomit out herself upon blue cakes of brimstone. When returning home for the purpose, in my cap-

[b] *risse*] i. e. rose.

[c] *departed*] i. e. parted.

[d] *walked in Paul's*] See note, vol. i. p. 418.

[e] *the horse*, &c.] To the wonderful horse, called Morocco, are many allusions in our old writers; nor is this the only mention of his having gone up to the top of St. Paul's church, —a feat which, according to Dekker, took place in 1600: "Since the dancing horse stood on the top of Powles, whilst a number of Asses stood braying below,—17 [years]." *A memorial &c. untill this yeare*, 1617—*The Owles Almanacke*, 1618, p. 7.—Both the horse and his master, whose name was Banks, are said to have been burned at Rome as magicians. See more on this subject in the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 2, and in Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 212.

tain's apparel of buff and velvet, I struck mine hostess into admiration at my proper[e] appearance, for my polt-foot[f] was helped out with bumbast; a property which many worldlings use whose toes are dead and rotten, and therefore so stuff out their shoes like the corners of woolpacks.

Well, into my tiring-house[g] I went, where I had scarce shifted myself into the apparel of my last will and testament, which was the habit of a covetous barn-cracking farmer, but all my striplings of perdition, my nephews of damnation, my kindred and alliance of villany and sharking, were ready before the hour to receive my bottomless blessing. When entering into a country night-gown, with a cap of sickness about my brows, I was led in between Pierce Pennyless and his hostess, like a feeble farmer ready to depart England and sail to the kingdom of Tartary;[h] who setting me down in a wicked chair, all my pernicious kinsfolks round about me, and the scrivener between my legs (for he loves always to sit in the devil's cot-house), thus with a whey-countenance, short stops, and earthen dampish voice, the true counterfeits of a dying cullion,[i] I proceeded to the black order of my legacies.

The last will and testament of Lawrence Lucifer, the old wealthy bachelor of Limbo,[j]

alias

Dick Devil-barn, the griping farmer of Kent.

In the name of Bezle-bub, Amen.

I, Lawrence Lucifer, alias Dick Devil-barn, sick

[e] *proper*] i. e. handsome.
[f] *polt-foot*] i. e. club-foot.
[g] *tiring-house*] See note, p. 526.
[h] *Tartary*] See note, p. 524.
[i] *cullion*] i. e. scoundrel, abject wretch.
[j] *Limbo*] See note, p. 514.

in soul, but not in body, being in perfect health to wicked memory, do constitute and ordain this my last will and testament irrevocable, as long as the world shall be trampled on by villany.

Imprimis, I, Lawrence Lucifer, bequeath my soul to hell, and my body to the earth: amongst you all divide me, and share me equally, but with as much wrangling as you can, I pray; and it will be the better if you go to law for me.

As touching my worldly-wicked goods, I give and bequeath them in most villanous order following:

First, I constitute and ordain Lieutenant Prigbeard, archpander of England, my sole heir of all such lands, closes, and gaps as lie within the bounds of my gift; beside, I have certain houses, tenements, and withdrawing-rooms in Shoreditch, Tunbold-street,[k] Whitefriars, and Westminster, which I freely give and bequeath to the aforesaid lieutenant and the base heirs truly begot of his villanous body; with this proviso, that he sell none of the land when he lacks money, nor make away any of the houses, to impair and weaken the stock, no, not so much as to alter the property of any of them, which is, to make them honest against their wills, but to train and muster his wits upon the Mile-end of his mazzard,[l] rather to fortify the territories of Tunbold-street and enrich the county of Pict-hatch[m] with all his vicious endeavours, golden enticements, and damnable practices. And, lieutenant, thou must dive, as thou usest to do, into landed novices, who have only wit to be lickerish and no

[k] *Tunbold-street*] Or *Turnbull-street:* see note, p. 512.
[l] *mazzard*] i. e. head.
[m] *Pict-hatch*] See note, p. 512.

more, that so their tenants, trotting up to London with their quartridges, they may pay them the rent, but thou and thy college shall receive the money.

Let no young wriggle-eyed damosel, if her years have struck twelve once, be left unassaulted, but it must be thy office to lay hard siege to her honesty, and to try if the walls of her maidenhead may be scaled with a ladder of angels;[n] for one acre of such wenches will bring in more at year's end than a hundred acres of the best harrowed land between Deptford and Dover. And take this for a note by the way,—you must never walk without your deuce or deuce-ace of drabs after your boot-heels; for when you are abroad, you know not what use you may have for them. And, lastly, if you be well-feed by some riotous gallant, you must practise, as indeed you do, to wind out a wanton velvet-cap and bodkin from the tangles of her shop, teaching her—you know how—to cast a cuckold's mist before the eyes of her husband, which is, telling him she must see her cousin new-come to town, or that she goes to a woman's labour,[o] when thou knowest well enough she goes to none but her own. And being set out of the shop, with her man afore her, to quench the jealousy of her husband, she, by thy instructions, shall turn the honest, simple fellow off at the next turning, and give him leave to see *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*,[p] or *A Woman killed with*

[n] *angels*] See note, p. 20.

[o] *or that she goes to a woman's labour*] Compare (see note, p. 514) our author's *Trick to catch the Old One;*

> "Feigning excuse to women's labours,
> When we are sent for to th' next neighbour's."
>
> Vol. ii. p. 97.

[p] *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*] This comedy, which was, and deserved to be, extremely popular, may be found in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. v. last ed. Mr. J. P. Collier (*Hist.*

Kindness,[q] when his mistress is going herself to the same murder. Thousand of such inventions, practices, and devices, I stuff thy trade withal, beside the luxurious[r] meetings at taverns, ten-pound suppers, and fifteen-pound reckonings, made up afterwards with riotous eggs and muscadine. All these female vomits and adulterous surfeits I give and bequeath to thee, which I hope thou wilt put in practice with all expedition after my decease; and

of Engl. Dram. Poet.) ascribes it unhesitatingly to Drayton, probably on some authority (besides that of Oldys) which I do not recollect.

The following passage of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* has puzzled the editors (who, by the by, choose to print it as verse): "How now, my old *Jenerts bank, my horse*, my castle; lie in Waltham all night, and not under the canopy of your host Blague's house?" Steevens (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. v. p. 267, last ed.) says, "I once suspected this passage of corruption, but have found reason to change my opinion. The merry Host seems willing to assemble ideas expressive of *trust* and *confidence*. The old quartos begin the word *jenert* with a capital letter; and, therefore, we may suppose '*Jenert's bank*' to have been the shop of some banker, in whose possession money could be deposited with security. The Irish still say —as sure as *Burton's Bank;* and our countrymen—as safe as the *Bank of England*. We might read 'my *house*' instead of 'my *horse*,' as the former agrees better with 'castle.' The services of a *horse* are of all things the most uncertain." Nares (*Gloss.* in v. *Jenert's Bank*) observes, "It has been conjectured that there was a bank called *Jenert's*, so famous as to be proverbial for security; but it remains to be shewn that any country-bank existed in the seventeenth century, much more that they were so common as for one to be famous above the rest. . . . Can it be a misprint for '*Ermen's* bank,' or the old Roman road passing through Edmonton, which might have been written 'Irmint's?'"—I believe we ought to read; "How now, my old *jennets* [i. e. cavaliers, for so the word is sometimes used], *bauk* [i. e. balk] my *house*, my castle! lie in Waltham," &c.

[q] *A Woman killed with Kindness*] The masterpiece of Heywood; reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. vii. last ed.

[r] *luxurious*] i. e. lustful.

to that end I ordain thee wholly and solely my only absolute, excellent, villanous heir.

Item, I give and bequeath to you, Gregory Gauntlet, high thief on horseback, all such sums of money that are nothing due to you, and to receive them in, whether the parties be willing to pay you or no. You need not make many words with them, but only these two, *Stand and deliver!* and therefore a true thief cannot choose but be wise, because he is a man of so very few words.

I need not instruct you, I think, Gregory, about the politic searching of crafty carriers' packs, or ripping up the bowels of wide boots and cloak-bags; I do not doubt but you have already exercised them all. But one thing I especially charge you of, the neglect of which makes many of your religion tender their winepipes at Tyburn at least three months before their day; that if you chance to rob a virtuous townsman on horseback, with his wife upon a pillion behind him, you presently speak them fair to walk a turn or two at one side, where, binding them both together, like man and wife, arm in arm very lovingly, be sure you tie them hard enough, for fear they break the bonds of matrimony, which, if it should fall out so, the matter would lie sore upon your necks the next sessions after, because your negligent tying was the cause of that breach between them.

Now, as for your Welsh hue and cry—the only net to catch thieves in—I know you avoid well enough, because you can shift both your beards and your towns well; but for your better disguising henceforward, I will fit you with a beard-maker of mine own, one that makes all the false hairs for my devils, and all the periwigs that are worn by old courtiers, who take it for a pride in

their bald days to wear yellow curls on their foreheads, when one may almost see the sun go to bed through the chinks of their faces.

Moreover, Gregory, because I know thee toward enough, and thy arms full of feats, I make thee keeper of Combe Park,[s] sergeant of Salisbury Plain, warden of the standing-places, and lastly, constable of all heaths, holes, highways, and cony-groves, hoping that thou wilt execute these places and offices as truly as Derrick[t] will execute his place and office at Tyburn.

Item, I give and bequeath to thee, Dick Dogman, grand catchpoll—over and above thy barebone fees, that will scarce hang wicked flesh on thy back—all such lurches, gripes, and squeezes as may be wrung out by the fist of extortion.

And because I take pity on thee, waiting so long as thou usest to do, ere thou canst land one fare at the Counter, watching sometimes ten hours together in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping forth and sampling thy nose with the red lattice;[u] let him whosoever that falls into thy clutches at night pay well for thy standing all day: and, cousin Richard, when thou hast caught him in the mousetrap of thy liberty with the cheese of thy office, the wire of thy hard fist being clapt down upon his shoulders, and the back of his estate almost broken to pieces, then call thy cluster of fellow-vermins together, and sit in triumph with thy prisoner at the upper end of a tavern-table, where, under the colour of shewing him favour (as you term it) in waiting for bail, thou and thy counter-leech may swallow

[s] *Combe Park*] See note, vol. ii. p. 264.

[t] *Derrick*] See note, p. 515.

[u] *red lattice*] i. e. lattice painted red; the usual distinction of an ale-house: (it was sometimes of other colours).

down six gallons of Charnico,[t] and then begin to chafe that he makes you stay so long before Peter Bail[u] comes. And here it will not be amiss if you call in more wine-suckers, and damn as many gallons again, for you know your prisoner's ransom will pay for all; this is, if the party be flush now, and would not have his credit coppered with a scurvy counter.[v]

Another kind of rest you have, which is called shoepenny — that is, when you will be paid for every stride you take; and if the channel be dangerous and rough, you will not step over under a noble:[w] a very excellent lurch to get up the price of your legs between Paul's-chain and Ludgate.

But that which likes[x] me beyond measure is the villanous nature of that arrest which I may fitly term by the name of cog-shoulder, when you clap a' both sides like old Rowse[y] in Cornwall, and receive double fee both from the creditor and the debtor, swearing by the post of your office to shoulder-clap the party the first time he lights upon the lime-twigs of your liberty; when for a little usurer's oil you allow him day by day free passage to walk by the wicked precinct of your noses, and yet you will pimple your souls with oaths, till you make them as well-favoured as your faces, and swear he never came within the verge of your eye-

[t] *Charnico*] See note, vol. iii. p. 213.

[u] *Peter Bail*] In using the name "Peter" the author seems to have attempted a sort of jest, perhaps alluding to the celebrated penman, Peter Bales, who is mentioned in the next piece.

[v] *counter*] A play on the meanings of the word, — a false piece of money used for reckoning, and a prison.

[w] *noble*] See note, p. 267.

[x] *likes*] i. e. pleases.

[y] *old Rowse*] Perhaps some Cornish wrestler.

lids. Nay, more, if the creditor were present to see him arrested on the one side, and the party you wot on over the way at the other side, you have such quaint shifts, pretty hinderances, and most lawyer-like delays, ere you will set forward, that in the meantime he may make himself away in some by-alley, or rush into the bowels of some tavern or drinking-school; or if neither, you will find talk with some shark-shift by the way, and give him the marks of the party, who will presently start before you, give the debtor intelligence, and so a rotten fig for the catchpoll! A most witty, smooth, and damnable conveyance![z] Many such cunning devices breed in the reins of your offices beside. I leave to speak of your unmerciful dragging a gentleman through Fleet-street, to the utter confusion of his white feather, and the lamentable spattering of his pearl-colour silk stockings, especially when some six of your black dogs of Newgate[a] are upon

[z] *conveyance*] See note, p. 517.

[a] *black dogs of Newgate*] A tract, partly verse and partly prose, called *The Blacke Dogge of Newgate: both pithie and profitable for all Readers. London.* 4to. n. d. (reprinted with some additions and alterations in 1638), was written, or at least professes to be written, by Luke Hutton, who, for robberies and trespasses, was hanged at York in 1598. Under the title of *The Black Dog of Newgate*, it was the author's design to "shadow the knauerie, villanie, robberie, and Cunnicatching, committed daily by diuers, who in the name of seruice and office, were as it were, attendants at Newgate." Sig. D 2. "They will vndertake if a man be robd by the way, they will helpe the party offended to his money againe, or to the theeues at the least. Likewise, if a Purse be cut, a House broken, a peece of Plate stole, they will promise the like: mary, to further this good peece of seruice, they must haue a Warrant procured from some Justice at the least, that by the sayd general Warrant, they may take vp all suspected persons: which being obteined, then marke how notably therewith they play

him at once. Therefore, sweet cousin Richard (for you are the nearest kinsman I have), I give and bequeath to you no more than you have already; for you are so well gorged and stuffed with that, that one spoonful of villany more would overlay your stomach quite, and, I fear me, make you kick up all the rest.

Item, I give and bequeath to you, Benedick Bottomless, most deep cutpurse, all the benefit of pageant-days, great market-days, ballat-places,[b] but especially the sixpenny rooms in play-houses, to cut, dive, or nim, with as much speed, art, and dexterity, as may be handled by honest rogues of thy quality. Nay, you shall not stick, Benedick, to give a shave of your office at Paul's-cross in the sermon-time: but thou holdest it a thing thou mayest do by law, to cut a purse in Westminster Hall; true, Benedick, if thou be sure the law be on that side thou cuttest it on.

Item, I give and bequeath to you, old Bias, alias Humfrey Hollowbank, true cheating bowler and lurcher, the one half of all false bets, cunning hooks, subtle ties, and cross-lays,[c] that are ventured upon the landing of your bowl, and the safe arriving at the haven of the mistress,[d] if it chance to pass all the dangerous rocks and rubs of the

the knaues, how shamefully they abuse the Justices who graunted the Warrant, and how notoriouslie they abuse a great sort of poore men, who neither the Warrant mentioneth, nor the partye agreeued in any wise thought to molest or trouble." Sig. D 3. He then proceeds to give several instances of their various knaveries.

[b] *ballat-places*] i. e., I suppose, places where ballads are sung.

[c] *cross-lays*] i. e. cheating wagers.

[d] *mistress*] Compare p. 66, and note.

alley, and be not choked in the sand, like a merchant's ship before it comes half-way home, which is none of your fault (you'll say and swear), although in your own turned conscience you know that you threw it above three yards short out of hand, upon very set purpose.

Moreover, Humfrey, I give you the lurching of all young novices, citizens' sons, and country gentlemen, that are hooked in by the winning of one twelvepenny game at first, lost upon policy, to be cheated of twelve pounds' worth a' bets afterward. And, old Bias, because thou art now and then smelt out for a cozener, I would have thee sometimes go disguised (in honest apparel), and so drawing in amongst bunglers and ketlers[e] under the plain frieze of simplicity, thou mayest finely couch the wrought-velvet of knavery.

Item, I give and bequeath to your cousin-german here, Francis Fingerfalse, deputy of dicing-houses, all cunning lifts, shifts, and couches, that ever were, are, and shall be invented from this hour of eleven-clock upon black Monday, until it smite twelve a' clock at doomsday. And this I know, Francis, if you do endeavour to excel, as I know you do, and will truly practise falsely, you may live more gallanter far upon three dice, than many of your foolish heirs about London upon thrice three hundred acres.

But turning my legacy to you-ward, Barnaby Burning-glass, arch-tobacco-taker of England, in

[e] *ketlers*] Compare *Father Hubburd's Tales*, which follows the present tract; "like an old cunning bowler to fetch in a young *ketling* gamester:" but I do not understand this cant term, nor the words "couch" and "couches" which presently occur above.

ordinaries, upon stages[g] both common and private, and lastly, in the lodging of your drab and mistress; I am not a little proud, I can tell you, Barnaby, that you dance after my pipe so long, and for all counterblasts[h] and tobacco-Nashes[i] (which some call railers), you are not blown away, nor your fiery thirst quenched with the small penny-ale of their contradictions, but still suck that dug of damnation with a long nipple, still burning that rare Phœnix of Phlegethon, tobacco, that from her ashes, burned and knocked out, may arise another pipeful. Therefore I give and bequeath unto thee a breath of all religions save the true one, and tasting of all countries save his[j] own; a brain well sooted, where the Muses hang up in the smoke like red herrings; and look how the narrow alley of thy pipe shews in the inside, so shall all the pipes through thy body. Besides, I give and bequeath to thee[k] lungs as smooth as jet, and just of the same colour, that when thou art closed in thy grave, the worms may be consumed with them, and take them for black puddings.

Lastly, not least, I give and bequeath to thee, Pierce Pennyless, exceeding poor scholar, that hath made clean shoes in both universities, and been a pitiful battler[l] all thy lifetime, full often heard

[g] *upon stages*] Tobacco was often taken by the gallants who (as already mentioned, note, vol. ii. p. 412) used to sit on hired stools upon the stage, during the performance.

[h] *counterblasts*] An allusion to the celebrated work of King James, *A Counterblast to Tobacco.*

[i] *tobacco-Nashes*] See p. 561, line 5.

[j] *his*] Qy. "thy"?—A friend suggests that "his own" may be a reverential mode of expressing "God's."

[k] *thee*] Old ed. "thy."

[l] *a pitiful battler*] "Though in the meanest condition of

with this lamentable cry at the buttery-hatch, Ho, Launcelot, a cue[k] of bread, and a cue of beer! never passing beyond the confines of a farthing, nor once munching commons but only upon gaudy-days;[l] to thee, most miserable Pierce, or pierced through and through with misery, I bequeath the tithe of all vaulting-houses,[m] the tenth denier of each heigh, pass, come aloft! beside the playing in and out of all wenches at thy pleasure, which I know, as thou mayest use it, will be such a fluent pension, that thou shalt never have need to write *Supplication* again.

Now, for the especial trust and confidence I have in both you, Mihell[n] Moneygod, usurer, and Leonard Lavender, broker or pawn-lender, I make you two my full executors to the true disposing of all these my hellish intents, wealthy villanies, and most pernicious damnable legacies.

And now, kinsmen and friends, wind about me; my breath begins to cool, and all my powers to freeze; and I can say no more to you, nephews, than I have said,—only this, I leave you all, like ratsbane, to poison the realm. And, I pray, be all of you as arrant villains as you can be; and so farewell: be all hanged, and come down to me as soon as you can.

This said, he departed to his molten kingdom:

those that were wholly maintained [in the University of Oxford] by their parents, a *battler* or semi-commoner," &c. *Life of Bp. Kennett*, p. 4—cited by Todd (Johnson's *Dict.*) in v.

[k] *cue*] i. e. small portion. "Cue, halfe a farthing, so called because they set down in the Battling or Butterie Books in Oxford and Cambridge the letter q. for halfe a farthing," &c.: see Minsheu's *Guide into Tongues*, in v.

[l] *gaudy-days*] i. e. festivals.

[m] *vaulting-houses*] i. e. brothels.

[n] *Mihell*] Qy. "Michael"?

the wind risse,[o] the bottom of the chair flew out, the scrivener fell flat upon his nose; and here is the end of a harmless moral.

Now, sir, what is your censure[p] now? you have read me, I am sure; am I black enough, think you, dressed up in a lasting suit of ink? do I deserve my dark and pitchy title? stick I close enough to a villain's ribs? is not Lucifer liberal to his nephews in this his last will and testament? Methinks I hear you say nothing; and therefore I know you are pleased and agree to all, for *qui tacet, consentire videtur;* and I allow you wise and truly judicious, because you keep your censure to yourself.

[o] *risse*] i. e. rose.
[p] *censure*] i. e. judgment, opinion.

FATHER HUBBURD'S TALES;

OR,

THE ANT AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Father Hubburds Tales: or The Ant, and the Nightingale. London Printed by T. C. for William Cotton, and are to be solde at his Shop neare adioyning to Ludgate. 1604. 4to.

The first edition of this tract, in which several verses and the whole of "The Ant's Tale when he was a scholar" are omitted, made its appearance during the same year in 4to, entitled *The Ant and the Nightingale: or Father Hubburds Tales. London Printed by T. C. for Tho: Bushell, and are to be solde by Jeffrey Chorlton, at his Shop at the North doore of Paules.* Mr. J. P. Collier (*Bridgewater-House Catalogue*, p. 199) mentions it as the *second* edition; but a careful examination of both the impressions has convinced me that it is the *first*.

Taylor, the water-poet, in a "Preamble" to *The Praise of Hempseed* (first printed in 1620), thus alludes to the present piece;

"One wrote the Nightingale and lab'ring Ant."

P. 62—*Workes*, 1630.

To the true general patron of all Muses, Musicians, Poets, and Picture-drawers, SIR CHRISTOPHER CLUTCHFIST, *knighted at a very hard pennyworth, neither for eating musk-melons, anchovies, or caviare, but for a costlier exploit and a hundred-pound feat of arms,* OLIVER HUBBURD, *brother to the nine waiting-gentlewomen the Muses, wisheth the decrease of his lands and the increase of his legs, that his calves may hang down like gamashoes.*[a]

MOST guerdonless sir, pinching patron, and the Muses' bad paymaster, thou that owest for all the pamphlets, histories, and translations that ever have[b] been dedicated to thee since thou wert one and twenty, and couldst make water upon thine own lands: but beware, sir, you cannot carry it away so, I can tell you, for all your copper-gilt spurs and your brood of feathers; for there are certain line-sharkers that have coursed the countries to seek you out already, and they nothing doubt but to find you here this Candlemas-term; which, if it should fall out so—as I hope your worship is wiser than to venture up so soon to the chambers of London—they have plotted together with the best common play-plotter in England to arrest you at the Muses' suit—though they shoot short of them—and to set one of the sergeants of poetry, or rather the Poultry,[c] to claw you by the back, who, with one clap on your shoulder, will bruise all the taffeta to pieces.

[a] *gamashoes*] Are variously explained—short spatterdashes, and coarse cloth stockings that button over other stockings.

[b] *have*] Eds. "hath."

[c] *Poultry*] i. e. the Counter prison in the Poultry.

Now what the matter is between you, you know best yourself, sir; only I hear that they rail against you in booksellers' shops very dreadfully, that you have used them most unknightly, in offering to take their books, and would never return so much as would pay for the covers, beside the gilding too, which stands them in somewhat, you know, and a yard and a quarter of broad sixpenny ribband; the price of that you are not ignorant of yourself, because you wear broad shoe-string; and they cannot be persuaded but that you pull the strings off from their books, and so maintain your shoes all the year long; and think, verily, if the book be in folio, that you take off the parchment, and give it to your tailor, but save all the gilding together, which may amount in time to gild you a pair of spurs withal. Such are the miserable conceits they gather of you, because you never give the poor Muse-suckers a penny: wherefore, if I might counsel you, sir, the next time they came with their gilded dedications, you should take the books, make your men break their pates, then give them ten groats a-piece, and so drive them away.

Your worship's,

If you embrace my counsel,

Oliver Hubburd.

TO THE READER.

Shall I tell you what, reader?—but first I should call you gentle, courteous, and wise; but 'tis no matter, they're but foolish words of course, and better left out than printed; for if you be so, you need not be called so; and if you be not so, there were law against me for calling you out of your names:—by John of Paul's-churchyard,[c] I swear, and that oath will be taken at any haberdasher's, I never wished this book better fortune than to fall into the hands of a true-spelling printer, and an honest-minded[d] bookseller; and if honesty could be sold by the bushel like oysters, I had rather have one Bushel[e] of honesty than three of money.

Why I call these *Father Hubburd's Tales*, is not to have them called in again, as the *Tale of Mother Hubburd:*[f] the world would shew little judgment

[c] *John of Paul's Churchyard*] Was, it appears from this passage, a haberdasher: he is again mentioned in the present tract. That he sold hats, we are informed by more than one old writer: so Dekker; "John in Paul's churchyard shall fit his head for an excellent block [*i. e.* hat]." *The Gull's Horn-book*, 1609, p. 94, reprint.

[d] *honest-minded*] First ed. "*honest*-stitching,"—perhaps the better reading.

[e] *Bushel*] An allusion to Thomas Bushell, for whom the first ed. of this tract was printed, see p. 549, and title-page of *Micro-cynicon*, p. 481.

[f] *Tale of Mother Hubburd*, &c.] In the *Bridgewater-House Catalogue* this passage is quoted by Mr. J. P. Collier, who observes, "If it do not shew that Spenser's 'Mother Hubberd's Tale' was 'called in again,' it proves that obstruction was offered by public authorities to some subsequent production under the same name," p. 200.—Assuredly the allusion is not to Spenser's poem: in it the "ape" indeed figures conspicuously, but there is no mention of "rugged bears," or "the lamentable downfal of the old wife's platters."

in that, i'faith; and I should say then, *plena stultorum omnia;* for I entreat[g] here neither of rugged[h] bears or apes, no, nor the lamentable downfal of the old wife's platters,—I deal with no such metal: what is mirth in me, is as harmless as the quarter-jacks in Paul's, that are up with their elbows[i] four times an hour, and yet misuse no creature living; the very bitterest in me is but like a physical frost, that nips the wicked blood a little, and so makes the whole body the wholesomer: and none can justly except at me but some riotous vomiting Kit,[j] or some gentleman-swallowing malkin. Then, to condemn these Tales following because Father Hubburd tells them in the small size of an ant, is even as much as if these two words, *God* and *Devil*, were printed both in one line, to skip it over and say that line were naught, because the devil were in it. *Sat sapienti;* and I hope[k] there be many wise men in all the twelve Companies.[l]

Yours,

If you read without spelling or hacking,

T. M.

[g] *entreat*] i. e. treat.

[h] *rugged*] So first ed. Sec. ed. "Ragged."

[i] *the quarter-jacks in Paul's, that are up with their elbows*] Compare Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, "If Paul's jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven," p. 96, reprint. The figures which in old public clocks struck the bell on the outside were called *Jacks of the clock* or *clock-house:* many readers will recollect those which a few years ago were to be seen at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street.

[j] *Kit*] A friend queries if there be not here an allusion to Kit Marlowe?

[k] *Sat sapienti; and I hope*, &c.] So our author (see note, p. 514) in the Induction to *Michaelmas Term;* "*Sat sapienti:* I hope there's no fools i' th' house," vol. i. p. 418.

[l] *Companies*] So first ed. Sec. ed. "Companie."

THE ANT AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

The west-sea's goddess in a crimson robe,
  Her temples circled with a coral wreath,
Waited her love, the lightener of earth's globe:
  The wanton wind did on her bosom breathe;
The nymphs of springs did hallow'd[1] water pour;
Whate'er was cold help'd to make cool her bower.

And now the fiery horses of the Sun
  Were from their golden-flaming car untrac'd,
And all the glory of the day was done,
  Save here and there some light moon-clouds enchas'd,
A parti-colour'd canopy did spread
Over the Sun and Thetis' amorous bed.

Now had the shepherds folded in their flocks,
  The sweating teams uncoupled from their yokes:
The wolf sought prey, and the sly-murdering fox
  Attempts to steal; fearless of rural strokes,
All beasts took rest that liv'd by labouring toil;
Only such rang'd as had delight in spoil.

Now in the pathless region of the air
  The winged passengers had left to soar,
Except the bat and owl, who bode sad care,
  And Philomel, that nightly doth deplore,
In soul-contenting tunes, her change of shape,
Wrought first by perfidy and lustful rape.

[1] *hallow'd*] Eds. "hollowed."

This poor musician, sitting all alone
  On a green hawthorn from the thunder blest,
Carols in varied notes her antique moan,
  Keeping a sharpen'd briar against her breast:
Her innocence this watchful pain doth take,
To shun the adder and the speckled snake.

These two, like her old foe the lord of Thrace,
  Regardless of her dulcet-changing song,
To serve their own lust have her life in chase;
  Virtue by vice is offer'd endless wrong:
Beasts are not all to blame, for now and then
We see the like attempted amongst men.

Under the tree whereon the poor bird sat,
  There was a bed of busy-toiling ants,
That in their summer winter's comfort gat,
  Teaching poor men how to shun after-wants;
Whose rules if sluggards could be learn'd to keep,
They should not starve awake, lie cold asleep.

One of these busy brethren, having done
  His day's true labour, got upon the tree,
And with his little nimble legs did run;
  Pleas'd with the hearing, he desir'd to see
What wondrous creature nature had compos'd,
In whom such gracious music was enclos'd.

He got too near; for the mistrustful bird
  Guess'd him to be a spy from her known foe:
Suspicion argues not to hear a word:
  What wise man fears not that's inur'd to woe?
Then blame not her she caught him in her beak,
About to kill him ere the worm[m] could speak.

[m] *worm*] Equivalent to—wretch, poor creature.

But yet her mercy was above her heat;
She did not, as a many silken men
Call'd by much wealth, small wit, to judgment's seat,[n]
Condemn at random; but she pitied then
When she might spoil: would great ones would do so!
Who often kill before the cause they know.

O, if they would, as did this little fowl,
Look on their lesser captives with even ruth,
They should not hear so many sentenc'd howl,
Complaining justice is not friend to truth!
But they would think upon this ancient theme,
Each right extreme is injury extreme.

Pass them to mend, for none can them amend
But heaven's lieutentant and earth's justice-king:
Stern will hath will; no great one wants a friend;
Some are ordain'd to sorrow, some to sing;
And with this sentence let thy griefs all close,
Whoe'er are wrong'd are happier than their foes.

So much for such. Now to the little ant
In the bird's beak and at the point to die:
Alas for woe, friends in distress are scant!
None of his fellows to his help did hie;
They keep them safe; they hear, and are afraid:
'Tis vain to trust in the base number's aid.

Only himself unto himself is friend:
With a faint voice his foe he thus bespake;
Why seeks your gentleness a poor worm's end?
O, ere you kill, hear the excuse I make!
I come to wonder, not to work offence:
There is no glory to spoil innocence.

[n] *judgment's seat*] So first ed. Sec. ed. "Judgement *seate*."

Perchance you take me for a soothing spy,
By the sly snake or envious adder fee'd:
Alas, I know not how to feign and lie,
Or win a base intelligencer's meed,
That now are Christians, sometimes Turks, then Jews,
Living by leaving heaven for earthly news.

I am[o] a little emmet, born to work,
Oftimes a man, as you were once a maid:
Under the name of man much ill doth lurk,
Yet of poor me you need not be afraid;
Mean men are worms, on whom the mighty tread;
Greatness and strength your virtue injurèd.

With that she open'd wide her horny bill,
The prison where this poor submissant lay;
And seeing the poor ant lie quivering still,
Go, wretch, quoth she, I give thee life and way;
The worthy will not prey on yielding things,
Pity 's infeoffèd to the blood of kings.

For I was once, though now a feather'd veil
Cover my wrongèd body, queen-like clad;
This down about my neck was erst a rail[p]
Of byss[q] embroider'd — fie on that we had!
Unthrifts and fools and wrongèd ones complain
Rich things were theirs must ne'er be theirs again.

I was, thou know'st, the daughter to a king,
Had palaces and pleasures in my time;
Now mine own songs I am enforc'd to sing,
Poets forget me in their pleasing rhyme;

[o] *I am*, &c.] Eds. "Trust me: *I am*," &c.
[p] *rail*] Seems to mean here—some sort of ruff.
[q] *byss*] i. e. fine linen.

Like chaff they fly, toss'd with each windy breath,
Omitting my forc'd rape by Tereus' death.

But 'tis no matter; I myself can sing
Sufficient strains to witness mine own worth:
They that forget a queen soothe with a king;[q]
Flattery's still barren, yet still bringeth forth:
Their works are dews shed when the day is done,
But suck'd up dry by the next morning's[r] sun.

What more of them? they are like Iris' throne,
Commix'd with many colours in moist time:
Such lines portend what's in that circle shewn;
Clear weather follows showers in every clime,
Averring no prognosticator lies,
That says, some great ones fall, their rivals rise.

Pass such for bubbles; let their bladder-praise
Shine and sink with them in a moment's change:
They think to rise when they the riser raise;
But regal wisdom knows it is not strange
For curs to fawn: base things are ever low;
The vulgar eye feeds only on the show.

Else would not soothing glosers oil the son,
Who, while his father liv'd, his acts did hate:
They know all earthly day with man is done
When he is circled in the night of fate;
So the deceasèd they think on no more,
But whom they injur'd late, they now adore.

[q] *They that forget a queen soothe with a king*] By "a queen" is meant, I presume, Elizabeth; by "a king," James, who had recently ascended the throne: and see the fourth stanza after this.

[r] *morning's*] So first ed. Sec. ed. "morning."

But there's a manly lion now can roar
  Thunder more dreaded than the lioness;
Of him let simple beasts his aid implore,
  For he conceives more than they can express:
The virtuous politic is truly man,
Devil the atheist politician.

I guess'd thee such a one; but tell thy tale:
  If thou be simple, as thou hast exprest,
Do not with coinèd words set wit to sale,
  Nor with the flattering world use vain protest:
Sith[s] man thou say'st thou wert, I prithee, tell
While thou wert man what mischiefs thee befell.

Princess, you bid me buried cares revive,
  Quoth the poor ant; yet sith by you I live,
So let me in my daily labourings thrive
  As I myself do to your service give:
I have been oft a man, and so to be
Is often to be thrall to misery.

But if you will have me my mind disclose,
  I must entreat you that I may set down
The tales of my black fortunes in sad[t] prose:
  Rhyme is uneven, fashion'd by a clown;
I first was such a one, I till'd the ground;
And amongst rurals verse is scarcely found.

Well, tell thy tales; but see thy prose be good;
  For if thou Euphuize, which once was rare,[u]

[s] *Sith*] i. e. Since.
[t] *sad*] i. e. grave, sober.
[u] *Euphuize, which once was rare*] i. e. use the unnatural affected style, which was once accounted excellent. It was rendered fashionable by the two famous productions of Lyly, *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England*.

And of all English phrase the life and blood,
In those times for the fashion past compare,
I'll say thou borrow'st, and condemn thy style,
As our new fools, that count all following vile.

Or if in bitterness thou rail, like Nash—
Forgive me, honest soul, that term thy phrase
Railing! for in thy works thou wert not rash,
Nor didst affect in youth thy private praise:
Thou hadst a strife with that Trigemini;[v]
Thou hurt'dst not them till they had injur'd thee.

Thou wast indeed too slothful to thyself,
Hiding thy better talent in thy spleen;
True spirits are not covetous in pelf;
Youth's wit is ever ready, quick, and keen:
Thou didst not live thy ripen'd autumn-day,
But wert cut off in thy best blooming May:

Else hadst thou left, as thou indeed hast left,
Sufficient test, though now in others' chests,
T' improve[w] the baseness of that humorous theft,[x]
Which seems to flow from self-conceiving breasts:

[v] *Trigemini*] i. e. Gabriel Harvey and his two less distinguished brothers, Richard and John. For various particulars concerning this memorable "strife" (which was terminated in 1599 by an order of the Archbishop of Canterbury), see my Memoir of R. Greene, prefixed to his *Dramatic Works*, D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*, vol. ii., Sir E. Brydges's *Archaica*, vol. ii., and Collier's *Bridgewater-House Catalogue*.

[w] *improve*] i. e. prove.

[x] *humorous theft*] At p. 317 of a copy of Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, Malone has appended the following MS. note to the title of Samuel Rowlands's *Letting of humours blood in the head-vaine, &c.*; "Stolen from Nash's papers after his death in 1600. So says T. Middleton."—What the "*humorous theft*" was, I know not; but the expression certainly has not the

Thy name they bury, having buried thee;
Drones eat thy honey — thou wert the true bee.

Peace keep thy soul! And now to you, sir ant:
On with your prose, be neither rude nor nice;
In your discourse let no decorum want,
See that you be sententious and concise;
And, as I like the matter, I will sing
A canzonet, to close up every thing.

With this, the whole nest of ants hearing their fellow was free from danger, like comforters when care is over, came with great thanks to harmless Philomel, and made a ring about her and their restored friend, serving instead of a dull audience of stinkards sitting in the penny-galleries of a theatre, and yawning upon the players; whilst the ant began to stalk like a three-quarter sharer,[x] and was not afraid to tell tales out of the villanous school of the world, where the devil is the schoolmaster and the usurer the under-usher, the scholars young dicing landlords, that pass away three hundred acres with three dice in a hand, and after the decease of so much land in money become sons and heirs of bawdy-houses; for it is an easy labour to find heirs without land, but a hard thing indeed to find land without heirs. But for fear I interrupt this small actor in less than *decimo sexto*,[y] I leave, and give the ant leave to tell his tale.

meaning which Malone chose to make it bear: Nash did not die till 1604 (see note, p. 527), and *The Letting of humours blood in the head-vaine, &c.* was first printed in 1600.

[x] *three-quarter sharer*] See note, vol. ii. p. 406.

[y] *decimo sexto*] An expression frequently applied by our old writers to diminutive personages: see Massinger's *Works*, vol. i. p. 176, ed. 1813, and B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 232 (by Gifford).

The Ant's Tale when he was a ploughman.

I was sometimes, most chaste lady Nightingale, or rather, queen Philomel the ravished, a brow-melting husbandman: to be man and husband is to be a poor master of many rich cares, which, if he cannot subject and keep under, he must look for ever to undergo as many miseries as the hours of his years contain minutes: such a man I was, and such a husband, for I was linked in marriage: my havings were[z] small and my means less, yet charge came on me ere I knew how to keep it; yet did I all my endeavours, had a plough and land to employ it, fertile enough if it were manured, and for tillage I was never held a truant.

But my destruction, and the ruin of all painful husbandmen about me, began by the prodigal downfal of my young landlord, whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, for many generations had been lords of the town wherein I dwelt, and many other towns near adjoining: to all which belonged fair commons for the comfort of the poor, liberty of fishing, help of fuel by brush and underwood never denied, till the old devourer of virtue, honesty, and good neighbourhood, death, had made our landlord dance after his pipe,—which is so common, that every one knows the way, though they make small account of it. Well, die he did; and as soon as he was laid in his grave, the bell might well have tolled for hospitality and good housekeeping; for whether they fell sick with him and died, and so were buried, I know not; but I am sure in our town they were never seen since, nor, that I can hear of, in any other part; espe-

[z] *were*] Eds. "was."

cially about us they are impossible to be found. Well, our landlord being dead, we had his heir, gentle enough and fair-conditioned,[a] rather promising at first his father's virtues than the world's villanies; but he was so accustomed to wild and unfruitful company about the court and London (whither he was sent by his sober father to practise civility and manners), that in the country he would scarce keep till his father's body was laid in the cold earth; but as soon as the hasty funeral was solemnised, from us he posted, discharging all his old father's servants (whose beards were even frost-bitten with age), and was attended only by a monkey and a marmoset;[b] the one being an ill-faced fellow, as variable as New-fangle[c] for fashions; the other an imitator of any thing, however villanous, but utterly destitute of all goodness. With this French page and Italianate serving-man was our young landlord only waited on, and all to save charges in servingmen, to pay it out in harlots: and we poor men had news of a far greater expense within less than a quarter. For we were sent for to London, and found our great landlord in a little room about the Strand; who told us, that whereas we had lived tenants at will, and might in his forefathers' days [have] been hourly turned out, he, putting on a better conscience to usward, intended to make us leases for years; and for advice 'twixt him and us he had made choice of a lawyer, a mercer, and a merchant, to whom he was much be-

[a] *fair-conditioned*] i. e. of good disposition.

[b] *marmoset*] i. e. ape.

[c] *New-fangle*] This word is printed in both eds. with a capital letter: there seems to be some allusion, which I am unable to explain.

holding,[d] who that morning were appointed to meet in the Temple-church. Temple and church, both one in name, made us hope of a holy meeting; but there is an old proverb, *The nearer the church, the farther from God:* to approve[e] which saying, we met the mercer and the merchant, that, loving our landlord or his land well, held him a great man in both their books. Some little conference they had; what the conclusion was, we poor men were not yet acquainted with; but being called at their leisure, and when they pleased to think upon us, told us they were to dine together at the Horn in Fleet-street, being a house where their lawyer resorted; and if we would there attend them, we should understand matter much for our good: and in the meantime, they appointed us near the old Temple-Garden to attend their counsellor, whose name was master Prospero, not the great rider of horse,[f]—for I heard there was once such a one,—but a more cunning rider, who had rid many men till they were more miserable than beasts, and our ill hap it was to prove his hackneys. Well, though the issue were ill, on we went to await his worship, whose chamber we found that morning fuller of clients than I could ever see suppliants to heaven in our poor parish-church, and yet we had in it three hundred households: and I may tell it with reverence, I never saw more submission done to God than to that great lawyer; every suitor there offered gold to this gowned idol, standing bare-

[d] *beholding*] See note, p. 36. [e] *approve*] i. e. prove.

[f] *the great rider of horse*] "But if like a restie Jade thou wilt take the bitt in thy mouth, and then runne over hedge and ditch, thou shalt be broken as Prosper broke his horses, with a muzzoule," &c. Lyly's *Pappe with an hatchet*, n. d. sig. D 4.

headed in a sharp-set morning, for it was in booted[g] Michaelmas-term, and not a word spoke to him but it was with the[h] bowing of the body and the submissive flexure of the knee. Short tale to make, he was informed of us what we were, and of our coming up; when with an iron look and shrill voice, he began to speak to the richest of our number, ever and anon yerking out the word *fines*, which served instead of a full-point to every sentence.

But that word *fines* was no fine word, methought, to please poor labouring husbandmen, that can scarce sweat out so much in a twelvemonth as he would demand in a twinkling. At last, to close up the lamentable tragedy of us ploughmen, enters our young landlord, so metamorphosed into the shape of a French puppet, that at the first we started, and thought one of the baboons had marched in in man's apparel. His head was dressed up in white feathers like a shuttlecock, which agreed so well with his brain, being nothing but cork, that two of the biggest of the guard might very easily have tossed him with battledores, and made good sport with him in his majesty's great hall. His doublet was of a strange cut; and to shew the fury of his humour, the collar of it rose up so high and sharp as if it would have cut his throat by daylight. His wings,[i] according to the fashion now, were[j] as little and diminutive as a puritan's ruff, which shewed he ne'er meant to fly out of England, nor do any exploit beyond sea, but live and die about London, though he begged in Finsbury. His breeches, a

[g] *booted*] In allusion to the dress of the various persons who rode up to London on law-business during that term.

[h] *the*] So first ed. Not in sec. ed.

[i] *wings*] See note, p. 524.

[j] *were*] Eds. "was."

wonder to see, were full as deep as the middle of winter, or the roadway between London and Winchester, and so large and wide withal, that I think within a twelvemonth he might very well put all his lands in them; and then you may imagine they were big enough, when they would outreach a thousand acres: moreover, they differed so far from our fashioned hose[k] in the country, and from his father's old gascoynes,[l] that his back-part seemed to us like a monster; the roll of the breeches standing so low, that we conjectured his house of office, sir-reverence,[m] stood in his hams. All this while his French monkey bore his cloak of three pounds a-yard, lined clean through with purple velvet, which did so dazzle our coarse eyes, that we thought we should have been purblind ever after, what with the prodigal aspect of that and his glorious rapier and hangers[n] all bost[o] with pillars of gold, fairer in show than the pillars in Paul's or the tombs at Westminster; beside, it drunk up the price of all my plough-land in very pearl, which stuck as thick upon those hangers as the white measles upon hog's flesh. When I had well viewed that gay gaudy cloak and those unthrifty wasteful hangers, I muttered thus to myself: That is no cloak for the rain, sure; nor those no hangers for Derrick;[p] when of a sudden, casting mine eyes lower, I beheld a curious pair of boots of king Philip's[q] leather, in such artificial wrinkles, sets,

[k] *hose*] i. e. breeches.
[l] *gascoynes*] i. e. galligaskins.
[m] *sir-reverence*] See note, vol. ii. p. 175.
[n] *hangers*] See note, vol. ii. p. 227.
[o] *bost*] i. e. embossed.
[p] *Derrick*] See note, p. 515.
[q] *king Philip's*] i. e. Spanish.

and plaits, as if they had been starched lately and came new from the laundress's, such was my ignorance and simple acquaintance with the fashion, and I dare swear my fellows and neighbours here are all as ignorant as myself. But that which struck us most into admiration, upon those fantastical boots stood such huge and wide tops, which so swallowed up his thighs, that had he sworn, as other gallants did, this common oath, Would I might sink as I stand! all his body might very well have sunk down and been damned in his boots. Lastly, he walked the chamber with such a pestilent gingle,[q] that his spurs over-squeaked the lawyer, and made him reach his voice three notes above his fee; but after we had spied the rowels of his spurs, how we blest ourselves! they did so much and so far exceed the compass of our fashion, that they looked more like the forerunners of wheelbarrows. Thus was our young landlord accoutred in such a strange and prodigal shape,[r] that it amounted to above two years' rent in apparel. At last approached[s] the mercer and the merchant, two notable arch-tradesmen, who had fitted my young master in clothes, whilst they had clothed themselves in his acres, and measured him out velvet by the thumb, whilst they received his revenues by handfuls; for he had not so many yards in his suit as they had yards and houses bound for the payment, which now he was forced to pass over to them, or else all his lands should be put to[t] their book and to their forfeiting

[q] *gingle*] Caused by the large loose rowels, which are presently mentioned: they were commonly of silver.

[r] *shape*] i. e. dress.

[s] *approached*] So first ed. Sec. ed. "approach."

[t] *put to*] Eds. "*to put*."

neck-verse;[u] so my youngster was now at his pension, not like a gentleman-pensioner, but like a gentleman-spender. Whereupon entered master Bursebell, the royal scrivener, with deeds and writings hanged, drawn, and quartered for the purpose: he was a valiant scribe, I remember; his pen lay mounted between his ear like a Tower-gun, but not charged yet till our young master's patrimony shot off, which was some third part of an hour after. By this time, the lawyer, the mercer, and the merchant, were whispering and consulting together about the writings and passage of the land in very deep and sober conference; but our wiseacres all the while, as one regardless of either land or money, not hearkening or inquisitive after their subtle and politic devices, held himself very busy about the burning of his tobacco-pipe (as there is no gallant but hath a pipe to burn about London), though we poor simple men never heard of the name till that time; and he might very fitly take tobacco there, for the lawyer and the rest made him smoke already. But to have noted the apish humour of him, and the fantastical faces he coined in the receiving of the smoke, it would have made your ladyship have sung nothing but merry jigs[v] for a twelvemonth after,—one time winding the pipe like a horn at the Pie-corner of his mouth, which must needs make him look like a sow-gelder,[w] and another time screwing his face like one of our country players, which must needs make him look like a fool; nay, he had at least his dozen

[u] *neck-verse*] See note, p. 126.

[v] *jigs*] i. e. ballads.

[w] *like a sow-gelder*] "Hark, how my merry horn doth blow," is part of Higgen's song, when he enters "like a sow-gelder:" see Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, act iii. sc. 1.

of faces, but never a good one amongst them all; neither his father's face, nor the face of his grandfather, but yet more wicked and riotous faces than all the generation of him. Now their privy whisperings and villanous plots began to be drawn to a conclusion, when presently they called our smoky landlord in the midst of his draught, who in a valiant humour dashed his tobacco-pipe into the chimney-corner: whereat I started, and beckoning his marmoset[x] to me, asked him if those long white things did cost no money? to which the slave replied very proudly, Money! yes, sirrah; but I tell thee, my master scorns to have a thing come twice to his mouth. Then, quoth I, I think thy master is more choice in his mouth than in any member else: it were good if he used that all his body over, he would never have need, as many gallants have, of any sweating physic. Sweating physic! replied the marmoset; what may thy meaning be? why, do not you ploughmen sweat too? Yes, quoth I, most of any men living; but yet there is a difference between the sweat of a ploughman and the sweat of a gentleman, as much as between your master's apparel and mine, for when we sweat, the land prospers, and the harvest comes in; but when a gentleman sweats, I wot how the gear[y] goes then. No sooner were these words spoken but the marmoset had drawn out his poniard half-way to make a show of revenge, but at the smart voice of the lawyer he suddenly whipt it in again. Now was our young master with one penful of ink doing a far greater exploit than all his forefathers; for what they were a-purchasing all their lifetime, he was now passing

[x] *marmoset*] See note, p. 564.
[y] *gear*] i. e. matter, business.

away in the fourth part of a minute; and that which many thousand drops of his grandfather's brows did painfully strive for, one drop now of a scrivener's inkhorn did easily pass over: a dash of a pen stood for a thousand acres: how quickly they were dashed in the mouth by our young landlord's prodigal fist! it seemed he made no more account of acres than of acorns. Then were we called to set our hands for witnesses of his folly, which we poor men did witness too much already; and because we were found ignorant in writing, and never practised in that black art—which I might very fitly term so, because it conjured our young master out of all—we were commanded, as it were, to draw any mark with a pen, which should signify as much as the best hand that ever old Peter Bales[z] hung out in the Old Bailey. To conclude, I took the pen first of the lawyer, and turning it arsy-versy, like no instrument for a ploughman, our youngster and the rest of the faction burst into laughter at the simplicity of my fingering; but I, not so simple as they laughed me for, drew the picture of a knavish emblem, which was a plough with the heels upward, signifying thereby that the world was turned upside down since the decease of my old landlord, all hospitality and good housekeeping kicked out of doors, all thriftiness and good husbandry tossed into the air, ploughs turned into

[z] *Peter Bales*] A particular account of this person may be found in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* vol. i. p. 655, ed. Bliss, and in Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.* I need only state that he was unrivalled, during his day, in the various branches of the art of penmanship, (occasionally producing specimens of extraordinary minuteness); that in 1590, when he published his *Writing Scholmaster*, he kept a school situated at the upper end of the Old Bailey; and that he is supposed to have died about 1610.

trunks,[z] and corn into apparel. Then came another of our husbandmen to set his mark by mine: he holding the pen clean at the one side towards the merchant and the mercer, shewing that all went on their sides, drew the form of an unbridled colt, so wild and unruly, that he seemed with one foot to kick up the earth and spoil the labours of many toiling beasts, which was fitly alluded to our wild and unbridled landlord, which, like the colt, could stand upon no ground till he had no ground to stand upon.

These marks, set down under the shape of simplicity, were the less marked with the eyes of knavery; for they little dreamed that we ploughmen could have so much satire in us as to bite our young landlord by the elbow. Well, this ended, master Bursebell, the calves'-skin scrivener, was royally handled, that is, he had a royal[a] put in his hand by the merchant. And now I talk of calves'-skin, 'tis great pity, lady Nightingale, that the skins of harmless and innocent beasts should be as instruments to work villany upon, entangling young novices and foolish elder brothers, which are caught like woodcocks in the net of the law; for[b] 'tis easier for one of the greatest fowls to slide through the least hole of a net, than one of the least fools to get from the lappet of a bond. By this time the squeaking lawyer began to re-iterate that cold word *fines*, which struck so chill to our hearts, that it made them as cold as our heels, which were almost frozen to the floor with standing. Yea, quoth the merchant and the mercer, you are now tenants of

[z] *trunks*] i. e., I suppose, trunk-hose, — round swelling breeches.

[a] *royal*] A gold piece current for fifteen shillings.

[b] *for*] So first ed. Not in sec. ed.

ours; all the right, title, and interest of this young gentleman, your late landlord, we are firmly possessed of, as you yourselves are witnesses: wherefore this is the conclusion of our meeting; such fines as master Prospero here, by the valuation of the land, shall, out of his proper judgment, allot to us, such are we to demand at your hands; therefore we refer you to him, to wait his answer at the gentleman's best time and leisure. With that, they stiffled two or three angels[c] in the lawyer's right hand:—right hand, said I? which hand was that, trow ye? for it is impossible to know which is the right hand of a lawyer, because there are but few lawyers that have right hands, and those few make much of them. So, taking their leaves of my young landlord that was, and that never shall be again, away they marched, heavier by a thousand acres at their parting than they were before at their meeting. The lawyer then, turning his Irish face to usward, willed us to attend his worship the next term, when we should further understand his pleasure. We, poor souls, thanked his worship, and paid him his fee out in legs;[d] when, in sight of us, he embraced our young gentleman (I think, for a fool), and gave him many riotous instructions how to carry himself, which he was prompter to take than the other to put into him; told him he must acquaint himself with many gallants of the Inns-of-Court, and keep rank with those that spend most, always wearing a bountiful disposition about him, lofty and liberal; his lodging must be about the Strand in any case, being remote from the handicraft scent of the city; his eating must be in some famous tavern, as the

[c] *angels*] See note, p. 20.

[d] *legs*] i. e. bows.

Horn, the Mitre, or the Mermaid;[e] and then after dinner he must venture beyond sea, that is, in a choice pair of noblemen's oars, to the Bankside,[f] where he must sit out the breaking-up[g] of a comedy, or the first cut of a tragedy; or rather, if his humour so serve him, to call in at the Blackfriars,[h] where he should see a nest of boys able to ravish a man. This said, our young goose-cap, who was ready to embrace such counsel, thanked him for his fatherly admonitions, as he termed them, and told him again that he should not find him with the breach of any of them, swearing and protesting he would keep all those better than the ten commandments: at which word he buckled on his rapier and hangers,[i] his monkey-face casting on his cloak by the book; after an apish congee or two, passed down stairs, without either word or nod to us his old father's tenants. Nevertheless we followed him, like so many russet servingmen, to see the event of all, and what the issue would come to; when, of a sudden, he was encountered by a most glorious-spangled gallant, which we took at first to have been some upstart tailor, because he measured all his body with a salutation, from the flow of the

[e] *the Horn, the Mitre, or the Mermaid*] The first of these has been already mentioned in this tract, see p. 565; the Mitre was in Bread-street, Cheapside; the Mermaid in Cornhill: see notes, vol. ii. p. 240.

[f] *the Bankside*] In Southwark, where the Globe and other theatres were situated.

[g] *breaking-up*] i. e. carving.

[h] *the Blackfriars*] The theatre so named, which stood near the present Apothecaries' Hall, and which was occasionally occupied by the Children of the Revels (*a nest of boys*): see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 275.

[i] *hangers*] See note, vol. ii. p. 227.

doublet to the fall of the breeches; but at last we found him to be a very fantastical sponge, that licked up all humours, the very ape of fashions, gesture, and compliment,—one of those indeed, as we learned afterward, that fed upon young landlords, riotous sons and heirs, till either he or the Counter in Wood-street had swallowed them up; and would not stick to be a bawd or pander to such young gallants as our young gentleman, either to acquaint them with harlots, or harlots with them; to bring them a whole dozen of taffeta punks at a supper, and they should be none of these common Molls neither, but discontented and unfortunate gentlewomen, whose parents being lately deceased, the brother ran away with all the land, and they,[k] poor squalls,[l] with a little money, which cannot hold out long without some comings in; but they will rather venture a maidenhead than want a head-tire; such shuttlecocks as these, which, though they are tossed and played withal, go still[m] like maids, all white on the top: or else, decayed gentlemen's wives, whose husbands, poor souls, lying for debt in the King's Bench, they go about to make monsters in the King's-Head tavern; for this is a general

[k] *they*] So first ed. Sec. ed. "the."

[l] *squalls*] Equivalent here, it would seem, to—wenches: vide note, vol. iii. p. 55. Taylor, the water-poet, uses the word as a term of endearment;

"The rich Gull Gallant calls her Deare and Loue,
Ducke, Lambe, *Squall*, Sweet-heart, Cony, and his Doue."
A Whore, p. 112—*Workes*, 1630.

and Kempe as a term of reproach; "Swearing it did him good to haue ill words of a hoddy doddy, a habber de hoy, a chicken, a squib, a *squall*." *Humble Request*, &c., appended to his *Nine daies Wonder*, 1600.

[m] *still*] So first ed. Not in sec. ed.

axiom, all your luxurious[n] plots are always begun in taverns, to be ended in vau[l]ting-houses;[o] and after supper, when fruit comes in, there is small fruit of honesty to be looked for,—for you know that the eating of the apple always betokens the fall of Eve. Our prodigal child, accompanied with this soaking swaggerer and admirable cheater, who had supt up most of our heirs about London like poached eggs, slips into White-Friars' nunnery,[p] whereas[q] the report went he kept his most delicate drab of three hundred a-year, some unthrifty gentleman's daughter, who had mortgaged his land to scriveners, sure enough from redeeming again; for so much she seemed by her bringing up, though less by her casting down. Endued she was, as we heard, with some good qualities, though all were converted then but to flattering villanies: she could run upon the lute very well, which in others would have appeared virtuous, but in her lascivious, for her running was rather jested at, because she was a light runner besides: she had likewise the gift of singing very deliciously, able to charm the hearer; which so bewitched away our young master's money, that he might have kept seven noise[r] of musicians for less charges, and yet they would have stood for

[n] *luxurious*] i. e. lustful.

[o] *vaulting-houses*] i. e. brothels.

[p] *White-Friars' nunnery*] Compare (see note, p. 514) our author's *Game at Chess;*

> "Here's from his daughter Blanch and daughter Bridget,
> From their safe sanctuary in the White-Friars;
> . . . . . .
> These from the nunnery in Drury Lane."
>
> Vol. iv. p. 335.

[q] *whereas*] i. e. where.

[r] *noise*] See note, p. 529.

servingmen too, having blue coats[r] of their own. She had a humour to lisp often, like a flattering wanton, and talk childish, like a parson's daughter; which so pleased and rapt our old landlord's lickerish son, that he would swear she spake nothing but sweetmeats, and her breath then sent forth such a delicious odour, that it perfumed his white-satin doublet better than sixteen milliners. Well, there we left him, with his devouring cheater and his glorious cockatrice;[s] and being almost upon dinner-time, we hied us and took our repast at thrifty mother Walker's, where we found a whole nest of pinching bachelors, crowded together upon forms and benches, in that most worshipful three-halfpenny ordinary,[t] where presently they were boarded[u] with hot monsieur Mutton-and-porridge (a Frenchman by his blowing); and next to them we were served in order, every one taking their degree: and I tell you true, lady, I have known the time when our young landlord's father hath been a three-halfpenny eater there,—nay more, was the first that acquainted us with that sparing and thrifty ordinary, when his riotous son hath since spent his five pound at a sitting. Well, having discharged our small shot (which was like hail-shot in respect of our young master's cannon-reckonings in taverns), we plodded home to our ploughs, carrying these heavy news to our wives both of the prodigality of our old landlord's son, as also of our oppressions to come by the burden of uncharitable fines. And, most musical madam Nightingale, do but imagine now what a sad Christmas we all kept

[r] *blue coats*] See note, p. 109.
[s] *cockatrice*] A cant term for a harlot.
[t] *three halfpenny ordinary*] See note, vol. i. p. 389.
[u] *boarded*] A play on words—accosted.

in the country, without either carols, wassail-bowls,[u] dancing of Sellenger's round[v] in moonshine nights about May-poles, shoeing the mare, hoodman-blind, hot-cockles, or any of our old Christmas gambols; no, not so much as choosing king and queen on twelfth night: such was the dulness of our pleasures,—for that one word *fines* robbed us of all our fine pastimes.

This sour-faced Christmas thus unpleasantly past over, up again we trotted to London, in a great frost, I remember, for the ground was as hard as the lawyer's conscience; and arriving at the luxurious Strand some three days before the term, we inquired for our bountiful landlord, or the fool in the full, at his neat and curious lodging; but answer was made us by an old chamber-maid, that our gentleman slept not there all the Christmas time, but had been at court, and at least in five masques; marry, now, as she thought, we might find him at master Poops his ordinary, with half-a-dozen of gallants more at dice. At dice? at the devil! quoth I, for that is a dicer's last throw. Here I began to rail, like Thomas Nash[w] against Gabriel Harvey, if you call that railing; yet I think it was but the running a tilt of wits in booksellers' shops on both sides of John of Paul's[x] churchyard; and I wonder how John scaped unhorsing. But when we were

[u] *wassail-bowls . . . shoeing the mare*] Compare *The Inner Temple Masque*, p. 143 of this vol.

[v] *Sellenger's round*] "i. e. St. Leger's round . . . was an old country-dance, and was not quite out of knowledge at the beginning of the present century, there being persons now living who remember it." Sir J. Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 288, where the notes of it are given from a collection of country-dances published by Playford in 1679.

[w] *like Thomas Nash*, &c.] See note, p. 561.

[x] *John of Paul's*] See note, p. 553.

entered the door of the ordinary, we might hear our lusty gentleman shoot off a volley of oaths some three rooms over us, cursing the dice, and wishing the pox were in their bones, crying out for a new pair of square ones, for the other belike had cogged[y] with him and made a gull of him. When the host of the ordinary coming down stairs met us with this report, after we had named him, Troth, good fellows, you have named now the most unfortunatest gentleman living, at passage[z] I mean; for I protest I have stood by myself as a heavy eye-witness, and seen the beheading of five hundred crowns, and what pitiful end they all made. With that he shewed us his embost girdle and hangers[a] new-pawned for more money, and told us beside, not without tears, his glorious cloak was cast away three hours before overboard, which was, off the table. At which lamentable hearing, we stood still in the lower room, and durst not venture up stairs, for fear he would have laid all us ploughmen to pawn too; and yet I think all we could scarce have made up one throw. But to draw to an end, as his patrimony did, we had not lingered the better part of an hour, but down came fencing[b] his glittering rapier and dagger, as if he had been newly shoulder-clapt by a pewter-buttoned sergeant and his weapons seized upon. At last, after a great peal of oaths on all sides, the court broke up, and the wor-

[y] *cogged*] The same pun occurs in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's lost*, "Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you," act v. sc. 2; where Johnson remarks, "To *cog* signifies to *falsify the dice*, and to *falsify a narrative* or *to lie* [or *to cheat*]."

[z] *passage*] See note, vol. iv. p. 548.

[a] *hangers*] See note, vol. ii. p. 227.

[b] *down came fencing*] Qy. "*down came* the host *fencing*"? see what precedes and follows.

shipful bench of dicers came thundering down stairs, some swearing, some laughing, some cursing, and some singing, with such a confusion of humours, that had we not[b] known before what rank of gallants they were, we should have thought the devils had been at dice in an ordinary. The first that appeared to us was our most lamentable landlord, dressed up in his monkey's livery-cloak, that he seemed now rather to wait upon his monkey than his monkey upon him, which did set forth his satin suit so excellent scurvily, that he looked for all the world like a French lord in dirty boots. When casting his eye upon us, being desirous, as it seemed, to remember us now if we had any money, brake into these fantastical speeches: What, my whole warren of tenants?—thinking indeed to make conies[c] of us,—my honest nest of ploughmen, the only kings of Kent! More dice, ho! i'faith,[d] let's have another career, and vomit three dice in a hand again. With that I plucked his humour at one side, and told him we were indeed his father's tenants, but his we were sorry we were not; and as for money to maintain his dice, we had not sufficient to stuff out the lawyer. Then replied our gallant in a rage, tossing out two or three new-minted oaths, These ploughmen are politicians, I think; they have wit, the whorsons; they will be tenants, I perceive, longer than we shall be landlords. And fain he would have swaggered with us, but that his weapons were at pawn: so, marching out like a turned gentleman, the rest of the gallants seemed to cashier him, and throw him out of their company like a blank die—the one having no black

[b] *not*] So first ed. Not in sec. ed.
[c] *conies*] i. e. rabbits—dupes: see note, vol. i. p. 290.
[d] *i'faith*] First ed. "than *yfaith*."

peeps,[d] nor he no white pieces. Now was our gallant the true picture of the prodigal; and having no rents to gather now, he gathered his wits about him, making his brain pay him revenues in villany; for it is a general observation, that your sons and heirs prove seldom wise men till they have no more land than the compass of their noddles. To conclude, within few days' practice he was grown as[e] absolute in cheating, and as exquisite in pandarism, that he outstripped all Greene's books[f] *Of the Art of Cony-catching;* and where[g] before he maintained his drab, he made his drab now maintain him; proved the only true captain of vaulting-houses,[h] and the valiant champion against constables and searchers; feeding upon the sin of White-Friars, Pict-hatch, and Turnboll Street.[i] Nay, there was no landed novice now but he could melt him away into nothing, and in one twelvemonth make him hold all his land between his legs, and yet but straddle easily neither; no wealthy son of the city but within less than a quarter he could make all his stock not worth a Jersey stocking: he was all that might be in dissolute villany, and nothing that should be in his forefathers' honesty. To speak troth, we did so much blush at his life, and were so ashamed of his base courses, that ever after we loathed to look after them. But returning to our stubble-haired lawyer, who reaped his beard every term-time (the lawyer's harvest), we found the mercer and the

[d] *peeps*] i. e. eyes (spots): compare p. 531, l. 18-20.
[e] *grown as*] So first ed. Not in sec. ed.
[f] *Greene's books*, &c.] See note, vol. i. p. 290.
[g] *where*] i. e. whereas.
[h] *vaulting-houses*] i. e. brothels.
[i] *Pict-hatch, and Turnboll-street*] See note, p. 512.

merchant crowded in his study amongst a company of law-books, which they justled so often with their coxcombs, that they were almost together by the ears with them; when at the sight of us they took an *habeas corpus*, and removed their bodies into a bigger room. But there we lingered not long for our torments; for the mercer and the merchant gave fire to the lawyer's tongue with a rope of angels,[j] and the word *fines* went off with such a powder, that the force of it blew us all into the country, quite changed our ploughmen's shapes, and so we became little ants again.

This, madam Nightingale, is the true discourse of our rural fortunes, which, how miserable, wretched, and full of oppression they were, all husbandmen's brows can witness, that are fined with more sweat still year by year; and I hope a canzonet of your sweet singing will set them forth to the world in satirical harmony.

The remorseful[k] nightingale, delighted with the ant's quaint discourse, began to tune the instrument of her voice, breathing forth these lines in sweet and delicious airs.

The Nightingale's Canzonet.

Poor little ant,
Thou shalt not want
The ravish'd music of my voice!
Thy shape is best,
Now thou art least,
For great ones fall with greater noise:

[j] *angels*] See note, p. 20. There seems to be an allusion to fireworks running on lines: see vol. ii. p. 531.

[k] *remorseful*] i. e. compassionate.

And this shall be the marriage of my song,
Small bodies can have but a little wrong.

Now thou art securer,
And thy days far surer;
Thou pay'st no rent upon the rack,
To daub a prodigal landlord's back,
Or to maintain the subtle running
Of dice and drabs, both one in cunning;
Both pass from hand to hand to many,
Flattering all, yet false to any;
Both are well link'd, for, throw dice how you can,
They will turn up their peeps[l] to every man.

Happy art thou, and all thy brothers,
That never feel'st the hell of others!
The torment to a luxur[m] due,
Who never thinks his harlot true;
Although upon her heels he stick his eyes,
Yet still he fears that though she stands she lies.

Now are thy labours easy,
Thy state not sick or queasy;
All drops thou sweat'st are now thine own;
Great subsidies be as unknown
To thee and to thy little fellow-ants,
Now none of you under that burden pants.

Lo, for example, I myself, poor worms,[n]
That have outworn the rage of Tereus' storms,
Am ever blest now, in this downy shape,
From all men's treachery or soul-melting rape;
And when I sing *Tereu, Tereu,*
Through every town, and so renew

[l] *peeps*] See note, p. 581.
[m] *luxur*] i. e. lecher.
[n] *worms*] See note, p. 556.

The name of Tereus, slaves, through fears,
With guilty fingers bolt their ears,
All[p] ravishers do rave and e'en fall mad,
And then such wrong'd souls as myself are glad.

So thou, small wretch, and all thy nest,
Are in those little bodies blest,
Not tax'd beyond your poor degree
With landlord's fine and lawyer's fee:
But tell me, pretty toiling worm,
Did that same ploughman's weary form
Discourage thee so much from others,
That neither thou nor those thy brothers,
In borrow'd shapes, durst once agen[q]
Venture amongst perfidious men?

ANT.

Yes, lady, the poor ant replied,
I left not so; but then I tried
War's sweating fortunes; not alone
Condemning rash all states for one,
Until I found by proof, and knew by course,
That one was bad, but all the rest were worse.

NIGHTINGALE.

Didst thou put on a rugged soldier then?
A happy state, because thou fought'st 'gainst men.
Prithee, discourse thy fortunes, state, and harms;
Thou wast, no doubt, a mighty man-at-arms.

The Ant's Tale when he was a soldier.

Then thus, most musical and prickle-singing[r] madam (for, if I err not, your ladyship was the first

[p] *All*] So first ed. Sec. ed. "And *all.*"
[q] *agen*] See note, p. 192.
[r] *prickle-singing*] Compare p. 556, line 4.

that brought up prick-song,[s] being nothing else but the fatal notes of your pitiful ravishment), I, not contented long, a vice cleaving to all worldlings, with this little estate of an ant, but stuffed with envy and ambition, as small as I was, desired to venture into the world again, which I may rather term the upper hell or *frigida gehenna*, the cold-charitable hell, wherein are all kind of devils too; as your gentle devil, your ordinary devil, and your gallant devil; and all these can change their shapes too, as to-day in cowardly white, to-morrow in politic black, a third day in jealous yellow; for believe it, sweet lady, there are devils of all colours. Nevertheless, I, covetous of more change, leapt out of this little skin of an ant, and hung my skin on the hedge, taking upon me the grisly shape of a dusty soldier. Well made I was, and my limbs valiantly hewn out for the purpose: I had a mazzard,[t] I remember, so well lined in the inside with my brain, it stood me in better stead than a double headpiece; for the brain of a soldier, differing from all other sciences, converts itself to no other[u] use but to line, fur, and even quilt the coxcomb, and so makes a pate of proof: my face was well leavened, which made my looks taste sour, the true relish of a man of war; my cheeks dough-baked, pale, wan, and therefore argued valour and resolution; but my nose somewhat hard-baked, and a little burnt in the oven, a property not amiss in a soldier's visage, who should scorn to blush but in his nose; my chin was well thatched with a beard, which was a necessary shelter in winter, and a fly-flap in sum-

[s] *prick-song*] See note, vol. iii. p. 626.
[t] *mazzard*] i. e. head.
[u] *other*] So first ed. Not in sec. ed.

mer, so brushy and spreading, that my lips could scarce be seen to walk abroad, but played at all-hid, and durst not peep forth for starting a hair. To conclude, my arms, thighs, and legs, were so sound, stout, and weighty, as if they had come all out of the timber-yard, that my very presence only was able to still the bawlingest infant in Europe. And I think, madam, this was no unlikely shape for a soldier to prove well; here was mettle enough for four shillings a-week to do valiant service till it was bored as full of holes as a skimmer. Well, to the wars I betook me, ranked myself amongst desperate hot shots,—only my carriage put on more civility, for I seemed more like a spy than a follower, an observer rather than a committer of villany. And little thought I, madam, that the camp had been supplied with harlots too as well as the Curtain,[v] and the guarded tents as wicked as garden tenements;[w] trulls passing to and fro in the washed shape of laundresses, as your bawds about London in the manner of starchwomen, which is the most unsuspected habit that can be to train out a mistress. And if your ladyship will not think me much out of the way though I take a running leap from the camp to the Strand again, I will discover a pretty knavery of the same breeding between such a starchwoman and a kind wanton mistress; as there are few of those balassed vessels now-a-days but will have a love and a husband.

The woman crying her ware by the door (a most pitiful cry, and a[x] lamentable hearing that such a stiff thing as starch should want customers), passing

[v] *the Curtain*] i. e. the theatre so called, in Shoreditch.
[w] *garden tenements*] See note, vol. i. p. 162.
[x] *a*] So first ed. Not in sec. ed.

cunningly and slily by the stall,[z] not once taking notice of the party you wot on, but being by this some three or four shops off, Mass, quoth my young mistress to the weathercock her husband, such a thing I want, you know: then she named how many puffs and purls[a] lay in a miserable case for want of stiffening. The honest plain-dealing jewel her husband sent out a boy to call her (not bawd by her right name, but starchwoman): into the shop she came, making a low counterfeit curtsey, of whom the mistress demanded if the starch were pure gear,[b] and would be stiff in her ruff, saying she had often been deceived before, when the things about her have stood as limber as eelskins. The woman replied as subtilely, Mistress, quoth she, take this paper of starch of my hand; and if it prove not to your mind, never bestow penny with me,—which paper, indeed, was a letter sent to her from the gentleman her exceeding favourite. Say you so? quoth the young dame, and I'll try it, i'faith. With that she ran up stairs like a spinner upon small cobweb ropes, not to try or arraign the starch, but to conster[c] and parse the letter (whilst her husband sat below by the counter, like one of these brow-bitten catchpolls that wait for one man all day, when his wife can put five in the counter before him), wherein she found many words that pleased her. Withal the gentleman writ unto her for a certain sum of money, which no sooner was read, but was ready to be sent: wherefore, laying up the starch and that, and taking another sheet

[z] *stall*] Shops being at that time open: see note, vol. iii. p. 54.

[a] *purls*] i. e. borders, fringes. [b] *gear*] i. e. stuff.

[c] *conster*] i. e. construe.

of clean paper in her hand, wanting time and opportunity to write at large, with a penful of ink, in the very middle of the sheet, writ these few quaint monosyllables, *Coin, Cares, and Cures, and all C's else are yours.* Then rolling up the white money like the starch in that paper very subtilely and artificially, came tripping down stairs with these colourable words, Here's goodly starch indeed! fie, fie! —trust me, husband, as yellow as the jaundice; I would not have betrayed my puffs with it for a million:—here, here, here (giving her the paper of money). With that the subtle starchwoman, seeming sorry that it pleased her not, told her, within few days she would fit her turn with that which should like[c] her; meaning indeed more such sweet news from her lover. These and such like, madam, are the cunning conveyances[d] of secret, privy, and therefore unnoted harlots, that so avoid the common finger of the world, when less committers than they are publicly pointed at.

So likewise in the camp, whither now I return, borne on the swift wings of apprehension, the habit of a laundress shadows the abomination of a strumpet; and our soldiers are like glovers, for the one cannot work well, nor the other fight well, without their wenches. This was the first mark of villany that I found sticking upon the brow of war; but after the hot and fiery copulation of a skirmish or two, the ordnance playing like so many Tamburlaines,[e] the muskets and calivers answering like drawers, Anon, anon, sir,[f] I cannot be here and there too,—that is, in the soldier's hand and in the

[c] *like*] i. e. please.
[d] *conveyances*] See note, p. 517.
[e] *Tamburlaines*] See note, p. 526.
[f] *Anon, anon, sir*] See note, vol. iv. p. 177.

enemy's belly, I grew more acquainted, and, as it were, entered into the entrails of black-livered policy. Methought, indeed, at first, those great pieces of ordnance should speak English, though now by transportation turned rebels: and what a miserable and pitiful plight it was, lady, to have so many thousands of our men slain by their own countrymen the cannons,—I mean not the harmless canons of Paul's, but those cannons that have a great singing in their heads! Well, in this onset I remember I was well smoke-dried, but neither arm nor leg perished, not so much as the loss of a petty finger; for when I counted them all over, I missed not one of them; and yet sometimes the bullets came within a hair of my coxcomb, even like a barber scratching my pate, and perhaps took away the left limb of a vermin, and so departed; another time shouldering me like a bailiff against Michaelmas-term, and then shaking me by the sleeve as familiarly as if we had been acquainted seven years together. To conclude, they used me very courteously and gentlemanlike awhile; like an old cunning bowler to fetch in a young ketling[g] gamester, who will suffer him to win one sixpenny-game at the first, and then lurch him in six pounds afterward: and so they played with me, still training me, with their fair promises, into far deeper and deadlier battles, where, like villanous cheating bowlers, they lurched me of two of my best limbs, viz. my right arm and right leg, that so, of a man of war, I became in shew a monster of war; yet comforted in this, because I knew war begot many such monsters as myself in less than a twelvemonth. Now I could discharge no more, having paid the shot dear enough, I think,

[g] *ketling*] See note, p. 543.

but rather desired to be discharged, to have pay and begone: whereupon I appeared to my captain and other commanders, kissing my left hand, which then stood for both (like one actor that plays two parts), who seemed to pity my unjointed fortunes and plaster my wounds up with words, told me I had done valiant service in their knowledge; marry, as for pay, they must go on the score with me, for all their money was thumped out in powder: and this was no pleasing salve for a green sore, madam; 'twas too much for me, lady, to trust calivers with my limbs, and then cavaliers with my money. Nevertheless, for all my lamentable action of one arm, like old Titus Andronicus,[h] I could purchase no more than one month's pay for a ten months' pain and peril, nor that neither, but to convey away my miserable clamours, that lay roaring against the arches of their ears, marry, their bountiful favours were extended thus far,—I had a passport to beg in all countries.

Well, away I was packed; and after a few miseries by the way, at last I set one foot into England again (for I had no more then to set), being my native though unnatural country, for whose dear good I pawned my limbs to bullets, those merciless brokers, that will take the vantage of a minute; and so they were quite forfeited, lost, and unrecoverable. When I was on shore, the people gathered,—which word *gathering* put me in hope of

[h] *action of one arm, like old Titus Andronicus*] See the tragedy so called, which, though now printed among the works of Shakespeare, was assuredly written by some other dramatist, —probably, by Marlowe. In act iii. sc. 1, Aaron cuts off the hand of Titus; and in act v. sc. 2, the latter says,

"How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?"

good comfort, that afterward I failed of; for I thought at first they had gathered something for me, but I found at last they did only but gather about me; some wondering at me, as if I had been some sea-monster cast ashore, some jesting at my deformity, whilst others laughed at the jests: one amongst them, I remember, likened me to a sea-crab, because I went all of one side; another fellow vied it,[i] and said I looked like a rabbit cut up and half-eaten, because my wing and leg, as they termed it, were departed. Some began to pity me, but those were few in number, or at least their pity was as pennyless as Pierce,[j] who writ to the devil for maintenance. Thus passing from place to place, like the motion[k] of Julius Cæsar or the City Nineveh, though not altogether in so good clothes, I overtook the city from whence I borrowed my first breath, and in whose defence I spent and laid out my limbs by whole sums to purchase her peace and happiness, nothing doubting but to be well entreated[l] there, my grievous maims tenderly regarded, my poor broken estate carefully repaired, the ruins of my blood built up again with redress and comfort: but woe the while, madam! I was not only unpitied, succourless, and rejected, but threatened with the public stocks, loathsome jails, and common whipping-posts, there to receive my

[i] *it*] So first ed. Not in sec. ed.

[j] *Pierce*] See note, p. 511.

[k] *the motion*, &c.] i. e. the puppet-show: that of Nineveh, which was very celebrated, has been mentioned before, vol. i. p. 229, and vol. iv. p. 166. In *Euerie Woman in her Humour*, 1609, Getica observes, that she had seen "the Cittie of new Niniuie and Iulius Cæsar acted by the Mammets, [*i. e.* puppets]," sig. H.; and Dekker somewhere calls the latter exhibition a villanous motion.

[l] *entreated*] i. e. treated.

pay—a goodly reward for my[m] bleeding service—if I were once found in the city again.

Wherefore I was forced to retire towards the Spital and Shoreditch, which, as it appeared, was the only Cole-harbour[n] and sanctuary for wenches and soldiers; where I took up a poor lodging a' trust till the Sunday, hoping that then master Alms and mistress Charity would walk abroad and take the air in Finsbury. At which time I came hopping out from my lodging, like old lame Giles of Cripplegate; but when I came there, the wind blew so bleak and cold, that I began to be quite out of hope of charity; yet, like a torn map of misery, I waited my single halfpenny fortunes; when, of a sudden, turning myself about, and looking down the Windmill-hill, I might espy afar off a fine-fashioned dame of the city, with her man bound by indenture before her; whom no sooner I caught in mine eyelids, but I made to with all possible speed, and with a premeditated speech for the nonce,[o] thus, most soldier-like, I accosted her: Sweet lady, I beseech your beauty to weigh the estate of a poor unjointed soldier, that hath consumed the moiety, or the one-half of his limbs, in the dismembering and devouring wars, that have[p] cheated me of my flesh so notoriously, I protest I am not worth at this instant the small revenue of three farthings, beside my lodging unpleased[q] and my diet unsatisfied; and had I ten thousand limbs, I would venture them all in your sweet quarrel, rather than such a beauty as yourself should want the least limb of your desire.

[m] *my*] So first ed. Not in sec. ed.
[n] *Cole-harbour*] See note, vol. ii. p. 58.
[o] *nonce*] i. e. occasion.
[p] *have*] Eds. "hath."
[q] *unpleased*] i. e. unpaid.

With that, as one being rather moved by my last words of promise than my first words of pity, she drew her white bountiful hand out of her marry-muff,[r] and quoited a single halfpenny; whereby I knew her then to be cold mistress Charity, both by her chill appearance and the hard, frozen pension she gave me. She was warm[s] lapt, I remember, from the sharp injury of the biting air; her visage was benighted with a taffeta-mask, to fray away the naughty wind from her face, and yet her very nose seemed so sharp with cold, that it almost bored a hole quite through: this was frost-bitten Charity; her teeth chattered in her head, and leaped up and down like virginal-jacks,[t] which betrayed likewise who she was: and you would have broke into infinite laughter, madam (though misery made me leaden and pensive), had you been present, to have seen how quickly the muff swallowed her hand again; for no sooner was it drawn forth to drop down her pitiful alms, but, for fear the sun and air should have ravished it, it was extempore whipt up again. This is the true picture of Charity, madam, which is as cold as ice in the middle of July.

Well, still I waited for another fare; but then I bethought myself again, that all the fares went by water a' Sundays to the bear-baiting,[u] and a' Mondays to Westminster-hall; and therefore little to be looked for in Moorfields all the week long: wherefore I sat down by the rails there, and fell into these passionate,[v] but not railing speeches: Is this the farthest reward for a soldier? are[w] valour and

[r] *marry-muff*] See notes, vol. i. p. 258, vol. iii. p. 36.
[s] *warm*] So first ed. Not in second ed.
[t] *virginal-jacks*] See note, vol. iii. p. 112.
[u] *the bear-baiting*] At Paris Garden, in Southwark.
[v] *passionate*] i. e. pathetic, sorrowful. [w] *are*] Eds. "is."

resolution, the two champions of the soul, so slightly esteemed and so basely undervalued? doth reeling Fortune not only rob us of our limbs, but of our living? are soldiers, then, both food for cannon and for misery? But then, in the midst of my passion, calling to memory the peevish turns[w] of many famous popular gallants, whose names were writ even upon the heart of the world — it could not so much as think without them, nor speak but in the discourse of them — I began to outdare the very worst of cruel and disaster chances, and determined to be constant in calamity, and valiant against the battering siege of misery. But note the cross star that always dogged my fortunes: I had not long rested there, but I saw the tweering[x] constable of Finsbury, with his bench of brown-bill-men,[y] making towards me, meaning indeed to stop some prison-hole with me, as your soldiers, when the wars have done with them, are good for nothing else but to stop holes withal; at which sight, I scrambled up of[z] all two, took my skin off the hedge, cozened the constable, and slipt[a] into an ant again.

NIGHTINGALE.

O, 'twas a pretty, quaint deceit,
(The Nightingale began to sing,)
To slip from those that lie in wait,
Whose touch is like a raven's wing,

[w] *turns*] First ed. "fortunes."

[x] *tweering*] Or *twiring* — equivalent here, it seems, to — prying, peeping: on the word *twire*, see Gifford's note, B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vi. p. 280, and Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

[y] *brown-bill-men*] See note, p. 513.

[z] *of*] Equivalent to *on*: see note, vol. iii. p. 556.

[a] *slipt*] So first ed. Sec. ed. seems to have "slint."

Fatal and ominous, which, being spread
Over a mortal, aims him dead.

Alas, poor emmet! thou wast tost
In thousand miseries by this shape;
Thy colour wasted, thy blood lost,
Thy limbs broke with the violent rape
Of hot impatient cannons, which desire
To ravish lives, spending their lust in fire.

O what a ruthful sight it is to see,
Though in a soldier of the mean'st degree,
That right member perish'd
Which the[c] body cherish'd!
That limb dissever'd, burnt, and gone,
Which the best part was borne upon:
And then, the greatest ruth of all,
Returning home in torn estate,
Where he should rise, there most to fall,
Trod down with envy, bruis'd with hate:
Yet, wretch, let this thy comfort be,
That greater worms[d] have far'd like thee.

So here thou left'st, bloodless and wan,
Thy journeys thorough man and man;
These two cross'd shapes, so much opprest,
Did fray thy weakness from the rest.

ANT.

No, madam, once again my spleen did thirst
To try the third, which makes men blest or curst;
That number three many stars wait upon,
Ushering clear hap or black confusion:

[c] *the*] So first ed. Sec. ed. "thy."
[d] *worms*] See note, p. 556.

Once more I ventur'd all my hopes to crown,—
But, aye me! leapt into a scholar's gown.

NIGHTINGALE.

A needy scholar! worse than worst,
Less fate in that than both the first:
I thought thou'dst leapt into a law-gown, then
There had been hope t' have swept up all agen;[d]
But a lank scholar! study how you can,
No academe makes a rich alderman.
Well, with this comfort yet thou may'st discourse,
When fates are worst, then they can be no worse.

The Ant's Tale when he was a scholar.

You speak oracle, madam; and now suppose, sweet lady, you see me set forth, like a poor scholar, to the university, not on horseback, but in Hobson's waggon,[e] and all my pack contained in less than a little hood-box, my books not above four in number, and those four were very needful ones too, or else they had never been bought; and yet I was the valiant captain of a grammar-school before I went, endured the assault and battery of many unclean lashes, and all the battles I was in stood upon points[f] much, which, once let down, the enemy the schoolmaster would come rearward, and do such an exploit 'tis a shame to be talked

[d] *agen*] See note, p. 192.

[e] *Hobson's waggon*] See note, vol. iv. p. 7. I ought to have said there, that Milton composed *two* copies of verses on Hobson; and I may add here, that they are printed (one of them very imperfectly) in *Wit Restored* (p. 185, ed. 1817), where they are preceded by an enlarged copy of what forms the third epitaph on Hobson in *Wit's Recreations*.

[f] *points*] i. e. tagged laces by which the breeches were attached to the doublet.

of. By this time, madam, imagine me slightly entertained to be a poor scholar and servitor to some Londoner's son, a pure cockney, that must hear twice a-week from his mother, or else he will be sick ere the Sunday of a university-mulligrub. Such a one, I remember, was my first puling master, by whose peevish service I crept into an old battler's[g] gown, and so began to be a jolly fellow. There was the first point of wit I shewed in learning to keep myself warm; to the confirming of which, you shall never take your true philosophers without two nightcaps at once and better, a gown of rug with the like appurtenances; and who be your wise men, I pray, but they? Now, as for study and books, I had the use of my young master's; for he was all day a courtier in the tennis-court, tossing of balls instead of books, and only holding disputation with the court-keeper how many dozen he was in; and when any friend of his would remember him to his book with this old moth-eaten sentence, *nulla dies sine linea,* True, he would say, I observe it well, for I am no day from the line of the racket-court. Well, in the meantime, I kept his study warm, and sucked the honey of wit from the flowers of Aristotle—steeped my brain in the smart juice of logic, that subtle virtue,—and yet, for all my weighty and substantial arguments, being able indeed to prove any thing by logic, I could prove myself never the richer, make the best syllogism I could: no, although I daily rose before the sun, talked and conversed with midnight, killing many a poor farthing candle, that sometimes was ungently put to death when it might have lived longer, but most times living out the

[g] *battler's*] See note, p. 544.

full course and hour, and the snuff dying naturally in his bed. Nevertheless, I had entered as yet but the suburbs of a scholar, and sat but upon the skirts of learning: full often I have sighed when others have snorted; and when baser trades have securely rested in their linens, I have forced mine eyes open, and even gagged them with capital letters, stretching them upon the tenters of a broad text-line when night and sleep have hung pound weights of lead upon my eyelids.

How many such black and ghastly seasons have I passed over, accompanied only with a demure watching-candle, that blinked upon Aristotle's works, and gave even sufficient glimmering to read by, but none to spare! Hitherto my hopes grew comfortable upon the spreading branches of art and learning, rather promising future advancement than empty days and penurious scarcity. But shall I tell you, lady? O, here let me sigh out a full point, and take my leave of all plenteous hours and wealthy hopes! for in the spring of all my perfections, in the very pride and glory of all my labours, I was unfruitfully led to the lickerish study of poetry, that sweet honey-poison, that swells a supple scholar with unprofitable sweetness and delicious false conceits, until he burst into extremities and become a poetical almsman, or at the most, one of the Poor Knights of Poetry, worse by odds than one of the Poor Knights of Windsor. Marry, there was an age once, but, alas, long since dead and rotten, whose dust lies now in lawyers' sand-boxes! in those golden days, a virtuous writer might have lived, maintained himself better upon poems than many upon ploughs, and might have expended more by the year by the revenue of his verse than any riotous elder brother upon the wealthy quartridges of

three times three hundred acres, according to the excellent report of these lines:

There was a golden age — who murder'd it?
How died that age, or what became of it?
Then poets, by divinest alchemy,
Did turn their ink to gold; kings in that time
Hung jewels at the ear of every rhyme.

But O, those days are wasted! and behold
The golden age that was is coin'd to gold:
And why Time now is call'd an iron man,
Or this an iron-age, 'tis thus exprest,—
The golden age lies in an iron chest:

Or,

Gold lies now as prisoner in an usurer's great iron-barred chest, where the prison-grates are the locks and the key-holes, but so closely mewed, or rather dammed up, that it never looks to walk abroad again, unless there chance to come a speedy rot among usurers, — for I fear me the piddling gout will never make them away soon enough; for your rank money-masters live their threescore and ten years as orderly as many honester men: and it is great pity, lady Philomel, that the gout should be such a long courtier in a usurer's great toe, revelling and domineering above thirty years together in his rammish blood and his fusty flesh; and I wonder much, madam, that gold, being the spirit of the Indies, can couch so basely under wood and iron, two dull slaves, and not muster up his legion of angels,[i] burst through the wide bulk of a coffer, and so march into bountiful and liberal

[i] *angels*] See note, p. 20.

bosoms, shake hands with virtuous gentlemen, industrious spirits, and true-deserving worthies, detesting the covetous clutches and loathsome fangs of a goat-bearded usurer, a sable-soul[ed] broker, and an infectious law-fogger.

O, but I chide in vain! for gold wants eyes,
And, like a whore, cares not with whom it lies.

Yet that which makes me most admire his baseness are these verses following, wherein he proudly sets forth his own glory, which he vaunts so much of, that I shame to think any ignoble spirit or copper disposition should fetter his smooth golden limbs in boisterous and sullen iron, but rather be let free to every virtuous, and therefore poor scholar (for poverty is niece to virtue); so should each elegant poem be truly valued, and divine Poesy sit crowned in gold, as she ought, where[j] now she only sits with a paper on her head, as if she had committed some notorious trespass, either for railing against some brawling lawyer, or calling some justice of peace a wise man; and how magnificently Gold sings of his own fame and glory, these his own verses shall stand for witnesses:—

Know, I am Gold,
The richest spirit that breathes in earth or hell,
The soul of kingdoms, and the stamp of souls;
Bright angels[k] wear my livery, sovereign kings
Christen their names in gold, and call themselves
Royal[l] and sovereign[m] after my gilt name;
All offices are mine and in my gift;

[j] *where*] i. e. whereas.
[k] *angels*] See note, p. 20.
[l] *royal*] See note, p. 572.
[m] *sovereign*] See note, vol. i. p. 110.

I have a hand in all; the statist's veins
Flow in the blood of gold; the courtier bathes
His supple and lascivious limbs in oil
Which my brow sweats: what lady brightly spher'd
But takes delight to kiss a golden beard?
Those pleaders, forenoon players, act my parts
With liberal[k] tongues and desperate-fighting spirits,
That wrestle with the arms of voice and air;
And lest they should be out, or faint, or cold,
Their innocent clients hist them on with gold:
What holy churchman's not accounted even,
That prays three times to me ere once to heaven?
Then to let shine the radiance of my birth,
I am th' enchantment both in hell and earth.

Here's golden majesty enough, I trow! and, Gold, art thou so powerful, so mighty, and yet snaffled with a poor padlock? O base drudge, and too unworthy of such an angel-like form! much like a fair sleek-faced courtier, without either wit or virtue; thou that throwest the earthen bowl of the world, with the bias the wrong way, to peasantry, baseness, ingentility, and never givest desert his due, or shakest thy yellow wings in a scholar's study! But why do I lose myself in seeking thee, when thou art found of few but illiterate hinds, rude boors, and hoary penny-fathers,[l] that keep thee in perpetual durance, in vaults under false boards, subtle-contrived walls, and in horrible dark dungeons bury thee most unchristian-like, without amen, or the least noise of a priest or clerk, and make thee rise again at their pleasures many a thousand time before doomsday; and yet

[k] *liberal*] i. e. free to excess, licentious.
[l] *penny-fathers*] See note, p. 530.

will not all this move thee once to forsake them, and keep company with a scholar that truly knows how to use thee?

By this time I had framed an elaborate poetical building — a neat, choice, and curious poem, — the first-fruits of my musical-rhyming study, which was dispersed into a quaint volume fairly bound up in principal vellum, double-filleted with leaf-gold, strung most gentlemanlike with carnation silk riband; which book, industriously heaped with weighty conceits, precious phrases, and wealthy numbers, I, Oliver Hubburd, in the best fashion I might, presented to Sir Christopher Clutchfist, whose bountiful virtue I blaze in my first epistle.[m] The book he entertained but, I think, for the cover's sake, because it made such a goodly show on the backside: and some two days after, returning for my remuneration, I might espy — O lamentable sight, madam! — my book dismembered very tragically; the cover ript off, I know not for what purpose, and the carnation silk strings pulled out and placed in his Spanish-leather shoes; at which ruthful prospect I fell down and sounded;[n] and when I came to myself again, I was an ant, and so ever since I have kept me.

NIGHTINGALE.

There keep thee still;
Since all are ill,
  Venture no more;
'Tis better be a little ant
Than a great man and live in want,
  And still deplore:

[m] *first epistle*] See p. 551.
[n] *sounded*] i. e. swooned.

So rest thee now
From sword, book, or plough.

By this the day began to spring,
And seize upon her watchful eyes,
When more tree-quiristers did sing,
And every bird did wake and rise:
Which was no sooner seen and heard,
But all their pretty chat was marr'd;
And then she said,
We are betray'd,
The day is up, and all the birds
And they abroad will blab our words.

With that she bade the ants farewell,
And all they likewise Philomel:
Away she flew,
Crying *Tereu!*
And all the industrious ants in throngs
Fell to their work and held their tongues.

APPENDIX.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HONOUR AND INDUSTRY.

The Tryumphs of Honor and Industry. A Solemnity performed through the City, at Confirmation and establishment of the Right Honorable, George Bowles, In the Office of his Maiesties Lieuetenant, the Lord Mayor of the famous Citty of London. Taking beginning at his Lordships going, and proceeding after his Returne from receiuing the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster, on the morrow next after Simon and Judes day October 29. 1617. *London, Printed by Nicholas Okes.* 1617. 4to.

It was not until the earlier portion of the present volume had been printed, that I was able to procure the (unique) 4to of this pageant.

In the *Account of Middleton and his Works*, p. xxi., I have given some extracts from the Grocers' Company's accounts relating to this piece, in which mention is made of "The Pageant of Nations, the Iland, the Indian chariot, the Castle of Fame, *trymming the Shipp, with all the several beastes which drew them:*" and I may now add from the same document;

	£.	s.	d.
"Payde for 50 sugar loaves, 36 lb. of nutmeggs, 24 lb. of dates, and 114 lb. of ginger, which were throwen about the streetes by those which sate on the *griffyns and camells* . . .	5	7	8."

Heath's *Acc. of the Worship. Comp. of Grocers*, p. 331.

but Middleton makes no mention either of the ship or the animals.

To the worthy deserver of all the costs and triumphs which the noble Society of Grocers in bounteous measure bestow on him, the Right Honourable George Bowles,[a] *Lord Mayor of the famous City of London.*

Right Honourable,

Out of the slightest labours and employments there may that virtue sometimes arise that may enlighten the best part of man. Nor have these kind of triumphs an idle relish, especially if they be artfully accomplished: under such an esteemed slightness may often lurk that fire that may shame the best perfection. For instance, what greater means for the imitation of virtue and nobleness can any where present itself with more alacrity to the beholder, than the memorable fames of those worthies in the Castle, manifested by their escutcheons of arms, the only symbols of honour and antiquity? The honourable seat that is reserved, all men have hope that your justice and goodness will exactly merit; to the honour of which I commend your lordship's virtues, remaining,

At your Honour's service,

T. M.

[a] *Bowles*] Written "Bolles" by Stow and others.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

HONOUR AND INDUSTRY.

It hath been twice my fortune in short time to have employment for this noble Society, where I have always met with men of much understanding, and no less bounty; to whom cost appears but as a shadow, so there be fulness of content in the performance of the solemnity; which that the world may judge of, for whose pleasure and satisfaction custom hath yearly framed it, but chiefly for the honour of the City, it begins to present itself, not without form and order, which is required in the meanest employment.

The first invention.

A company of Indians, attired according to the true nature of their country, seeming for the most part naked, are set at work in an Island of growing spices; some planting nutmeg-trees, some other spice-trees of all kinds; some gathering the fruits, some making up bags of pepper; every one severally employed. These Indians are all active youths, who, ceasing in their labours, dance about the trees, both to give content to themselves and the spectators.

After this show of dancing Indians in the Island, follows triumphantly a rich personage presenting India,

the seat of merchandise. This India sits on the top of an illustrious chariot; on the one side of her sits Traffic or Merchandise, on the other side Industry, both fitted and adorned according to the property of their natures; Industry holding a golden ball in her hand, upon which stands a Cupid, signifying that industry gets both wealth and love, and, with her associate Traffic or Merchandise, who holds a globe in her hand, knits love and peace amongst all nations: to the better expressing of which, if you give attention to Industry that now sets forward to speak, it will be yours more exactly.

The speech of INDUSTRY *in the Chariot.*

I was jealous of the shadowing of my grace,
But that I know this is my time and place.
Where has not Industry a noble friend?
In this assembly even the best extend
Their grace and love to me, joy'd or amaz'd:
Who of true fame possess'd, but I have rais'd,
And after added honours to his days?
For Industry is the life-blood of praise:
To rise without me, is to steal to glory;
And who so abject to leave such a story?
It is as clear as light, as bright as truth,
Fame waits their age whom Industry their youth.
Behold this ball of gold, upon which stands
A golden Cupid, wrought with curious hands;
The mighty power of Industry it shews,
That gets both wealth and love, which overflows
With such a stream of amity and peace,
Not only to itself adding increase,
But several nations where commerce abounds
Taste the harmonious peace so sweetly sounds;
For instance, let your gracious eye be fix'd
Upon a joy true though so strangely mix'd.

And that you may take the better note of their adornments,—India, whose seat is the most eminent, for her expression holds in her hand a wedge of gold; Traffic, her associate, a globe; Industry, a fair golden ball in her hand, upon which stands a golden Cupid; Fortune expressed with a silver wheel; Success holding a painted ship in a haven; Wealth, a golden key where her heart lies; Virtue bearing for her manifestation a silver shield; Grace holding in her hand a book; Perfection a crown of gold.

At which words, the Pageant of Several Nations, which is purposely planted near the sound of the words, moves with a kind of affectionate joy both at the honour of the day's triumph and the prosperity of Love, which by the virtue of Traffic is likely ever to continue; and for a good omen of the everlasting continuance of it, on the top of this curious and triumphant pageant shoots up a laurel-tree, the leaves spotted with gold, about which sit six celestial figures, presenting Peace, Prosperity, Love, Unity, Plenty, and Fidelity: Peace holding a branch of palm; Prosperity, a laurel; Love, two joined hands; Unity, two turtles; Plenty holding fruits; Fidelity, a silver anchor. But before I entered so far, I should have shewed you the zeal and love of the Frenchman and Spaniard, which now I hope will not appear unseasonably; who, not content with a silent joy, like the rest of the nations, have a thirst to utter their gladness, though understood of a small number; which is this:

The short speech delivered by the Frenchman in French.

La multitude m'ayant monté sur ce haut lieu pour contempler le glorieux triomphe de cette journée, je

vois qu'en quelque sorte la noble dignité de la très honorable Société des Grociers y est representée, dont me jouissant par-dessous tous, je leur souhaite et à Monseigneur le Maire le comble de toutes nobles et heureuses fortunes.

The same in English.

It is my joy chiefly (and I stand for thousands), to see the glory of this triumphant day, which in some measure requites the noble worthiness of the honourable Society of Grocers, to whom and to my Lord Mayor I wish all good successes.

This Frenchman no sooner sets a period to his speech, but the Spaniard, in zeal as virtuous as he, utters himself to the purpose of these words:

The Spaniard's speech in Spanish.

Ninguna de todas estas naciones concibe maior y verdadera alegria en este triumfante y glorioso dia que yo, no, ninguna de todas ellas, porque agora que me parece, que son tan ricas, es senal que los de my nacion en tratando con ellas receberan mayor provecho dellas, al my senior Don Maior todas buenas y dichosas fortunas, y a los de la honrada Compania de Especieros dichosos desseos, y assi dios guarde a my senior Don Maior, y rogo a dios que todo el anno siguiente, puede ser tan dichoso como esta entrada suya, a la dignidad de su senoria, guarde dios a su senoria.

The same in English.

None of all these nations conceive more true joy at this triumphant day than myself: to my Lord Mayor all fair and noble fortunes, and to the worthy Society of Grocers all happy wishes; and I pray

heaven that all the year following may be as happy and successful as this first entrance to your dignity.

This expression of their joy and love having spent itself, I know you cannot part contented without their several inscriptions: now the favour and help must be in you to conceive our breadth and limits, and not to think we can in these customary bounds comprehend all the nations, but so many as shall serve to give content to the understander; which thus produce themselves:

An Englishman.
A Frenchman.
An Irishman.
A Spaniard.
A Turk.
A Jew.
A Dane.
A Polander.
A Barbarian.
A Russian or Muscovian.

This fully expressed, I arrive now at that part of triumph which my desire ever hastened to come to, this Castle of Fame or Honour, which Industry brings her sons unto in their reverend ages.

In the front of this Castle, Reward and Industry, decked in bright robes, keep a seat between them for him to whom the day's honour is dedicated, shewing how many worthy sons of the City and of the same Society have, by their truth, desert, and industry, come to the like honour before him; where on a sudden is shewn divers of the same right worshipful Society of Grocers, manifested both by their good government in their times, as also by their escutcheons of arms, as an example and encourage-

ment to all virtuous and industrious deservers in time to come. And in honour of antiquity is shewn that ancient and memorable worthy of the Grocers' Company, Andrew Bockrill, who was mayor of London the sixteenth year of Henry the Third, 1231, and continued so mayor seven years together: likewise, for the greater honour of the Company, is also shewn in this Castle of Fame the noble Allen de la Zouche, grocer, who was mayor of London the two-and-fiftieth year of the same Henry the Third, which Allen de la Zouche, for his good government in the time of his mayoralty, was by the said King Henry the Third made both a baron of this realm and lord chief-justice of England: also that famous worthy, sir Thomas Knolles, grocer, twice mayor of this honourable city, which sir Thomas begun at his own charge that famous building of Guildhall in London, and other memorable works both in this city and in his own Company; so much worthiness being the lustre of this Castle, and ought indeed to be the imitation of the beholder.

My lord no sooner approaches, but Reward, a partner with Justice in keeping that seat of honour, as overjoyed at the sight of him, appears too free and forward in the resignation.

REWARD.

Welcome to Fame's bright Castle! take thy place;
This seat's reserv'd to do thy virtues grace.

JUSTICE.

True, but not yet to be possess'd. Hear me:
Justice must flow through him before that be;
Great works of grace must be requir'd and done
Before the honour of this seat be won.

A whole year's reverend care in righting wrongs,
And guarding innocence from malicious tongues,
Must be employ'd in virtue's sacred right
Before this place be fill'd: 'tis no mean fight
That wins this palm; truth, and a virtuous care
Of the oppressèd, those the loadstones are
That will 'gainst envy's power draw him forth
To take this merit in this seat of worth,
Where all the memorable worthies shine
In works of brightness able to refine
All the beholders' minds, and strike new fire,
To kindle an industrious desire
To imitate their actions and their fame,
Which to this Castle adds that glorious name.
Wherefore, Reward, free as the air or light,
There must be merit, or our work's not right.

REWARD.

If there were any error, 'twas my love;
And if it be a fault to be too free,
Reward commits but once such heresy.
Howe'er, I know your worth will so extend,
Your fame will fill this seat at twelve months' end.

About this Castle of Fame are placed many honourable figures, as Truth, Antiquity, Harmony, Fame, Desert, Good Works; on the top of the Castle, Honour, Religion, Piety, Commiseration, the works of those whose memories shine in this Castle.

If you look upon Truth first, you shall find her properly expressed, holding in her right hand a sun, in the other a fan of stars; Antiquity with a scroll in her hand, as keeper of Honour's records; Harmony holding a golden lute, and Fame not without her silver trumpet; for Desert, 'tis glorious through

her own brightness, but holds nothing; Good Works expressed with a college, or hospital.

On the top of the Castle, Honour manifested by a fair star in his hand; Religion with a temple on her head; Piety with an altar; Commiseration with a melting or burning heart.

And, not to have our speakers forgotten, Reward and Justice, with whom we entered this part of Triumph, Reward holding a wreath of gold ready for a deserver, and Justice furnished with her sword and balance.

All this service is performed before the feast, some in Paul's Churchyard, some in Cheapside; at which place the whole Triumph meets, both Castle and Island, that gave delight upon the water. And now, as duty binds me, I commend my lord and his right honourable guess[a] to the solemn pleasure of the feast, from whence, I presume, all epicurism is banished; for where Honour is master of the feast, Moderation and Gravity are always attendants.

The feast being ended at Guildhall, my lord, as yearly custom invites him, goes, accompanied with the Triumph, towards St. Paul's, to perform the noble and reverend ceremonies which divine antiquity virtuously ordained, and is no less than faithfully observed, which is no mean lustre to the City. Holy service and ceremonies accomplished, he returns by torchlight to his own house, the whole Triumph placed in comely order before him; and at the entrance of his gate, Honour, a glorious person, from the top of the Castle, gives life to these following words:

[a] *guess*] i. e. guests: see note, vol. i. p. 326.

The speech of HONOUR *from the top of the Castle, at the entrance of my Lord Mayor's gate.*

HONOUR.

There is no human glory or renown,
But have their evening and their sure sun-setting;
Which shews that we should upward seek our crown,
And make but use of time for our hope's bettering:
So, to be truly mindful of our own,
Is to perform all parts of good in one.
The close of this triumphant day is come,
And Honour stays to bid you welcome home:
All I desire for my grace and good
Is but to be remember'd in your blood,
With honour to accomplish the fair time
Which power hath put into your hands. A crime
As great as ever came into sin's band
I do entitle a too-sparing hand:
Nothing deads honour more than to behold
Plenty coop'd up, and bounty faint and cold,
Which ought to be the free life of the year;
For bounty 'twas ordain'd to make that clear,
Which is the light of goodness and of fame,
And puts by honour from the cloud of shame.
Great cost and love hath nobly been bestow'd
Upon thy triumph, which this day hath shew'd;
Embrace 'em in thy heart, till times afford
Fuller expression. In one absolute word,
All the content that ever made man blest,
This Triumph done, make a triumphant breast!

No sooner the speech is ended but the Triumph is dissolved, and not possible to scape the hands of the defacer; things that, for their quaintness (I dare so far commend them), have not been usually seen

through the City; the credit of which workmanship I must justly lay upon the deserts of master Rowland Bucket, chief master of the work; yet not forgetting the faithful care and industry of my well-approved friend, master Henry Wilde, and master Jacob Challoner,[b] partners in the business.

The season cuts me off; and after this day's trouble I am as willing to take my rest.

[b] *Jacob Challoner*] In the document before cited are various payments "to Jacob Challoner, painter," for ornamenting banners, &c. Heath, &c., p. 333.

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THE END.

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